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JACK TENCH :

OR, THE

MIDSHIPMAN TURNED IDLER.

BY BLOWHARD.



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(See page 10.)

CHAPTER I.

THE LE PIQUES.—BATTLE OF HASTINGS.—THE TRUMPETER.—MADAME
STURGEON'S IDEAS OF ANCESTRY.

DEAN SWIFT, when asked by a barber, whose sign was the "Pole and Basin," to give him a few lines upon it by way of motto, drew forth his pencil and wrote the following couplet:—

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where nought exceeds the shaving but the beer."

Our hero, however, has roved from pole to pole; been well shaved in crossing both the tropic and the equator; and by way of saving his readers from a similar ordeal, he too begs they will

Not rove from pole to pole, but look in here
Where, p'rhaps, the shaving far exceeds the beer.

A few words of Jack Tench's maternal grandmother. The old lady had her whims and her oddities, of which latter, pride of ancestry was the most ridiculous—for few ever heard of any great virtues

possessed by the Le Piques of Normandy, from whom she dated so far back as the year 1070, which was about four years after the memorable battle of Hastings had transferred the diadem from the brow of the undaunted but unfortunate Harold, to the bastard of Normandy, whom his followers at first, and his subjects afterwards, surnamed the "Conqueror."

Jacques Le Piques had a numerous small fry; of which the second son, Eustache, was the most distinguished, having served with his father in the Norman army, perhaps as trumpeter, for all Jack's grandmother knew to the contrary; but in what rank, unless in the ranks, was a secret from his descendants. Nevertheless he possessed great sense of touch and take, for with a part of the spolia "maxima," if not of the "opima," he purchased an estate in the West of England, which he called Chatelloisir from another Norman, upon whom the Conqueror was said to have conferred it; but whether this was true or not, possession had then the same legal qualification as at the present day. The name of the estate, time, and local barbarisms have since changed to "Chaddlehanger," and the family one to "Pike."

Jacques Le Pique, the sire of Eustache, as family tradition mentioned, had something to boast of, even if he did not possess the same exquisite taste for plunder that had distinguished his son Eustache; for he it was who, according to the tradition, with stentorian voice, commenced the soul-inspiring song of the famous Roland, the friend and peer of Charlemagne, with which the Norman army, joining in "full cry" or chorus, advanced under William and his glorious captains Montgomerie and Martel, against the Kentish men, who, on that ever-memorable, but for Britons, ill-fated day, formed the vanguard of King Harold's army at the battle of Hastings; the Norman army of that time, like the French of the present, doing nothing without vociferation and noise, by way of keeping up a war-like excitement, equal to the occasion,—

"As the worn war horse, at the trumpet's sound
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground."

The Pikes intermarried with the families of Trejago, Bolt, and Molesworth of Cornwall, with the Arscotts of Tedcott, and with the more modern ones of Salmon and Sturgeon; and from the

latter circumstances, the family was never without one consolation, viz : “ that let whatever might happen, it would still be rich in fish, and always have Pike, Salmon, and Sturgeon in it.”

“ Madame Sturgeon,” as the country folks called the old lady after her marriage, was a sort of literary phenomenon in those days, *i. e.* between the years 1716 and 1800, without specifying any particular period between her entrance into the world and her exit out of it ; it is most natural to suppose that her mental qualifications began to develop themselves about the year 1734. She was a blue stocking—well read in the Greek and Latin classics, which her father, a sort of medical-know-all, had taught her, finding she was an apt scholar, and not likely to give him much trouble. At that time, a blue stocking was a rare bird indeed, and the chief wonder was, “ *how she got anybody to marry her ;*” for the qualities of a good housewife, in those days, were plain, homely, and useful ones, such, indeed, as many a farmer’s daughter now cocks her nose at ; but, nevertheless, the best adapted for the intermediate sphere of neither too high nor too low in this world’s system of society.

Reading and study had rendered Madame Sturgeon, as she prided herself and believed, above the trammels of superstition ; and by those to whom she was known, and the circle was not less than thirty miles in extent, she was looked upon as the last of her sex to be affected by what she considered an extreme of cowardice and folly, —inexcusable in those who had had a liberal education, and only excusable where there had been none.

Nevertheless, the most superstitious notions obtain even now, in the nineteenth century, and shall it be wondered at that they held greater power over the mind in the middle of the last, when, comparatively speaking, the schoolmaster was never abroad, and seldom to be found at home ?

Cowardice was generated in the nursery, superstition its nurse ; and impressions of fear established there have been scarcely ever entirely shaken off in after life ; never thoroughly eradicated except by liberal education and a knowledge of the world. Have we not in our own recollections a few specimens of the brave over their cups, who, in their moments of jollity have quaffed the intoxi-

eating liquid from the brainless but ornamented skull?—have sung,

“Bibemus cerevisiam

“Ex concavis craniorum crateribus,”*

and yet in midnight solitude have been overcome with terror at the obtrusive dreams of some headless figure, praying for the restitution of the goblet, sacrilegiously torn from its hallowed resting-place for the licentious orgies of Bacchanalian debauchery?

CHAPTER II.

JACK'S UNCLE WALTER'S GHOST.—THE SISTERS.—THE MIDSHIPMAN'S DEATH FETCH.

“That the dead are seen no more,” said Imlac, “I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another could not have agreed in a tale, which nothing but experience can make credible: that it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little lessen the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.”

Doctor Johnson.

IN the rear of Madame Sturgeon's house, for she liked to have every thing called her's, and in every thing her own way, was a long court yard, at the extremity of which, the garden, rising like an amphitheatre, was divided into three parts, connected with each other by wide flights of stone steps; the upper part was devoted to flowers, and in their various seasons, Madame Sturgeon's tulips, auriculas, roses, ranunculuses, hyacinths, carnations, tuberoses, and polyanthes, were the theme of admiration throughout the county. On the left of the court yard from the house, adjoining, but beyond the stable, was the poultry yard; over which a Newfoundland mastiff, dignified with the name of “Cæsar,” mounted guard against cats by day and pigeon stealers by night.

* Let us quaff mead out of the hollow caverns of the brain.

A flight of steps, near which Cæsar's mansion stood, communicated from the poultry yard with the hayloft over the stable.

Madame Sturgeon had two daughters, neither of whom, at this period of their lives, anticipated the future delight and honor of being mother or aunt to their present biographer: and Ann and Martha, as she called them, not Miss Sturgeon and Miss Martha Sturgeon, which title most girls would be in the dumps or hysterics to have omitted as their designations now, when even a London washerwoman cannot give evidence about a *sister washerwoman*; without referring to her as "this lady;" nor "boots," at an inn, of a "*brother-boots*," but as this "Gemman," had their respective horticultural duties assigned them; for, as their mother would say, "you cannot expect honey from bees, my girls, unless you take care to supply them well with food from your flower gardens; and following their parents' advice—for they learnt lessons of real industry from every hive—flowers and herbs of the most fragrant species, were the objects of their care and cultivation, and supplied the numerous families of the industrious insects, which, in well thatched hives, were arranged against the upper and southern wall.

They could not, however, do without the occasional assistance of the 'gardener, whom they had fully occupied at the time in new mossing the "hermitage," as the arbour was called, in the anticipation of soon welcoming their long expected brother there upon his return from America; for by the last letters received from him, he had been wounded, made an acting Lieutenant with recommendation from the Commander in Chief upon the North American station to the Admiralty to confirm him a Lieutenant, and "invalided" to England.

One very fine evening whilst the sisters where employed in the garden, every now and then expressing anxiety for his return, or astonishment at his long detention after having secured a passage at Boston, and being charged with despatches for the Admiralty, the eldest suddenly exclaimed "There's Walter!" and as fast as she could run, hastened to meet and catch his first embrace; her sister seeing him at the same time, joined in the race of affection; the brother appeared desirous of evading them, and, as if in play, and to

baulk the winner of the race, turned into the poultry yard and ascended the steps that led to the hay loft, followed by the anxious sisters : supposing that he had hidden himself under the hay, they, giving vent at the same time to expressions of their annoyance at his "tantalising sailorlike" behaviour, after having been away from them so long a time, searched every nook and corner of the loft, but in vain. "It is impossible," said the younger, pointing to the place from whence hay was supplied to the rack in the stable below, "that he could have descended this way, because the bars of the rack would have prevented it;" at length, for the astonished girls knew not what to do or think after having so plainly seen their brother Walter, and in the same uniform (of which a gold laced cocked hat was most conspicuous) that he had on the day of his departure, that they could not have been deceived; the elder surmised the dreadful truth from the concurring circumstance that Cæsar had only moved out of his kennel upon their entering the poultry yard, but not when his master passed, nor had the faithful animal barked to welcome him.

It was agreed between the sisters, that not a syllable upon the awful subject (for they both felt convinced that something fatal to their beloved brother had taken place) should escape their lips until the mystery was unravelled; but it was followed by a still more extraordinary one.

Madame Sturgeon, perhaps, was not the only mother in England, at that time or since, who, upon taking leave of her own and family's hope for the last time, may have exclaimed "God bless you!—my heart and my forebodings tell me I shall never see you more."

"If that is to be the case, and I should fall," said the affectionate fellow to his weeping mother—for the philosopher was sunk in the parent—"I will, if it be permitted, let you know of it by withdrawing your bed curtains at midnight, and you may then believe that Walter is no more:" this was said in a tone half solemn, half ironical—intended for what he called "a ship-shaped bit of comfort" to the comfortless.

On the morning following the mysterious visit to the sisters, they observed an unusual restlessness in their mother; the daily prayers were hurried through, as if careless whether they were read or not,

the usual portion of scripture was altogether omitted, and the heretofore cheerful breakfast scarcely touched. Upon the removal of the tea equipage, the excited mother expressed her fears, whilst tears coursed rapidly down her cheeks, "that something had happened to her darling Walter." Not a word escaped the daughters, (though most painful to maintain silence) as to what they themselves had witnessed. "What can have possibly happened to Walter, Mamma, that you have such gloomy anticipations respecting him?" was the ready question of the alarmed sisters, who now gave way to their own feelings, which had been too long and most unwillingly suppressed, as if in sympathy with their parent's.

"You know, my dear girls, that I have ever considered superstition the offspring of ignorance and fear united; that it betrays a lamentable weakness of mind, or disordered system of body, inexcusable in the educated, excusable only in the ignorant; nevertheless, spite of myself, there is an indefinable something that oppresses me—sensations that I cannot describe—doubts, strong doubts, of the truth of my own theory, so often explained to you as based upon moral philosophy and religion—doubts which altogether embarrass me, and of which I cannot divest myself—a nervous excitement that I cannot shake off—your brother Walter is either dead or dying! It may, in some degree, relieve me to unbosom myself to you upon this distressful and mysterious occasion. Poor Walter's parting words are alas too true!"

The sisters, mute with attention, were all anxiety for the promised communication; which, after a few minutes of mingled hesitation and doubt, of the propriety of withholding and endeavouring to compose her mind, by imputing it to some natural cause, the afflicted parent felt unable to deceive herself, and thus related the strange occurrence of the preceding night:—

"When Mary was last night called away to her dying father, I drew the curtains of my bed, a thing that she had for the first time neglected during the many years she has lived with us; but why I drew the foot curtains I cannot tell, but I remarked that I had done so after I had got into bed. I made no attempt, however, to withdraw them—this I particularly mention, because it serves to convince

me, that how much soever I may desire to deceive myself into the belief that I had omitted to draw the curtains, I had not. I read as usual till eleven, when I extinguished my candle, although I felt no disposition to sleep—my thoughts rambled towards Walter. At one time I fancied him promoted for gallant conduct; at another that I saw him dying under the tomahawks of the American Indians, when all at once, upon the church clock striking twelve, the whole of my bed-curtains were withdrawn towards the foot bed-posts, both from the sides and bottom; but not a footstep could be heard nor figure seen: I felt a strong desire to speak, to ask who was in my room, but my tongue refused its office. I was wide awake—

“A thousand fantasies
Began to throng into my memory,”

in spite of all my philosophy, which I had fondly believed was well grounded. I then recollected Walter's last words, and his oft-repeated hope that, “die when he might, it might be in defence of his king and country;” but I bitterly reproached myself for the superstitious feeling to which the occasion had given rise. I gave no alarm, re-lit my candle, and endeavoured to read, but could not: a restlessness that I had never before experienced—a difficulty of respiration, to which I had never been subject—an impatience for the morning's dawn, which seemed an age in appearing—prevented every thought, save that which absorbed my senses. Now I feel too certain that your darling brother, my brave and dear son, has fallen, as he wished, in his country's cause.”

CHAPTER III.

THE MASONIC ENTHUSIAST.—THE TOWN-HALL.—THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR, ALIAS A “VAGRANT BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.”—THE SAILOR’S STORY OF THE LOSS OF THE BOAT BELONGING TO THE SHIP “KENTUCKY,” IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

“O ! I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,
 Which had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash’d all to pieces—O ! the cry did knock
 Against my heart ! Poor souls ! they perished.”

Tempest.

A FEW weeks subsequent to the mysterious occurrences in the Sturgeon family, the “pater familias” returned home from his circuit of masonic encampments, for he was a Provincial Grand Master, and an enthusiast both as a “Knight of Malta” and at the festive tables of “un-tiled” lodges elsewhere ; masonry and the “savoir vivre” having both their gradations in his esteem.

One day, whilst chairman at the Town-hall, and occupied in local business of the borough, the officious constables dragged before the bench a poor cast-away sailor, whom they called “a *himpostor* and a vagrant, by *h*act of Parliament,” according to the placards upon the turnpike toll-houses. But scarcely had Mr. Sturgeon and his brother magistrates cast their eyes upon the venerable tar than a very different feeling pervaded the Bench. The tar, hearing the name of Sturgeon, hastily exclaimed, “Gracious God !” and, forthwith drawing from the inside pocket of his tattered jacket a morocco fishing case, handed it to the Bench. “If, said he, “any of your honors be called Sturgeon, whose son was acting *lieutenant* aboard the Rainbow frigate, this book will serve to prove to these here catchpoles (pointing to the constables) that Old Ben Giffard does’nt wear false colours !”

Mr. Sturgeon immediately recognised the book by the word “Constantinople” in gold letters within the flap. It had been

given to his son Walter by a Mr. Devaynes, a factor of the Turkey company at Constantinople, and was subsequently converted into a fishing-tackle case; and, as the old gentleman had not been informed of the extraordinary and mysterious visits that had been paid to the family (for his wife had been ashamed to tell her part of the story, and his daughters afraid to tell theirs), he anticipated the worst, and that some great misfortune had happened to his son; in breathless anxiety, therefore, he first inquired of the sailor if his son were alive and safe. The tar significantly shook his head, and passed the sleeve of his tattered jacket across his eyes; but it was insufficient to disguise the flood of tears that rushed down his furrowed cheeks. That alone spoke a volume to the parent's heart. His son, upon whom his own and family's fondest anticipations had long been fixed, was no more!

The sailor, having in some degree recovered from the effect of surprise in thus accidentally falling in with the parent of the lost officer and the chairman of the assembled magistracy in the same individual, thus related his sorrowful tale:—

“Just three weeks ago this blessed day, your honors, the lieutenant (we calls him lieutenant when once made acting luff), who was a passenger as well as myself (here the poor fellow handed out a certificate of being invalided and also pensioned for long services), on board the ‘Kentucky,’ from Boston, left her in a pilot boat off the mouth of the Bristol Channel; soon arterward, a ship heaving in sight, the pilot answered signal, which is a ‘Jack’ at the fore for a pilot, and gave us choice to pop into his skiff or jolly boat with a couple of hands, and make for the shore or stay on board; but the lieutenant was charged with despatches, and he wanted to get ashore without loss of time. Unfortunately, your honors, we closed with the last offer, and that was a *settler*; for in less than half an hour it came on squally, and soon blow’d great guns; then we sprung our mast, and afore we could muster any thing to fish it, or haul down our close-reefed lug, away it went by the board; the lieutenant and I, your honors, was made ballast of, cause the cockle shell had’nt even a breaker of water abroad, and that was a bad look-out of the pilot’s; and afore we could clear away the wreck, and haul the



The Shipwrecked Tar taken before Lieut. Sturgeons Father as an Imposter.



sail on board, a heavy cross sea filled the boat, and then it was *every body for his self and God for us all*. The last time I seen the lieutenant, he was striking out with the despatch bag in his hand; the small Canadian bark box what was in the boat, floated ashore, and all that I could lay hold on from the Bristol sharks was that ere fishing-tackle book; the lieutenant's body was picked up, and arter it was crown'd, buried in one of the Bristol churchyards, for nobody know'd where he hailed from, as all, except I, your worships, was, as I may say, strangers, and I never had much talk with the lieutenant, cause as one may say, he was my officer; but a better sailor never stood 'twixt stem and stern—God receive his soul!"

"And," said the afflicted father, "you shall never want a roof, Jack, over your head, so long as *his* father lives, or till God receives your own soul!" "God bless your worship!" said the poor fellow, which was *all* he *could* say, for, as he afterwards declared, "his luff was choked;" and from that moment the "vagrant" of the morning became the pet of all the deceased lieutenant's family, till he himself paid the last debt that man can pay—

———"For all must die;
Passing thro' nature to eternity."

It afterwards came out, amongst the numerous questions put to the shipwrecked sailor, or "cast away," as he styled himself, "that the misfortune occurred, as near as he could guess by the sun, about half-past six in the *arternoon of that very day three weeks*"—the very day, and nearly about the hour, that the two sisters had hastened to meet their long absent, and, as they at first fully believed, safely returned, but lost brother!

Upon further interrogatory by the afflicted parent, the kind-hearted tar stated that "he was himself saved by laying hold of two of the floating oars, and trusting to the flood-tide then making, to drift ashore; that upon landing he had not a shot in his locker, but received every kindness from the Bristol gentlefolks, and was passed on free, by the 'Dilly,' with quite money enough to keep him out of the constables' way; but that they were like so many sharks, on the look-out for *somewhat*, and *wanted no pilot-fish*; and would have it that he was '*a vagrant by act o' Parlia-*

ment.' Thanks be to God that they had laid hold on him that day, for he had had hard work to get the fishing-tackle book from the Bristol people, until he told 'em he knowed very well his lieftenant *hailed from the westward* (where he was bound, his own parish being St. Mary's, Scilly, tho' he had no person left in the world to care for'n there), and p'rhaps he might diskiver the officer's family, tho' it almost 'choked his luff' to carry to them such bad news of as brave a lieftenant, or acting luff, 'twas *all the same ashore*, as ever walked the weather side o' the quarter-deck. 'But,' concluded the honest fellow, 'his honor is ordered aloft by the Commander-in-Chief of all, where, please God, he has a better berth than an admiral here!' "Ah, indeed! my good friend," said the venerable vicar, holding out his hand to the sailor, or rather to the veteran, with all the warmth of his own Christian philanthropy, and in its palm a guinea, "He is *indeed* the great Commander-in-Chief of all, 'who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.'" The mother, although overwhelmed with grief for the too certain loss of her son, endeavoured to reconcile the mysterious circumstance which had occasioned so much uneasiness to herself, with natural causes; but, when the daughters (finding silence upon the subject of the vision they had both witnessed, *too clearly* to have been deceived, altogether unnecessary) related the extraordinary circumstance to their mother; she, notwithstanding the impression which her assumed philosophy could not remove from her own mind, employed every argument in her power to convince her daughters, that the supposed vision was "merely the effect of optical illusion," but it was all to no purpose. After she had herself questioned her son's veteran shipmate (who, immediately on the justices' rising, had attended the afflicted father home, where the sailor from that moment became domiciled), scarcely allowing him to answer her multiplied interrogatories, and heard his description of the dress worn by her Walter when he left the ship "Kentucky," for the pilot-boat, and which tallied in every point with her daughter's description of it, her mind reluctantly admitted the power of superstition, and she determined never more to dispute the possibility of

that second-sight, or death-fetch, for which three of her own family could then vouch by experience.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

Gray.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK'S COMMENCEMENT OF LIFE.—DEAF KIRCH'S FAMOUS TALES.—
THE TRANCE.—THE LADY IN THE SHAPE OF A GREYHOUND.—
JACK'S PREPARATION FOR A CHANGE OF AIR WITH HIS DOG
NEPTUNE.

JACK TENCH, Madame Sturgeon's grandson, may be said to have commenced life at five years of age. At that time he was a precious young scamp, and had but just recovered from the measles or small-pox; and having been ordered change of air, his nurse, a notable old body, known by the general name of "Mrs. Honor," sported a "bran-new" scarlet cloak and black silk bonnet, upon the occasion of accompanying her wayward charge to what she called the "sea-side."

Nothing less than a post-chaise would do, for in those days doctors' orders to parents and nurses were like the laws of the ancient Medes and Persians. Jack, however, prayed hard to make the journey, of six miles only, upon the market ass of an old carrier called Deaf Kirch,* as the animal was an especial favourite with him, and next in estimation to his own Newfoundland dog Neptune, which was the only name the boy would ever hail him by, notwithstanding the "Parson" had named him Bucephalus.

Deaf Kirch and her Neddy were known throughout the county; they were inseparable, and inhabited one and the same turf hut, upon an adjoining moor. The old woman was a general favourite at all nurseries; the "young folks," as she would call the men and women in miniature, were delighted with her stories, of which she had an inexhaustible budget at her fingers' ends, including Robin Hood's celebrated exploits, of which she could recite by

* Provincial abbreviation of "Christian."

heart all the ancient ballads, beginning with that of the "Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood, with Clarinda, Queen of Titbury Feast, as related by the Fiddler who played at their Wedding." Of Deaf Kirch's other stories, was one which would occasionally make the "young folks" look over their shoulders in alarm, raise their hair, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," whilst with widely distended mouths, and resting their cheeks upon their hands, and elbows on their knees, they were mute, and all in deep attention to the recital. That story was of "a famous lady who was buried alive in a church," whose tower is a far-famed and important land-mark and signal-station, overlooking Cawsand Bay, in the county of Cornwall. The story exhibits the extraordinary, but true occurrence of "her ladyship's having fallen into a trance, which lasted three weeks; and being then perfectly cold, was considered dead, and subsequently interred in the family vault. The young lord, her son had ordered that the ornaments which were upon her person when she died (of which some rings were very valuable) should be buried with the corpse; which, exciting the cupidity of the sexton, he determined to seize the first safe opportunity, after the funeral, to convert those splendid jewels, *which could be of no possible service to the dead*, to the benefit of the living, in the persons of himself and family.

"Accordingly, after he had done all that his duty in the vault required for the night, and given the necessary orders to the gravedigger to be there at a 'certain hour on the following day,' to complete the filling of the vault, in order that the masons might finish *their* part of the work, they retired from the church to their respective homes.

"Having waited rather impatiently for the moment when, according to his calculation, his neighbours would be fast locked in sleep, the sexton, taking his best lantern, under his bear's-skin great coat, and providing himself with a screw-driver and the necessary materials for the purpose, proceeded to the church, and soon succeeded in opening the coffin, when, to his consternation, which was, however, merely temporary, he found that her ladyship had turned upon her right side, with her left hand resting upon a rose which had

been laid upon her bosom. The sparkling of the brilliants, the lustre of the emeralds and rubies that confined the rings, gave an additional stimulus to his cupidity; but the most valuable were on the fourth finger of the left hand, which finger was *bent*. 'Off the finger *must* come,' said he, and thereupon he applied his knife as steadily and methodically as an old practitioner in amputation. But the steel had scarcely reached the bone, when the hand was suddenly raised to the band that confined the chin, which it forcibly tore off. The frightened sexton fled, leaving his lantern and great coat in the vault. In vain her ladyship called out and entreated him 'to come back,' for that 'she was not dead, but living.' Aware of her situation, the undaunted lady quitted her cold tenement, and having disengaged herself of as much of her grave-clothes as she could dispense with, she availed herself of the sexton's great coat and lantern, and left the church, taking the keys which he, in his haste, had left in the door, and proceeded direct to the sexton's house. She found him in fits without intermission, and which in a few hours terminated only in death." The old woman would conclude the story by saying, that "her ladyship never afterwards fell into a trance, but lived for twenty years, and then died in a good old age.

Another of "Deaf Kirch's" stories was of a still more wonderful nature, respecting a certain lady, who would appear every night at an old castle, called by her dialect "Fise Castle," in the shape of a greyhound, travel every night sixteen miles for a blade of grass, and on the road be met by a hearse, drawn by six black horses, and twelve mourning coaches, each drawn by four horses—the drivers, horses, and mourners *all without tails!* and that having laid the blade of grass upon a certain stone coffin, which the farmer, occupying the castle farm, had turned into a cistern, would vanish.

With such stories, during the long winter nights, the good old "Kirch" amused her juvenile auditory, and gained their best affections: *they were never* tired, and the time for bed always came too soon when "Deaf Kirch" was in the nursery.

The day of departure at length arrived for Mrs. Honor to take

her young charge to the "sea side;" the chaise was at the door; Mamma was anxious to go, but *could not*, being in the family way for No. 4; "Jack" mounted the steps; "Mrs. Honor" followed, taking her seat on the near side; and after having stowed away sundry bottles, bundles, &c., "Neptune" was invited inside by his master, much to Nurse's annoyance, for, said he, "*Neptune must be fresh for my afternoon's ride*"; and the dog having comfortably laid himself at full length at their feet, and Nurse having given herself sundry wriggles, and twitches, right, left, backwards, and forwards, to arrange her gown, cloak, &c. for the journey, she stretched out her kiln-dried arm across young Hopeful, and having drawn up the off window sash, at the word "all ready," for "all right" was not *then* the go, the first post chaise that "Jack" had ever entered, except on the day he was born, drove off, amidst the "God bless you, my dear boy" of father, mother, and all the rest of the family, for the manor-house farm, near the quay, of Llantilham.

As a preventive to carriage sickness, the chaise pockets were crammed full of apples, oranges, gingerbread nuts and peppermint drops. Nurse had not forgotten her own comforts; for, pretending to be much in dread of taking cold, and bitterly complaining of being "parched" in the throat, she every now and then applied a pint bottle of what she called "elder flower water" to her muzzle, which, notwithstanding Jack's remarks that "it had a *very nasty* smell," she repeated so often, every time she took it from her mouth, being followed with "oh! dear," and a deep drawn sigh, that by the time they arrived at the manor-house, which bad roads and almost perpendicular hills had extended beyond two hours and a half, Mrs. Honor could scarcely distinguish young Jack from "Neptune," or Neptune from the postilion.

From the hill which overlooked the splendid river that overflowed the quay of Llantilham at spring tides, much to the annoyance of its immediate inhabitants, the view was magnificent; at the distance it appeared like a stream of chrystal meandering through meadows, whose green, when the sun's morning rays first fell upon it, might vie with that of the emerald. But Jack had no eyes except for the *sea*, of which his ideas had been raised to a pitch of expectation, to be only



exceeded by his subsequent and sudden disappointment. "Is *that the sea, nurse?*" said he, upon first seeing the river, "*what a fool my uncle Walter was, to be drown'd in such a sea,*"—why, "Nep. would swim over it,—that the sea!—why I thought I could only see sea, and not fields and trees on both sides of it!" Mrs. Honor would insist upon it "*that it was the sea.*" "Well, then, the sea is salt, is it not?" The old woman was at fault; or, as a sailor would say, "taken aback;" but faltering, "why, yes, yes, yes." At last Jack got into a passion—passionate young dog! "Yes, yes, yes, yes," said he, imitating the venerable guardian of his youth. "Nurse, you are drunk!"—there was no mistake in *that*. Jack soon determined that "tasting was believing;" he doubted, and nothing would satisfy him, till he had himself ascertained whether that which nurse called the "sea," was salt or not.

He had not long to wait; Mrs. Honor was, for the first few days, very officious in preventing her charge from approaching the water-side; but she began to feel it too fatiguing, and then all at once recollecting that Master Jack was *born with a caul*, her dread of his being drowned vanished, and he was allowed to roam about as he

pleased; for no accident could happen where so many people were at work, and "lauk, lauk, lauk," said she, "that I had not sooner remembered it, how much of trouble I should have saved my *poor* legs!"—she would not have said "*poor old legs*" for the universe.

CHAPTER V.

JACK'S ARRIVAL AT LLANTILHAM.—HIS FALL INTO THE RIVER, AND RESCUE BY HIS DOG NEPTUNE.—REWARD TO THE SAILORS OF THE BRIG.—EXPLOSION IN THE OVEN.—PARENTAL AFFECTION.

"Many's the slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

THE very first-morning after the embargo had been raised by nurse's regard for "her poor legs," Jack walked to the edge of the quay; a collier brig lay along-side it, and a plank lying across her gunwale to the quay, which every now and then had motion from the lifting of the vessel by the flowing tide. "Jack" must "board her" come what might!—he boldly stepp'd upon the plank, was midway 'twixt the vessel and the quay, when it suddenly "canted," and "Jack" was soused over head and heels into——sad disappointment!—*fresh*, but *very muddy* water! The youngster had his "eye teeth about him" at *that* time, if in after time he had not; and grasping some reeds, which fringed the margin of the river at ebb tide and disappeared at full flood, he "sung out" lustily for "*Nep., Nep., Nep.*" Neptune, ever ready on the look-out, had no sooner espied his master's danger, than he leapt into the water, and Jack who always felt safe where Neptune was, clung to his neck, and tried to throw his right leg over the animal's back; but Neptune held him by the hair so as to keep his head above water, until the sloop's boat rescued both master and dog from the muddy stream of Mrs. Honor's "fresh-water sea."

Once safe on board the collier, Jack had no care beyond that of concealing from old nurse the circumstance of his second baptism;



Jack rescued by the dog Neptune.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses.

2.

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and being rich enough to have a shilling in his pocket, (a mighty treasure at that period, and not even to be despised in after days,) he readily gave it to his smutty-faced boatman, the cabin boy, who thereupon "unrigged him," as he termed stripping the younker's clothes off, and hoisted him into the captain's sleeping berth, but the colour and smell of the blankets soon made him turn out again "*puris naturalibus*." In a few minutes Jack's shirt and socks were washed, and together with his jacket, trowsers and shoes—for his hat *had really gone to sea*—"stopped to the weather-rigging" to dry.

Neptune's fame for saving his master had already spread from cottage to cottage, until it resounded through the manor-house kitchen, and reached even the ears of the, till then, sleeping and ever drowsy "nurse," who could not, however, be convinced that "Neptune" had anything to do with saving her master from being drowned. "It was the caul" and "nothing but the caul." Convince her to the contrary was as easy (using a genteel simile of her own) as to make her believe "that the moon was made of green cheese:" neither would she be persuaded of the truth of the report when it was pointed out to her that in less than five minutes after "Jack's" immersion, not a reed top was to be seen above water. Her anxiety, however, was excited; and shipping her awful head-gear and fiery cloak, she, assisted by her five-feet malacca, or dragon's blood cane, toddled towards the quay, muttering to herself as she went, "where would he now be but for the caul"!!!

The half-drowned stripling knew what he had to expect, when he heard nurse's shrill "lauk, lauk, lauk," as she approached the edge of the quay, for the "collier" was quite afloat, and had swung with the tide; but when she saw her young tormentor not only safe and well, but in dry clothes, she audibly expressed her vexation at the "nasty varminths for hoaxing her." They had almost made her *maze*, as she expressed herself, and was about to return to the house "*sola cum sola*," but Jack had determined really to "maze" her to some purpose, by mounting the collier's rigging, which he did, ratlin after ratlin, with the rapidity of a monkey, until he came to certain blocks,

passed over the mast-head by a certain splice whose ship-shaped names are too naughty to be mentioned in a book ashore.

From his "high ropes" "Jack" dictated his own terms—1st another shilling to the cabin boy; 2ndly "no telling grandmother"—3rd "A bowl of milk for Neptune besides his supper."—Nurse readily accepted the terms, prayed him for C——t's sake to come down, but thereupon another indispensable demand was made upon her "shotlocker," for the mate of the sloop, in a red cap and shirt, ascended the rigging in order "to wipe the young gemman's shoes," and then taking a ropeyarn from the sideslip of his trousers, forthwith "stopped Jack's legs to the rigging." The fine was paid; Jack soon upon deck again—from whence he got safely ashore, delighted that matters were not worse, but satisfied in having ing convinced himself that nurse could no longer *cheat* him into belief that fresh water, merely because it was navigable for a collier or revenue cutter, was the "sea."

Jack had his regular school hours to attend, and tried hard to read and write like a "big boy" his schoolfellow, but if the big boy learnt faster than himself, he (the big boy) was afraid to go near the miners, when they were blasting rocks for the new quay, and there Jack beat him; for *he* could bore a hole in wood or clay if he had not yet strength to bore a stone "fill the load," "wad down the clay," "lay the rushen fuse," "return the pricker," "prime," "apply the slow match," deliberately walk the given distance, and then turn round as if delighted to view the effects of a small quantity of gunpowder well ramm'd home." Not a particle of which learning did he ever forget, and wherever a lighted match was seen, Jack, was sure to be as near it as the workmen themselves.

The dog "Neptune" was lineally descended from his master's uncle Walter's "Cæsar" and equally famed for fidelity and good temper. "Neptune" was what the west country people called a "pot bellied" dog; and in consequence of his obesity in that part, a roller, fitted with stirrups, could not be kept in a proper position for Jack to ride, without a crupper; but to a "crupper" "Neptune" had an invincible repugnance, notwithstanding that he was

equally as much pleased to carry his master, as his master was to ride. To an additional collar "Nep" had no objection—but as soon as it was attempted to adjust the crupper, down would go the bushy tail between his legs, and be so obstinately immoveable, that his master's utmost strength, for no one else dared to make the attempt, could not lift it from its position. At length "Nep's" prejudices were conciliated by the saddle, as "Jack" called the "roller" being fitted with a leathern band over the loins, "monkey fashion," and being seated in his saddle "Alexander" was not prouder of his "*Bucephalus*" nor "*Bucephalus*" of his royal master, than "Jack" and "Neptune" were of each other when in full gallop, to meet "*deaf Kirch*" and her "*Neddy*" on their way to Llantilham fair.

The meeting, about a mile from the quay, was one of mutual delight. "Jack's" anxiety to hear from his parents was soon quieted by the sight of the presents they had sent him—a brass cannon upon wheels, and a large rocking horse, "all the way from Lunnun," "almost as big as her own donkey," and several books about *Robinson Crusoe*, *Philip Quarle*, and *Bamfylde Moore Carew*! Jack was delighted. The cannon pleased the most, for it was the first thing "Kirch" could lay her hand upon; the other things could not be unpacked till they reached the manor-house farm, and "Jack" preferr'd his *real* horse Neptune to a wooden one, "for that," said he, "do what one may a rocking horse can only bob up and bob down."

The travellers had scarcely entered the kitchen, before "Jack" had got a miner to load his cannon, and seeing the "*scullery maid*" about lighting furze within the oven, to heat it, he laid his miniature ordnance just within the oven's mouth, and in less than a minute it exploded, sending the lighted furze in every direction over the kitchen. It was then, for the first time, that "*Deaf Kirch*" recollected the parental injunction that the "*cannon* was not to be fired at all;" and when she told "Jack" what his father had ordered, "as well," (said he) "Kirch, might my father send me a *ship without masts*, as a cannon that I am *never to fire*!" To cry, he would not, although

he felt every disposition to do so, for sailors never cried, except when they were "half sea's over," as the collier's mate had told him, and he had not yet seen the "sea," a broad and well-levelled hit at Mrs. Honor for her imposition.

Assuming his usual philosophy, a very unusual thing for such an urchin to possess, he soon reconciled himself to circumstances, and made necessity a virtue. "Well, I suppose, I *must* obey, or—or else"—. The sentence was unfinished—he observed "Old Kirch" at her accustomed pantomime lifting her hand with upraised whip, as she usually *threatened* "Neddy," for *he seldom felt it*; and "Jack" full-well understood the allusion. "That's it exactly, dear 'Old Kirch,' and when my father *does* lay it on, *he does it so famously* I never forget it for a month afterwards." Many was "the time and oft" that crowded upon his memory; for if his father's affection kept pace with his floggings, he was a most affectionate parent, who remembered the proverb, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth," and a delightful young hopeful was graceless "Jack."

CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MANOR-HOUSE FARM AT LLANTILHAM.—MRS. HONOR'S NOTIONS OF PRECEDENCE.

The farm, at which Jack and his nurse were temporarily domiciled, was formerly the manor-house of the "Llantilham's" domain, whose cellars had sheltered king Charles the Second, after his sudden retreat from his hiding place in the adjoining county.

The cottage part had been newly pointed and painted. It faced the river, from which it was about a quarter of a mile distant, and had a very neat and cheerful appearance. The approach to the "Manor-house Farm" led through a cherry orchard, in the middle of which was a capacious pond, with a small island in the centre,

whereon grew one of the most magnificent drooping willows in England, or perhaps, the world.

Facing the entrance hall, or rather passage, which led directly to the farm yard at the back, was a small gate, corresponding with the lead-coloured palisades which fenced a flower-garden to the right and left. In the former, the parlour-windows, on a level with the garden, displayed cycamens, fuscias, campanulas and geraniums in rich variety; and to the left of the window, stood a row of well-thatched bee-hives, shewing the farmer's domestic economy, in the midst of abundant supplies of sweet herbs and flowers for the use of their industrious occupants.

———"When summer shines,
The bee transports the fertilizing meal
From flower to flower, and even the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use."

The long vaulted passage was entered by a flight of granite, or, as there called, "moorstone" steps. On the right-hand, was the seldom-opened parlour-door, except when the plants in the windows required watering; or when, in the summer, or at "revel" time "gentlefolks" might come and "pic-nic" it, or to eat cream and strawberries, juncate and syllabubs, and, as the farmer's wife, "Mrs. Grubbs," called them, "zitch likes."

A little beyond the parlour, to the left, a huge Dutch door, that seemed as if cut transversely, so that the under part was independent of the upper, by which means the former might be closed, whilst the latter remained open, "to keep the pigs out," it was said—led to the most comfortable of all comfortable kitchens of the olden time. Over the door, was a magnificent pair of antlers, upon which hung scythes and salmon spears "out of harm's way," and the door-way was quite large enough to admit a pipe of cider "broad-side on." Directly facing the door, stood the well smoked fire-place, or "chimley," upon whose hearth blazed day and night the crackling faggot or the well-dried "terves;" and, in the centre of the "chimley" hung, suspended from an iron bar, the whole length of the fire-place, by huge pot-hooks, the family's "crock," through

whose smoke-dried cover appeared the handle of the "brath" ladle, as big as a farmer's walking-stick, and as black as the "crock" itself—a "crock" which was never allowed time to cool.

On each side the fire-place, and within the chimney's precincts, stood a low form with a high railed back—one was sacred to the "grandfer" of the family, and the other to the nurse or nurses in charge of young "hopefuls," who might visit "Llantilham" for the benefit of the "sea air." The most cogent reason for Jack's long sojourn at the "Manor-house Farm," was that *he was better there than elsewhere, as matters went in the "home" nursery*, where there was a regular succession of squallers to occupy mamma.

"Mrs. Honor's" notions of precedence, and rank, were if possible, more ridiculous, and disgusting fifty years ago at Llantilham, than those which at the present day predominate at the Indian Presidencies at Calcutta (the most *liberal*, notwithstanding it is the chief) Madras, and Bombay; for she would not allow "Old Kirch" to sit upon the same "settle" as herself near the mouth of the oven, "for *that* was the nurses exclusive privilege"!! and "Mrs. Honor" had it therefore all to herself, for there was no one of *her own rank* to dispute precedence with her. Over the high deal or oak chimney-piece, which the smoke had made of one colour with the clock case, and every wooden thing within its reach, stood, in apple pie order, two brass pestles and mortars, and several well scoured brass candlesticks, the whole surmounted by a large case of bright iron skewers, displayed in the shape of the letter M; and over all hung the family gun, salmon spears, fishing rods, a brass hilted Toledo, of the sixteenth century, and spurs *en suite*.

A black oak settle that would almost require an Elephant to move it, of about the same age as the family sword and spurs, stood with its back towards the door, and answered the purposes of a screen from the frequent gusts of wind, which, when at the north-east, blew furiously through the vaulted passage. It also supplied drawers and lockers, for all the rags and bee'swax of the family, and its broad back, which was sloped *ad libitum*, by means of a peg, as large as a rolling pin, answered the double purposes of a rest at

night for the backs of the wearied labourers, and an ironing table by day. Over against the southern wall, stood a long and well scoured form, for those whose seats at table, of which every one knew his own, were next the latticed window; and a huge oak table of equal length with the form on each side of it, stood east and west, and displayed by its innumerable cracks and crevices, both its age, and from the remains of the fine white sand left within them by the poor scullery girl, or "parish 'prentice's," cleanings of at least thrice a day "Mrs. Grubb's" attention to the old maxim that "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

The aristocratic part of the table was distinguished by a finer, and whiter table-cloth, than the lower end, and the division was marked by a tri-sided salt cellar, the three partitions of which contained fine and coarse salt, and pepper,—the former was occupied by the farmer and his wife, and nurses and their "charges;" and the latter, by the labourers and all but the poor apprentice—the scullery maid of the family!—one table, one dinner for all but her, and at the same time, the notable hour of *noon*!!

The windows afforded "Jack" lots of amusement when blockaded by heavy rain—the only thing that confined him except those delightful hours called "school time."

The window sills were wide enough for dormitories for a couple of such urchins, as "Jack" at that period, and their sides were covered with highly colored prints, as far as red, blue, brown and green ochre, vermilion, and gamboge, could effect it, of the execution of the King and Queen of the French, Louis the XVI, and the beautiful Marie Antoinette,—Death of General Wolfe,—Siege of Jerusalem by Titus,—Crucifixion,—Invasion of Jersey, and death of Major Pearson,—and Rodney's victory over the Count de Grasse, in the West Indies,—with here, there, and everywhere that a space could be found, portraits from old magazines, and rebuses, and conundrums from the "lady's pocket book" of many preceding years.

One window was appropriated exclusively to religious subjects, namely the "Witch of Endor raising the ghost of Samuel," "Adam

and Eve in Paradise," and their "Expulsion" thence; the "Ark upon the waters,"—"The whale swallowing Jonas,"—"Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac,"—the "Baptism of the Saviour by John,"—and "Christ raising Lazarus from the tomb," and upon the sill, covered with a bit of green cloth, reposed the family bible, with a long list of the "Grubbs' family," their births, deaths, &c. Three massive silver clasps which ornamented the venerable book, black with age, but never cleaned "for fear of wearing them out," were considered of great value, from the tradition that they were made from the *cover of a chalice*, plundered from the cathedral of St. Juan de Ulloa, by Sir Francis Drake, in the year 1567!! By the same bible, the Grubbs, Drake, and Raleigh families, had intermarried; and a list of Drakes as long as a pike-staff occupied the second, third, and fourth leaves, (which appeared to have been originally intended for family records; but one seldom meets with more than one or two blank leaves in *modern* bibles) many of whose names were nearly obliterated by the "Ducks and Drakes" of some genuine young or old asses with ink or tobacco juice. These records, however, made it appear that Drake was only twenty two years old when he sacked "St. Juan de Ulloa," what a record in a bible!

The kitchen dresser must not be forgotten; nor the clean and dirty "runners" (as round towels were then called) behind the door,—where the farmer's boys were wont to wipe their noses in cold weather, and their fingers in warm.

The dresser stood against the north wall, for, it is presumed, the benefit of the light from the windows, to display its harlequin variety of pewter platters, real china, or '*cheney*,' and brass wares in abundance,—the top shelves contained the larger dishes, and the under ones plates and trenchers in succession of sizes. Upon the table part upon a coarse but clean cloth, stood three inveuted china punch bowls, that had once had belonged to the two worthiest of Danmorian 'worthies' Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Francis Drake, which invaluable relics had seen the service, the very active service of upwards of two centuries, and shewed abundant cracks; so

numerous indeed, that independently of the white lead employed in fitting and keeping the pieces together, the two smaller bowls were—oh, what a falling off from their former glory!—rimm'd with plebeian tin! The drawers of the 'dresser' contained the table linen and 'toweling' of the family in daily use—scraps of old newspapers and a clothes brush or two—and the space below the drawers was filled with all the brass pans and 'skillets' of the family arranged in 'apple pie order'—which said household utensils, were laid up in ordinary, and kept brightly scoured by way of ornament; the handles displaying at full length, in cast half inch letters, the names of all their *original* possessors, ancestors long consigned, 'to the tomb of all the Grubses.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE KITCHEN FIRESIDE AT THE MANOR HOUSE.—DEAF KIRCH'S EVENING DRESS.—STORY OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION—AND SONG.

One evening, when all the manor house inmates were assembled as usual, around the enormous fireside (for such a thing as a kitchen range was unknown there,) blazing with green faggots and dry crackling furze—the sheep dogs and Neptune, occupying by general consent the front of the fire, and Jack lying at full length with his head upon Neptunes shaggy sides;—a terrific dispute arose between deaf Kirch and Mrs. Honor, about seats, the one insisting that the seat next the oven was the sole privilege of 'nurses,' and that it mattered not that she was the 'only nurse there and that the seat would hold four.' 'If four nurses came, well and good,—or three, or two, or one only, the place was *their's*, or *Her's*, and *too good for market carriers*!—the other, that she 'was as good' although '*misfortunate*' at being '*deef*' as any nurse among 'em;' Jack at once determined to avenge the insult offered to his *misfortunate* favorite, by '*gently blowing* up Mrs. Honor, but not according to modern phraseology, it could not, as he thought to himself, do her *any*

very great harm. That he sided with Kirch, he shewed by rising from his place near Neptune, and seating himself at her feet, spite of the furse spines that were abundantly sprinkled about the hearth; he laid his head upon the old woman's lap, and asked for a story, or a Cornish song.

The good old soul, too happy in the power to please the mischievous but general favourite of the family, began in her usual strain of inquiry as to "what it should be." Her budget of stories, too often heard perhaps, to amuse the general reader, would therefore afford neither novelty nor information; but as the usual preface to them may—'here goes.' The reader has not yet been properly introduced to 'Deaf Kirch' in her evening dress: behold her then, as she actually was fifty years' since, or, as the Cornubians express it, *agone*. As soon as the drudgery of the day was over—a drudgery of two days out of the seven—and 'Neddy' unhaltered and sent to browse upon the sides of the neighbouring hills, Kirch would wash and dress herself, change her gown, put on a clean kerchief, mob cap and white apron, and even half-mittens upon her arms, which in those days had no covering below the elbow except nature's own—'Bishop's sleeves' were as little known as rail-roads or steamers. Seated by the family patriarch, Gaffer Moyle, the old soul would thus begin the story of—*Richard Cœur de Lion, and his Dog*.

"Once upon a time there was a king of England, who went to the Holy Wars---to Palestine, the Holy Land, where our Saviour (here she rose and curtsied, for *that* was her custom) was, God bless him, born. The king was called Richard the First, and had a brother called John, a very bad man, and I'm sorry Master Jack be called after him, for he killed one Prince Arthur, who was before him in the line to the crown---so 'twas said---it may be true, or it *may not*, 'twas *afore my time*. Well, as I was a-telling on ye, Richard (that is, King Richard---I forgot myself) had a *cur dog*, so like a lion, that all the souldiers would have it to be a real lion; and as King Richard took't him from the Saracen king, called 'Salad' or 'Saladin,' (matters not which at this time o'day) in battle, where they fought hand to hand, whiles a body might walk a mile, all

covered with blood, and *muck's a'droud*,* and sweat, till their swords was broken into shivers. The Saracen king fell---King Richard wouldn't kill a fallen foe---true Cornish *blude*!---but he seized the Saracen's dog, and took 'en with him to the English camp; and all the knights and templars, and souldiers, and pilgrims, with scallop shells in their hats, and cross sticks in their hands, cried, as if with one voice, 'God save King Richard, *Cur de Lion*. What became of the cur dog afterwards, nobody could tell; 'twas said he was *witched* away; and for ever arter that, King Richard was nicknamed *Cur de Lion*!! And now, good folks, if you like, I'll give the true history of the bold outlaw, in King Richard's time, called Robin Hood," which recital, however, the reader may be spared, as it extended to twenty-eight verses of four lines each, detailing all the various adventures of Robin Hood, which the old woman had by heart in poetry, and at her fingers end.

It was lucky for Kirch that her twenty-eight *mile* song, as Mrs. Honor dubbed it, had terminated; *the old ill-tempered thing*, as the dairy maids called her---could not *bear* a good thing herself, and did not like others to *hear* it.

'Come, master Jack,' said nurse, 'we have had quite enough of Mrs. Kirch's music, and it is time to music it to bed.'

'To the tune,' added he, 'of *Go to bed old one*, I suppose; and whilst Mrs. Honor was picking up her snuff-box, spectacles, and pocket handkerchief, and looking closely at the seat of the settle, to make sure that nothing remained behind, the highly-pleased occupants of the semi-circle in front of the fire, were vociferous in thanking good old Kirch. Jack clapped his hands with all his might, and Neptune and the very sheep-dogs looked up as if in admiration of the kind old creature's song in the true Cornish twang, and wagged their tails in its approbation.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak!
I've often heard, that things immoveable, have mov'd."

*Provincial for *dust*.

CHAPTER VIII.

JACK REVENGE ON MRS. HONOR — DEAF KIRCH'S DEPARTURE.

Mrs. HONOR having received a night candlestick in due form from the scullery maid, that *slave of all slaves and drudge of all drudges*, to whom the life of an *African slave* in a *Portuguese settlement* is *comparative happiness*; and of a *Jamaica one*, when *slavery existed*, *heaven upon earth*---was preceded up the old oaken stairs by the dissatisfied Jack, to whom the hour of going to bed always came too soon; and he thought it very hard that nurse had such a dislike to *every one he liked*. He wished to have heard Kirch repeat, not sing, because, as he said, she had *one tune for all songs*; and the more particularly so, as she was to return home to her 'hut on the moor' the next day. However, growling as he went, he reached the first landing; then turned round, to show his anger and quiz his nurse's snail-like motions, for she only used her right leg in ascending, and dragged the left after it as if it were a log of wood instead of being a distinct part of her toddling powers. Her head wagged like the wire-supported caput of the image of a Chinese mandarin; and whilst her right hand upon the bannister supported her in mounting the stairs, her half-mittened left carried the well polished brass candlestick, containing a rush-light with a roll of paper round its bottom, in order to fill the space intended for a larger candle and keep it upright. Mrs. Honor always wore mittens after dinner; the putting them on was the signal for an afternoon's nap; and at night, the taking off the right-hand mitten---for going to bed: the first, the natural effect of a too hearty dinner; the second, that of too strong a glass or two of that vile stuff, smuggled Spanish agudante, nicknamed by the Cornish '*Free importers*' genuine real French Cognac!

Custom had established, that the first thing after Jack had undressed and put on his *chemise de nuit*, was for him to knuckle down and say his prayers; and custom had also established that

before he had *half* done, nurse would be *fast* asleep,—he would then exclaim ‘*amen*,’ audibly enough to awaken even the Lady Mount Edgecombe from a trance, which would make Mrs. Honor start from her chair; and having thus taken as he thought some little revenge for having been hurried to bed, he would jump into his nest—‘a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.’

The next morning nurse complained of the ‘*cussed rheumatise*,’ and must lie in bed; than which, nothing was more opportune for the plan that Jack had in view—a *certain* cure for all such complaints. The maids had all gone a-milking, and there was no danger of discovery; he knew the drawer where all sorts of blasting tools and a horn of gun powder were kept; and having selected a large gimlet, a dried rush, and a bit of clay from the yard, where it was kept for the miner’s use; he bored a hole through the centre of the thick seat of the settle, of which he increased the size with an augur—that done, he charged the mine—laid in the rushen fuse—rammed home the clay in admirable style, and was so delighted with his job, and withall at his success in having been uninterrupted by any one, that he thus soliloquized:—‘Bye and bye, ‘Honor,’ I’ll teach you better manners to deaf Kirch, and I’ll cure your ‘rheumatise,’ as you call it, before she can get through what you call a *twenty eight mile song*, that I will.” He then replaced the miner’s tools and powder horn as he found them, and carefully swept away the saw dust, and every possible vestige of his undertaking from the stone floor and from beneath the settle.

Seven o’clock being the hour for Kirch’s coming down stairs to prepare for the journey homewards, breakfast was soon ready, bread and milk did not require much time to prepare, ‘Neddy’ was saddled—‘Neptune’ all ‘a-tanto,’ and Dick the cowboy enlisted in Jack’s service for the day.

When the party had got to the *one mile stone*, Kirch was anxious for the return of Jack and his attendant to the manor house; and by way of inducing them to return, she told them the wood, through which the road lay, was full of adders and ‘long cripples’ and that there was always a pack of ‘good-for-nothing Tinnors there, who

might steal Neptune and throw *them* down a shaft of the adjoining mine.' 'Never mind (said the stripling) adders, or long cripples, or good-for-nothing Tinners, or stealing Neptune, or pitching Dick and me into a shaft! But *what is* a shaft?—Dick explained what it was, and Jack shook his head,' that would be a *pretty deep pitch*, 'Diok' would it not?—Dick smiled and assented, and old Kirch herself could no longer refuse to let them accompany her, 'for only one mile further.'

But sooner than Jack wished, a granite mile stone displayed '2 LLANTILHAM' in deeply cut letters; when Kirch and her young friend parted very reluctantly, and in such a very affecting manner, that not to affect the reader *too much*, a veil is thrown over the

'Fare thee well (Kirch) and if for ever,
Still for ever (Kirch) fare thee well!'

CHAPTER IX.

JACK AND THE COW-BOY STAINING THEIR FACES.—JACK'S DESCENT INTO THE MINE---THE TERRIFIED MINER.---PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

RETURNING through the wood, Jack's eyes directed him to a spot covered with wortle bushes, loaded with their small and black, but bloom covered berries, there called 'worts,' upon which they feasted to satiety: and observing to the right, the vane upon the flag staff of the adjoining mine, Dick, in reply to Jack's question 'what it was called' and why it was there? said 'tis the vane upon 'Wheal, George, and Charlotte mine, called arter the King and Queen; and there be plenty o' diamonds lying about the shafts thereabouts, as big as two o' my fingers,'---to Dick every prism was a diamond; and at that time, equally the same to his companion; whose curiosity *must* be gratified, by going *to see the mine*, from which, nothing in the shape of 'adders' or 'long cripples' or 'good-for-nothing Tinners could even then deter him.

Jack, however, would not quit the wood until he had prevailed, upon the cow-boy to let him, for a penny, dye his face with the



wortle berry ; and so admirably well was the operation performed, that no Indian 'VISUNU' ever looked more *blue*. He then made 'Dick' perform the same service for him, which was equally effectual in the execution ; and then, after waiting for the dinner bell's sounding notice to the miners employed on the surface, to get their meridian meal, (for Dick was mighty cautious not to be seen by them) the urchins proceeded to the nearest shaft.

Neptune's master was not satisfied with picking up mica or glimmer, mundic, chrystals, &c. but must look down the shaft ; and then, all at once, he determined to descend by the ladder which peeped above a part of the shaft divided by wooden partitions from the bucket shaft, by which the ore was conveyed to the surface by a windlas over the shaft's mouth. All that Dick could urge against it was of no avail ; even 'Neptune' seemed by his motions, and particularly by placing himself between his master and the shaft, to join in the earnest entreaties which 'Dick' poured out with tearful

eyes, and all the language he was master of, to persuade young obstinate to abandon his avowed intention. All would not do; 'go down he *must* and *would*!' No sooner said than done; for, placing his right leg upon the ladder, he descended a couple of bars, which brought his face directly on a level with Neptune's, who, with tongue out, and eyes fixed upon his master, seemed as if taking a last farewell. 'Good bye, Nep.;' 'take care of Nep., Dick,' and down went young Vishnu bar after bar, to the first landing place. The zig-zag, and the increasing darkness at first puzzled him; and ere he reached the second landing, the ladder felt as cold as it was slimey. 'Bang' went some rock in the region below, and the reverberating sound astounded him for a time. He had never heard such 'a blast' as *that* before during the whole period of his stay at Llantilham! That very noise, which would have scared back nine out of ten much older boys than himself, was an additional incitement for him to go on and see from whence it proceeded.

Descending ladder after ladder, each fifty feet long, the eighth brought him to ground. 'Jack' listened; at a considerable distance before him, he observed several twinkling lights stuck against the sides of the long narrow and vaulted passage, and heard a noise as of wheel-barrows being trundled to and fro; but near him, all was dark and silent as the grave. He was about moving towards the lights, when he fancied that foot-steps were approaching. Again he listened; a light appeared in the middle of the passage, which was evidently approaching the place where he stood, and in less than a minute, it appeared to Jack, by the *shadow*, as if it were borne by some 'giant,' who held a pick-axe in one hand, and in the other a ball of clay in which a candle of no common mould was stuck. His little heart went 'pit-a-pat,' but not from fear; for although it brought to his recollection the story of 'Tom Thumb,' he had no dread of 'Fi-Fo-Fum,' and remained firm at his post.

When, however, the light fell upon the laughing urchin's indigo countenance, the blanket-clad miner suddenly halted, and in accents of terror and invocation, exclaimed '*In the name of God, whence comest thou.*' He was a religious man—a follower of the righteous

Wesley—and not being answered except by ‘Satanic grins,’ the astounded miner, in an imploring accent, repeated the interrogatory, to which Jack, in a disguised, and as solemn a tone as he possibly could assume—for he was upon the point of betraying himself by laughing outright—responded, ‘FROM THE DEVIL !’

At that moment, some accident at a distance, by the blasting of a rock near the lode, which made the hollow passages reverberate with the cries of the wounded, added to the horrors of the scene ; for

————— “ An universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence.”

Milton.

The superstitious and panic-struck miner in an instant dropped pick-axe and candle---out went the light---and calling on ‘Heaven for mercy, he endeavoured to flee from the imp of darkness which fancy and fear had painted to be close upon his heels. If the imagination of that man could be ascertained, it would, no doubt, resemble the ‘*mistura horrenda*’ of Van Brugel’s egg, from which the world originated : perhaps, be full of ‘goblins damned,’ and of ‘all the foul terrors in dark seated Hell !’

‘Jack’ viewed with astonishment the miner’s attempt to run away from such an urchin as himself, *and he began to hiss him* ; but that increased the fright ; and his retrograde movement being impeded by a wheel-barrow, he fell over it headlong to the ground, where he lay bellowing like a sea cow deprived of her calf. Jack, fearing he had gone too far, endeavoured to convince him that ‘*it was all a joke* ;’ but, failing in his efforts, he thought it best to try the strength of his own lungs, in calling for help ; but long, very long might he have fruitlessly called, if ‘Dick,’ the cowboy, had not become so much alarmed at his ‘master’s’ unusually long absence, that he gave the alarm to some of the ‘surface men’ who were at their dinners, two of whom immediately took a lantern, and descended the shaft in quest of the missing ‘vishnu.’

As soon as 'Jack' heard the descending bucket, he, for a moment, left the prostrate miner, and met the persons in search of him as they landed at the bottom: but the instant the light shone upon 'Jack,' the poor fellow, who had had a succession of fits, called out in the voice of a maniac, till hoarse with the exertion—"Tis Satan! Satan! I see his hoof; 'tis he; 'tis the Devil!" In vain were the assurances of his comrades that 'twas only a little boy, with a blue stained face; for he would stare at Jack's feet, with his eyes full fixed, whilst his hair erect, too plainly told the powerful effect of fear. 'Jack' looked at his own feet, and saw enough—they *did* resemble the 'cloven' more than the human foot; for the clay collected from the bars of the ladders in his descent, had formed upon the lacing of his ankle boots, and gave them a most demoniacal appearance, which, to the magnifying optics of the victim of his fun, became 'conviction *strong* as proofs of holy writ;' and it was only by Jack's then immediate disappearance, and the greatest kindness and persuasion of the two miners, that he could be in any manner persuaded that the 'Devil had departed from him.' But to 'Jack' himself, it was inexplicable, how a man six feet high, should have been so much frightened at such a boy, even if that boy had been an 'imp of hell,' or 'the Devil himself!'

The still alarmed miner, whose head was ever and anon looking over his shoulders, first right, then left, and then at each elbow, was lifted by his comrades into the bucket; and the signal having been given to the many persons at that time collected at the shaft's mouth, to render all the assistance in their power should any accident have happened to the young adventurer (and many more would have been there, but for the still more terrific accident at the furthest shaft, where sixteen persons had been blown up by the accidental explosion of gunpowder, through carelessness), the bucket was soon drawn to the surface, and the frightened miner to light and air more reviving than that they had quitted.

The bucket was again lowered, and "Jack" placed in it, whilst his brawny protector, with one leg in the bucket, his right arm sup-

porting 'Jack,' fended it off from the shaft's side with his '*spare leg*,' until they were safely landed upon terra firma.

To complete this chapter of accidents, the moment the miner had quitted the bucket, and observed the hawser which was bent to the handle of the bucket, chafed *through all but one strand*, by which their weight must for a great part of the way have been sustained, he suddenly fell upon his knees, held up his clasped hands to heaven, as if fervently returning thanks, and from *that* moment became speechless, in which state he subsequently continued for several months.

CHAPTER X.

JACK RESOLVES NEVER TO ACT THE DEVIL AGAIN.—THE SPEECHLESS MINER.—MRS. HONOR'S THREAT.—THE WASH TUB.—EXPLOSION.—ITS EFFECTS.—HOW ACCOUNTED FOR.—HE DETERMINES TO ABANDON MINING.

So many extraordinary incidents in one short hour or two, had a great effect upon 'Jack;' for, although he was too young to understand much about the special intervention of Providence, he resolved from that moment never again to risk his own *more than ever precious carcase*, by a second descent into the bowels of old mother earth, nor again to *act the Devil*.

The long absence of the trio had alarmed 'nurse' and the villagers, the former forgot her 'rheumatise' to beat up for volunteers for a 'pint o'cider or so' to go in quest of them; nothing but shafts and pits of mundic water floated before her eyes, and her tormentor 'Jack' floundering about in them to the peril of his life. His 'caul' was sure to protect him in a river or in the sea, but it had no power in a shaft or pit!! dreadful reflection!

The old woman was herself the first to discover the lost 'pickles,' for just as she had toddled half way up the hill, by the aid of her tall *Malacca* supporter, and had stopped to take a 'drap o'comfort,' she beheld, to her great delight, 'Neptune' and the two truants,

descending at full speed. But all 'nurse's' pleasures had their anti-thesis; for when she perceived the two two legg'd animals dyed a thorough blue, she concluded that for some days, Jack's face would set the united powers of soap and water, and sponge at defiance; and suppressing all expressions of pleasure at his safety, she began rating him '*selon sa regle*'—'lauk! lauk! lauk! master Jack, what will your *Grandmamma* say 'to this? you will be ordered home and well flogged, as you richly deserve you '*good-for-nothing ruffian*!'

Well then nurse, I would *rather* be well flogged than hear you 'call my grandmother Gran-ma-ma,' I hate the girlish word Gran-ma-ma—can't you say Grandmother? and off trotted the younker as fast as 'Neptune could carry him.

When night approached, the wash-tub and its accompaniments were in requisition; and as a proof of her anger, nurse had substituted Jack's abhorrence, *yellow soap*, for his favorite castile; for she thought the former the most efficacious in restoring his face, if scouring could effect it, to its pristine complexion: but the instant the exchange caught his eye, his dormant evervescence was instantly in action. 'Are you going to wash me with that nasty yellow soap?—do you 'nurse' want to make me smell like a turpentine cask?—Mrs. Honor insisted—Jack demurred,—upset the wash-tub over the old woman's clean apron, gown, and *understandings*—in fact, set her and the kitchen afloat, and then stealing cautiously behind the patriarch of the family, he snatched a bit of lighted stick from the fire unobserved, but in his haste ran against the scullery maid, who had just laid a furze faggot upon the nurse's vacant seat in order to heat the oven, and nearly pitched her head foremost against the boiling 'crock.' In the twinkling of an eye the mischievous urchin touched the train he had adroitly laid in the morning, the projecting end of which could only be seen by himself, and instantly retreated behind the oven, a place consecrated to all the great coats, cloaks, hats, and bonnets of the family.

'Well then if I dont smell gunpowder then there!! exclaimed one.

'So do I too!!'—a second,—'Gunpowder to be sure,' said a

third—Gunpowder! where? where? ejaculated ‘nurse,’ in evident alarm,—‘BANG!’—and such a ‘bang’ neither Llantilham’s kitchen nor manor house in the most troublesome times had ever till then resounded with!—down went dishes, plates, trenchers—smash went into never-to-be-patched-again pieces those invaluable relics of centuries past, the Drake and Raleigh punch bowls!—into a thousand atoms fell clock-case-glass and dial plate!—*crash* went all the latticed windows, and innumerable diamond panes shaken from their leaden supports covered the adjoining garden—from the ‘chimley,’ descended bushels of long collected soot, and all the ‘*brath in the crock*’ was spoiled by the admixture,—the settle and furze faggot had *vanished*; but the floor, tables, chairs, dresser, and every nook and cranny where a splinter could lodge, bore testimony to the strength of the powder and the execution of the mine; for all, (without however the slightest injury to any individual,) were covered with their remains.

‘What is become of young master Jack?’ was the general inquiry,—‘Oh he be blowed up,’ said the scullery maid, not forgetting her own narrow escape from embracing the crock as he hastily passed, or rather ran against her, ‘I zeed en vy up the chimley,’ ‘Oh *Jemminy, Jemminy, cry-oh cry*,’ exclaimed old Mrs. Honor, in undissembled agony, ‘that I should ever have lived to *seen* him come to this!’—‘who could have left such a barrel of gunpowder so near the fire? *oh Lord! oh Lord!*’ and the old soul *actually fainted* and no mistake! ‘Jack,’ who began to think matters had gone far enough—but in fact he had expected very little more than a mere bounce, for he had not put a larger quantity of gunpowder into the mine he had made, than he had been accustomed to screw up in a brown paper and throw into the fire, occasionally of an evening, for the amusement of the sitters round the kitchen hearth—quitted his hiding place and appeared before the bewildered groupe, and to the indiscribable joy of all the inmates at the frightened scullery maid’s mistake, who was still insisting upon having seen him ‘vly up the chimley.’ It was at length agreed ‘*nem-con*’—that some miner employed in blasting the

rocks for the foundation of the 'new quay house,' must have accidentally left the gunpowder so near the settle, that the settle had been 'witched,' and was best out of the way,—in all which, 'Jack' emphatically joined; but, like a good 'mason,' kept 'the secret' to himself.

His imagination, however, pictured the very serious consequences that might have resulted from 'his only intending to blow Mrs. Honor up a little,' had she been seated where, the faggot had been placed, however tough he might have thought the materials, of which the old nurse was composed,—a leg *here*—an arm *there*, and every member of his veteran superintendant *scattered over the kitchen!!* and as by a miracle almost it had been prevented, Jack determined to have nothing more to do with 'mining!'

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARSON.—HIS LOVE FOR A GOOD DINNER.—AWFUL CASE OF POISONING.—RECOVERY AND REJOICING.

THE Sunday following this display of 'Jack's' *organ of destruction*, the parson of a neighbouring parish, a '*bon vivant*,' and a good preacher was to perform divine service in the 'manor house barn;' and, as usual, a large congregation was to be expected, for whether to hear the word of God or not, it would have been highly sinful to keep away from the 'Whitsuntide revels.' The rector of the adjoining parish came, accompanied by a numerous party of his friends and parishioners; and, in that same barn, where 'Wesley' had largely descanted upon the delights of heaven, and 'Hawker' on the terrors of hell, and the torments of the condemned,—'damned now considered, *is vulgar!* this parson, whose *heaven* was a *good dinner*, and his *hell*, a *bad one*, or bad *port wine* after it—extolled the blessings of this world—that 'to enjoy was to obey,' and that, as bishops preach and advise, all good christians should 'take no thought for tomorrow, and that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof!!'

After 'service,' the parson received innumerable compliments. An old fox-hunting squire, whose conscience would have been loaded with remorse if he had gone to church *without* his hunting whip; after expressing his sorrow that there was 'nothing for the hounds to do for some time to come,' begged to have a copy of his sermon, and 'fath he would hae it printed:' the parson readily gave him the black edged scrawl, and then heartily joined with him in the wish, that it was *time again to follow the scent*!

Before the dinner was announced, rich saffron buns were handed about in baskets, whose linen envelopes might vie in whiteness with snow itself. The parson ate his quantum; but muttered a good deal *about the sin of spoiling ones appetite before dinner*!

That delightful period to an orthodox dinner, and indeed to every real Englishman—every lover of roast beef and plum pudding, which means every true patriot—at length arrived; and dinner was announced 'on table' in Llantilham's, at that time, only parlour. Roast beef and boiled, roast and boiled mutton, roast and boiled veal, swimming in yellow butter; roast pork and boiled ham, followed by gooseberry pies and clouted cream, rice and plum puddings, jams and jellies, cheesecakes and custards, syllabubs and trifle, and lots of other trifles, made the ricketty mahogany tables of all sorts and sizes, joined together for the occasion, groaned beneath their weight. Such a dinner, which at the west end of the town would be the very *acme* of vulgarity, was the surest and most positive proof of country aristocratic gentility at Llantilham; and nothing could be heard but '*do, do 'e*' take this, and '*do 'e*' take that, save and except the clatter of plates, and what Sancto Panza called 'munching' as every body liked 'to munch,' from the time the party sat down, till the ladies took leave from—not the drawing room, for such a thing was never heard of there, but the garden, wither they repaired in couples.

The parson having, as president, commanded a bumper to 'church and king'; '*Ego et Rex meus*!' graciously permitted every one to do as he pleased, declaring, that for 'his part he should stick to the port'—and excellent port it was!

The parson's presence, were he so disposed, could not be dispensed with by his father-in-law old Squire B——; nor would it altogether have been '*relished*' by the young farmers, and others who were busily engaged at the revels; for altho' he was very much liked, a black coat always puts a damper upon their sports; and without him, they could kick shins—break heads—and play the devil with each other in true cornish style, *ad libitum*. The revels terminated as the evening set in; the best at cudgel playing and at wrestling bore off the honor of the day, which the prettiest girl was selected to confer, and all ended, notwithstanding blood had been shed, and many a skin blackened to such a degree, that the hero of the day could scarcely stand upon his legs, in harmony and good humour, for all had begun with shaking hands, and ended with a similar ceremony.

The ladies were now re-admitted to the parlour; the remains of the dessert were removed; bottles and glasses laid aside for the time, and the tables '*wiped clean*' preparatory to the display of tea, coffee, saffron buns, and clouted cream; after which, the '*SYLLABUB*,' but there the loss caused by '*the blowing up*' was most severely felt—the punch bowls—the Drake and Raleigh punch bowls—which for upwards of two centuries, had, on such occasions, contained the syllabubs, were, alas! no more! for all the '*witches*' in the country could not '*putty*' them together;—and although not a particle as large as a pin's head had been lost, the chinese, who had originally formed the bowls could not then remake them, nor vouch for the particular articles of which they had formed parts.

The syllabub, which, according to the '*necessity hath no law*' system, had been served in a soup-tureen, having been discussed, the parson proposed that the youngest married lady's ring should be fished for; and that the successful fisher should, with *her hand*, fill the gentleman's mouth, who sat on her left hand, with cream—from a pan in the dairy, as fast as she could dip her hand and that he could swallow; and that any gentleman who refused compliance '*should forfeit a half a dozen of port.*' The parson's proposition, as to the fishing ceremony, was, of course, confined to the ladies—

the penalty to the gentlemen. It having been unanimously agreed to, Jack's mother's ring was dropped into the port wine and cider 'whey' of the syllabub, and caught by herself. The party adjourned to the dairy; a large brass pan of cream was already upon a separate table; and, by its side, a saucer of *pounded sugar*; the last was an *unusual* thing; the parson took it up, looked at it closely, and replaced it with a *shake of his head*, perhaps fancying it '*Epsom salts*.' The trial commenced—continued—the parson gained the victory; for his antagonist grew faint, indeed, sick with disgust—a victory, won by the transcendent powers of his capacious stomach, but nevertheless of short duration, in point of glory to the gourmand, '*comme nous verrons*.'

Amongst other stories related by the ladies in the garden after dinner, 'Jack' paid particular attention to one, respecting a whole family having been poisoned by arsenic laid for rats; and remembering the manner in which the suspicious parson had eyed the pounded sugar in the dairy, he determined to turn it to advantage.

Supper was at length announced—supper after so much eating and drinking!—but the scene was in Cornwall '*de qua nil amplius dicendum*'—apology enough, or, in other words, an ample reason for such a continuation of enjoyment to repletion—and such a supper, which may as well be described in the shape of its chief ornament, *a la Blayney*,—the pride, pomp, and glory of the CENAL FEAST.'

THE REVEL PIE,

which consisted of a ham, turkey, couple of fowls, neat's tongue, a dozen pigeons, three guinea hens, with lots of eggs and forced-meat balls,—grace was said—it would not have been quite orthodox to have omitted it at the *winding* up of such a day, as the 'Whit-sunday' had been. The ladies were served, and well served too, and the parson next; to whom the squire in the chair had given Benjamin's mess.' The parson's fork, amply supplied, was being lifted to his lips (for the cream had passed for *nothing*, just like the preparatory oysters at a French dinner,) when 'Jack,' who watched his opportunity from behind the old worm-eaten japan screen, that

masked the parlour door, rushed into the room and exclaimed, *altissimo* voce,—‘*Parson you are poison’d, parson you are poison’d, the arsenic for the rats was thrown into the cream!*’ It was enough; the rector turned pale as death, seized the brandy bottle, and drank off a tumbler, then bolted from the room, sorrow depicted in his livid countenance, for not even a carbuncle in it retained its ruddy hue. On reaching the hall door, the fright was so great, his stomach could no longer retain the ‘*mistura horrenda*’ of a day’s collection; then believing himself, as he subsequently called it, ‘done for,’ he loudly begged for oil, milk, or *any* antidote to *deadly poison!* the former of which, was not at hand, and of the milk he drank till ready to burst, by way of neutralizing the poison, every now and then imploring heaven to spare his life.’

Jack fearing things had gone a little too far, confessed *that it was all a joke*; and upon Mrs. Grubb’s solemn asseveration that ‘*there never was no such thing as poison in the house,*’ and that it must have been pounded sugar and no arsenic, if *any* thing was in the cream, the parson’s spirits rallied; all instant ideas of heaven (for it must not be supposed that a regular Tory church and king parson had any dread of hell), vanished, and he resumed his seat at the supper table (from which, no one had risen to his assistance, except those few who preferred going supperless to bed; and they, merely to support, what they knew must have been a trick of the mischievous young ‘Jack’) all the better for the excitement and awful evacuation that had accompanied it, and fully prepared ‘to fetch up lee-way,’ to the great amusement of his friends and parishioners, and delight of the ladies, who had declined eating supper until the *denouement* of the crisis which had called forth their sympathy and patience into action!

The revel pie and old port soon obliterated from the mind’s eye oft he gastronomic divine all that he had suffered; the delinquent was restored to favor; praised for his wit; but recommended to choose some ‘country squire’ or ‘doctor’ another time, instead of a *parson* because *parsons* were God’s servants, and sacred.’ ‘Jack’ promised ‘*never to poison another parson*’; and in token of the divine’s un-

qualified forgiveness and regard, he presented his tortoise-shell-cased watch, a valuable family relic to 'Jack,' upon the inside of which was graven, the following extraordinarily applicable motto, upon a garter enclosing a bible, on the top of which rested a dagger,—'*my bane and antidote are both before me*'!

CHAPTER XII.

JACK'S APPOINTMENT TO THE GUARD SHIP AT SPITHEAD.—HIS
DISCOVERY OF THE LADIES AND THE FORTUNE TELLER.

TIME travels apace; and 'Jack' being too much of a *man* for a *girl's* school, and moreover rated a 'volunteer of the first class,' on board the guard ship at Spithead, of which ship his uncle (by marriage) was first lieutenant, he, at eight years of age, was 'rigged out' in a midshipman's round jacket and blue trowsers, hat and cockade, and consigned to the care of an old spectacled pedant, who united in his own portly person, the teacher of 'Latin and Greek, navigation, algebra, the use of the globes, and arithmetic;' the town stationer, vender of perfumery and patent medicines; bookseller and church-warden, a regular Caleb Quotem!

When the time arrived for taking leave of parents, grandmothers, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, from all of whom he received 'King William and Queen Mary's crowns,' 'Queen Anne's half crowns,' and pocket pieces in abundance, but only a very few *every day shillings and sixpences to spend*, he felt himself a very rich fellow, for as long as he *kept* the pocket pieces, he would never be without money—happy idea, but *merely ideal*.

'Jack' took leave of all his relatives and friends with a *light* heart, for he could never expect *more* floggings at '*boarding school*' than every day ensured him *at home*;—but when he came to bid good bye to 'Neptune,' the sailor forgot himself, and the '*salt spray*' coursed rapidly down his cheeks, as he, for the last time, bade adieu to his attached and faithful preserver, 'Neptune,' and

entered the chaise, which bore him to the regions of 'Hic Hæc Hœ' and 'Qui Qua Quod.'

The ushers, and masters in subordinate departments, with the exception of the two former, who had fiery red heads, and smelt like Polecats after a hard chase, were related to the Domine. Of the Domine's daughters, 'Miss Lucretia' and 'Miss Lucy,' the latter the prettiest, much might be said '*paucis verbis.*' Miss Lucy fell in love with a young aspirant for medical fame, at that period leaving school to commence his apprenticeship. Their affection appeared mutual; they plighted boy's and girl's faith to each other; vowed eternal constancy; embraced with all the ardour of first love, and parted. From that hour, 'Miss Lucy' allowed 'disappointment, like a worm in the bud, to prey on her damask cheek.' But the young 'doctor' was too full of vanity and self-love to be sincere and constant. So unhappy was poor Lucy, that she *would have her fortune told*; and a *Bohemienne* or Gipsy woman, from an encampment of her caste and class in the neighbourhood, was sent for, and the garden arbour fixed on for the rendezvous at nine o'clock the following night. As the assignation had been overheard by two of the senior boys, they determined to conceal themselves near the arbour, and hear Miss Lucy's fortune from the sybil's mouth. The hour arrived—the boys were already in ambush, and Miss Lucy and the fortune teller met. To 'cross the palm,' was the first thing; but in a 'love' case, the gipsy must cross *both* hands *thrice*, and each time with a *different* '*lit bit silver*'; for all which, the pretty dupe had provided herself in sixpences and shillings; after three of the former and three of the latter had changed hands, three more '*lit bits silver*' were demanded to make up *nine*!!

To repeat the unintelligible jargon of the black-eyed gipsy, would be a matter of difficulty, even if the eaves droppers had been prepared with candlelight and all the et-ceteras for taking notes; but the sequel of Miss Lucy's fate was soon prophesied. Her first admirer, a big boy, and moreover a handsome chubby and muscular framed 'Hobberdehoy,' had just left school to serve an apprenticeship to a 'surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife,' the



Meeting of Lucy and the Gipsy Woman.

now indispensable term of 'accoucheur' being at that period one to be interpreted in that part of the country, to be understood. To him, Lucy had plighted her faith; to her, he had solemnly pledged his. But the stars had destined him for higher stations, and very different connexions, although Lucy's and his own were upon equal footing as to family respectability: and whilst Lucy's fate teemed with disappointments, her young heart soared above selfishness for the sake of him she loved. Giving the gipsy an extra shilling, she said 'I would give my life to secure to my William the lucky fate you have foretold'—which lucky fate was, that 'he would not marry his first nor second love, but a sailor's daughter,—would see great distress, and he obliged to leave a place where he would be in practice, for 'making wrong' with a lady patient; that he would go to the north country, and whilst there, be supported by his wife's hands; that he would make love to a very *bad woman*, who would make his fortune, by introducing him to her noble keeper, who had the name, but would never be able to *keep her* to himself; that he would one day be 'a great man,' and forget all his humble friends; and last of all, be 'a great king's doctor,' and die very rich.'

That was not *quite* enough for Lucy's ten pieces of silver. 'Who was to be her second lover?' 'Dat was *ver* bad question,' for she 'would not marry him.' Lucy urged the sybil to inform her why; but the cunning Egyptian knew that she had not yet reached the bottom of poor Lucy's purse; and she significantly rubbed, and then extended her left hand, which was immediately garnished with another shilling: but *ten* pieces bring *no luck*—Lucy's second lover was destined 'to be strangled, by means of his own daughter, and die without shoes on;' but prior to such a dreadful fate, 'he would be very rich man, and have plenty of friends, but could only preserve his life by *avoiding* 'wool.' Lastly, the present of three additional sixpences, making in all thirteen pieces of silver, secured poor Lucy a competent fortune with her third lover and first husband—'plenty of children,' plenty of '*muttons*,' and '*beefs*,' and '*pigs*,' and '*chickens*,' and '*ducks*,' and of '*every good thing*.'

The listeners lost not a particle of what had passed; and from that moment, poor Lucy had to hear and bear the taunts of the listeners, whenever they met her, as to 'her first and second lover, and her third lover 'and first husband'—and 'what has become of the *lit bits silver* ?'

The young doctor's pride of ancestry, or a desire to find if he had claims beyond the common ones to all the sons of Adam, led him to visit an old lady—a maiden lady—a lineal descendant from Adam by her name; and, accompanied by a fellow-'prentice, in the same town, they hired a horse to 'ride and tie.' The parties toss for the first ride, and agreement is made, whether one, two, or three miles at a time be the distance;—if one mile, the party rides on, and on arriving at the one-mile stone, he ties the horse's bridle to a gate or stump of a tree, then dismounts, and walks on to the second mile-stone, where his companion, having ridden his mile, joins him; and thus the journey is accomplished. Near the fourteenth mile-stone, was situated the house of this elderly lady, to whom both were very well known; and as she was known to have a fine copy of a work which had just about that time been published, entitled 'Dallaway's Inquiries into the Origin and Progress of Heraldry in England,' the ambitious young chimegern, that was to be, was very desirous of asking the old lady if that work contained any thing about his family; and thereupon they entered the lawn, and were met at the front door by the lady herself. 'How do, Billy?—how do, Charles?—glad to see you—haven't run away, I hope?—walk in, walk in'—without giving them time to answer a single question. Metheglin, or mead, Gooseberry hive, equal to the Vicar of Wakefield's notable wife's 'own particular' sliced tongue, and cold chicken soon appeared upon a tray, carried by a blooming white aproned girl, whose white and swan-like neck finely contrasted with a narrow black velvet neckband, which was a fashion prevalent among the west country domestics towards the end of the eighteenth century.

A list of arms emblazoned, and suspended over the antique carved chimney-piece, in a splendid frame, attracted the eye of 'the doctor,' who thereupon talked of the new work, 'Dallaway's



Heraldry—‘was *his* name there?’—a question at which the old lady might well have been startled, when she reflected upon the pretensions of the ambitious young applicant; but she replied, ‘that there was *scarcely* a *name* which was not to be found there; but still there might be no affinity between persons and such families, although using the same surname.’ This did not suit ‘the doctor,’ who, for a moment, forgot his grammar, by asking his kind hostess ‘if she could tell him what his arms *were* composed of.’ ‘*Flesh and blood*, I believe, Billy; I do not know to the contrary.’ ‘But I don’t mean these *here* arms,’ exclaimed he, stretching out his brawny arms; ‘I mean other arms, such as lions and tigers, and such things.’ ‘Then, Billy,’ said the old lady, correcting his bad grammar, ‘you should have said, “what is my arms?”—but *there* you have puzzled *me*, indeed!’

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ATTACK ON THE TURNIP FIELD.—THE WOUNDED BUTCHER.—
JACK'S CONFESSION, AND ACQUITTAL.

'Jack' had scarcely been six months at school when, on a Saturday afternoon's walk, one red-head (or, as he was called by the boys, 'cardinal') usher, being in advance, and the other acting as 'whipper-in,' a simultaneous attack was made upon a turnip field, situated at the top of a hill, at the bottom of which flowed rather impetuously after, what is there called, '*a flood*,' the river A—, a pretty deep stream. The mischievous invaders of the 'Rapum' domains, not satisfied with eating turnips (in which the ushers set them the example), began to roll them down the hill; when, all at once, the owner of the field, the *Jacobin butcher*, as he was called, in contradistinction to the school butcher, swearing lustily he would prosecute 'every mother's soul on 'em,' began to ascend the hill from the river, where he had been bathing, unawed by the many 'round shot' that were *ricochetting* near him, and over him, in every direction; nor could the ushers stop the firing.' 'Jack' was conspicuous from his dress, which had a midshipman's 'weekly accounts' on each side his jacket collar, and a cockade in his hat—and equally so in the war of turnips; for seizing one nearly half as big as himself, which he could not throw, he rolled it down the hill in what he jokingly called 'such a capital direction,' that it came in contact with the flat face of the jolly, but excited butcher, and sent him headlong down the hill into the stream behind him, where he for some time floundered like a wounded porpoise. That there would be a 'kick up' was to be anticipated; and, as in a former case, for 'attacking an orchard,' that *decimation* would ensue. The butcher supplied the writing, or *blackguard's* school, as it was called, and moreover, was a methodist—a dreadful sin in *those* days, and synonymous with Jacobin and Republican!

"Sed tempora mutantur,"—as Horace says—

"Et nos mutamur in illis."—D. G.



The Attack on the Turnip Field.

The evening brought on the crisis. The butcher was announced, covered with blood---both eyes blackened, and four teeth minus since he had eaten his dinner that day! What was to be done? *Decimation* was ordered; and every tenth boy to beg the butcher's pardon on his knees, or be flogged. At length, the butcher himself interfered. 'If they would only point out the boy who threw the fatal turnip, he would only insist upon *his* being flogged.' Not a tongue would turn traitor; then *all* must be flogged. The birches, equal in size to any street-sweeper's broom, but longer in the rods, were produced; the school-form, at which the young culprit's, half denuded, were wont to kneel, was drawn towards the centre of the room; and the first of the sentenced 'decems' called forth: at that most awful moment, when the hearts of the little fellows beat high, 'twixt mutiny and the forth-coming disgrace, young 'Jack,' having held a consultation, and taken his lesson in a whisper with his 'master,' a senior boy, to whom he was 'fag,' stepped forward, and informed the butcher that '*he should be appeased, for,*' said he, suiting the action to the word, as he had been taught by the half-pay army captain, a theatrical amateur, who superintended the Christmas plays---and addressing the domine, '*me, me, adsum qui feci,*' was promptly preparing himself for the expected punishment, when the noble-minded, although severely suffering butcher, determining not to be out-done in generosity, extended his hand to the self-convicted delinquent. 'There, young gentleman, (said he) is a butcher's hand, and a Wesleyan's to boot; but *that* I cannot help, if I would, for I conscientiously follow what my father did before me; it won't *grease* your's to shake it; for although I don't know your Latin lingo, I think what you said must be good, because Master here, Ushers, and all your playmates, clapped their hands so heartily; and the next time you are out, you may roll down all the turnips, if you like; but pray, spare the butcher's teeth and eyes *another time.*' (Huzza!) Having thus given a *carte blanche* for future destruction of his turnips, of which, however, there was not a boy there so base as to avail himself, the kind butcher turned to the domine, holding a handkerchief before his swollen face all the time. 'I would not, Sir, have had that young feller flogged

for all the turnips in the county ; and, if he will let me, I will be his friend for life.'

'Jack' could restrain himself no longer, but seizing the butcher's hand with all the fervour of gratitude, he begged ten thousand pardons for the injury he had done him, 'although more by chance than design,' notwithstanding the '*capital direction*' his turnip had taken. The articles of peace were signed upon the spot ; and, much to the honor of the domine, ratified in a noble manner, spite of the vicar's and the mayor's remonstrances ; for as the school butcher 'had given up the ghost' a few days prior to the 'Turnip War' and its results, the forgiving and truly 'Christian butcher' was appointed to cater for the '*Church and King*,' as well as the '*Jacobin school*,' which he continued to do, to the general satisfaction, till he retired to enjoy the ample competence which his industry and sterling honesty had ensured for himself, and enabled him to bequeath to his family.

CHAPTER XIV.

BURNING A MARTYR.—EXPLOSION IN THE SCHOOL HALL.—EFFECTS ON THE DOMINE.

A few years soon transpired without any particular occurrence to mark Jack's progress in Latin, when he received an intimation from the head master, who gave him some printed papers to sign, that he would very soon have to go on board 'a man of war'; and that as he had already been two years and a half learning the multiplication table, he should endeavour to make himself *perfect*, and in order to do so, must recollect, that *six times twelve*, and *twelve times six*, amounted to the same sum of *seventy-two*;—of which, 'Jack,' stupid fellow in arithmetic as he was, could scarcely comprehend the possibility. However, he was at length convinced of it, by the *ascertained fact* that *twice two* made *four*, and that the *half of four* made *two* ! '*mirabile dictu.*'

The next scrape that 'Jack' had *nearly* become seriously involved in, was one of the chapter of accidents, with which his life was chequered, and resulted from too attentive a perusal of 'Fox's book of martyrs,' and 'history of the Lollard's,' &c. &c.

Within a few doors of the school, was a noted doll manufactory, where he purchased one of the largest he could procure; and having, by certain borings and chargings in various parts, which he well plugged, effectually completed his work, he dressed the doll in '*pontificatibus*;' and having made several small faggots out of a large one, he called his playmates together to see him '*burn a martyr as the Roman Catholics did*.'

The Caleb Quotem domine came and kicked away the effigy, just as it was fastened to the stake in the centre of the pile of faggots; exclaiming, '*I'll teach you how to burn a martyr, when the wood will do more good than burning it in the open air*;' and the effigy was consigned, to that snug corner of the paper warehouse, dignified by the name of '*study*,' until the cold weather should set in.

But it so happened, that one of those cold, damp, nasty days, which occasionally distinguish a late harvest, made a fire very desirable at night; and accordingly the domine, whose chief comfort it *was to be at a distance* from the 'grey mare, the better horse of the family,' ordered one to be lit in the dining hall,—before which, he took his usual stand, with his arms behind his back, and coat skirts advanced in front; and on each side, stood one of the two 'cardinals,' or as they were occasionally called the 'two thieves;' one of whom was dignified with the soubriquet of 'square toes,' and the other with that of 'old hoc'—not 'hock;' but 'hog' would have been more appropriate still—by this most vulgar way of excluding all others, (as was the case with the boys, from even a sight of the fire, except through the bows of three bow legged bipeds, and, even at the present day indulged in, where better manners, particularly in public coffee rooms, are expected to prevail)—the domine and his '*aids de l'etude*' had all the fire to themselves; but only for a short time, for the clock struck eight, and in came old Black 'Peter,' carrying an enormous tray of very bad

brown bread, whose huge slices, contrasted extraordinarily with the small transparent bits of skim-milk cheese, which lay bread and butter fashion 'in triple rows, ready for Peter to *'fling'* upon the table.

'Peter,' was despatch'd for the 'martyr,' which the domine placing against the back of the grate, said,—*'now boys Ill show you how to burn a martyr,'* and he then resumed his original position before the fire; and 'Black Peter' retired with the empty tray.

Most unfortunately, (as it was afterwards considered, '*nem con,*') the two 'cardinals' had been called to their usual seats at the bottom of each supper table, to swallow their own *thicker* slices of cheese, and *thinner* ones of bread, and sour small beer. 'Jack' was all anxiety, but ate his supper without any further remarks than the common place ones amongst the boys, whose eyes were directed towards the martyr, '*He begins to burn*'—said one, *the fire has burnt off his gown*'—said another; *hands and legs are now feeling it*'—said a third; but before a fourth could give *his* opinion of the part the fire had reached, '*BANG*' went the martyr into a thousand splinters; *down* fell the dominie upon his face; open flew the windows; of which, every pane of glass in as many thousand pieces, strewed the garden; out went the farthing rushlights, called candles; and nothing but '*Oh Lord! oh Lord! oh Lord!* what *is* the matter?' 'resounded through the hall:—in rushed 'Black Peter,' 'Molly,' the 'Cook,' 'Miss Lucy,' and 'Miss Lucretia,' the 'Laundress,' the 'Housemaid,' 'Shop-boys,' 'Printer's devils,' and a host of 'inquiring friends,' whose attention was called to the suffering and groaning master, in whose *seat of honor, inch deep*, not less than a dozen splinters, of the shape and size of shoemakers' pegs, but very much sharper, had lodged. 'Burning a martyr, with a vengeance!—but who was the criminal?—the doll maker of course; who, being sent for, 'declared to his God he had nothing to do with it,'—never had no gunpowder in all his *blessed born days*!' A general search was order'd, and every box and every 'skivet,' and all their hoarded treasures of hazle nuts, beach-mast, and sloes, exposed to public view; but not a grain of gunpowder was dis-

covered; and where could any have been obtained, for the 'Volunteers,'

—— "Those famous men,
Who marched up hill, and down again,"

had not fired for several months, 'Jack' *could* have told them. His father had adopted, as he thought, a very good plan for securing him '*enough* to eat;' and had therefore allowed him to be supplied with a penny roll and a penn'orth of butter every morning, in addition to the roll and *roast fat*, the school allowance; but 'Jack,' not being a 'gourmand,' preferred a *half-penny* roll, and the same amount of butter; and, by agreement with the huckster, he received on every Monday morning seven pennyworth of gunpowder, of which, had the wood-house been searched, a famous supply would have been discovered; enough, indeed, to have blown up the guild-hall, and mayor, and corporation, and school to boot!

The real author of the tragedy was not even suspected. At length the head usher, the puritanical 'Old Hoc'—so named, from his being limited to teach the articles, nouns, &c. to the younger boys—ventured to express his opinion, with all the gravity that his Protean face could at times assume; for he was, to all intents and purposes, a hypocrite; and never sincere but when, and that was generally twice a-week, he was royally drunk.

—— "The third circling glass
Suffices virtue; but may hypocrites,
Who slyly speak one thing—another think
Hateful as hell—still pleased, unwarn'd, drink on,
And thro' intemp'rance grow a while sincere."

PHILLIPS.

'Old Hoc's' opinion was, that it was 'a solemn judgment of the Supreme Being!—that gunpowder had no part in the transaction; for that the quantity, even admitting the effigy to have been entirely cylindrical, that could be inserted, would not have had the effect, within fifty degrees, of the explosion they had all so awfully witnessed: that it was for the blasphemous mockery of representing the martyrdom of a *witness of the truth*; and, sorry as he was to say it, an infliction

upon the dominie, by an All-wise Being, for not having well flogged the mischievous young urchin who was sure to be found wherever such tricks were going on.' 'What does the fellow say?' *sotto voce*, whispered Jack to his playmates near him; 'does the *Cardinal* mean me?' Which being answered in the affirmative—'Well, then,' exclaimed he, '*out of school we may all speak—Master's stern may as well be called "Holy Lodge" for the twelve Apostles; but I wish he had been content with eleven, and that the twelfth, as a representative of "Judas Iscariot," had stuck in Old Hoc's —.*'

Well done, 'middy;' well done, 'young Nelson,' resounded through the hall; and 'Jack' was as proud of either name, as Caius Marcius was, *at first*, of that of 'Coriolanus,' after he had,

"Like an eagle in a dove-cote, fluttered their voices
In Corioli."

CHAPTER XV.

JACK'S APPOINTMENT TO THE ADMIRAL'S SHIP.—FAREWELL OF
HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS.—THE BUTCHER'S LETTER AND PRESENT.

THE time approached for 'Jack's' leaving school, for the purpose of joining his uncle's ship, the then guard ship at Spithead, whose fore-yard-arms were the terror of the 'mutineers;' there having been some 'kick-up' about boys being borne on the books, whilst they were actually at school, which was the case in 'Jack's instance—for, although he had never seen a 'jolly-boat' belonging to his Majesty, nor any 'craft' of larger size than the collier brig, in which he had cut his first caper, after a sound ducking, at Llantilham, he had been rated as a 'volunteer of the first class' for nearly two years, and had shared prize-money for the Spanish ship *Rosalía*, captured by the guard-ship's tender, upon the good old rule, called Rob Roy's—

—"The good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan—
That they should take, who have the power;
And they should keep who can."

The dreaded hour at length arrived for 'Jack' to take leave of his affectionate school-fellows; which, however elated at the idea of being 'rated a midshipman,' on board an admiral's ship, he felt acutely; for he had only friends to part with, and not an enemy; but, as there is nothing more affecting to a youthful heart than bidding farewell to old school-fellows, save and except that, which, in after days, attends the parting from old messmates, with whom one has

" Shared the battle and the breeze ;"

both of which can only be *felt*, not *described*—so 'Jack's assumed manliness, on other occasions, forsook him on this last; and the tears of affection and sincerity coursed rapidly down his rosy cheeks for some time after the coach into which he had been assisted, whilst choaking in the throat, unable to articulate one 'good bye,' as he shook his playmates heartily by the hand, and once more grasped the kind, forgiving butcher's, who had filled the pockets of the vehicle with all the good things he could think of, and handed him a packet addressed to 'Mr. Salter, High-street, Portsmouth,' had rattled on its road to the eastward.

To exchange school for the cock-pit of a man-of-war, is a trying crisis for a boy not eleven years of age; and Jack had nothing very *affectionate* to expect from the strict disciplinarian, his uncle, who had ordered him up to Portsmouth (in order that he might have the 'yunker' under his own eye;) and had him consigned from school, direct to his agent, Mr. Salter, instead of first returning home, in order that 'he might not, if so pre-disposed, have an opportunity of piping his eye, and turning "*mammy-sick*!"'

Under Mr. Salter's directions, 'Jack' was soon rigged out with a swallow-tail full dress uniform, waistcoats of white casimere of the fashion of the 17th century; casimere knee breeches, and buckles, cocked hat, and an 'iron bound' or gold-laced 'scraper' for dress occasions; round hats, coarse and fine shirts; lots of stockings, shoes and handkerchiefs; bars of yellow soap, pins, needles, worsted, a 'ditty bag,' and 'housewife,' with scissars, and all the

et ceteras for a 'sea chest;' and a dirk, and black Morocco belt; watch-coat and P—jacket—all very good and very useful—but he had none of the *nice* things, that *mamma* would have stuffed his chest with, in the shape of gingerbread, jams, jelly, marmalade, damson cheese, pickles, &c. to 'keep off sea sickness' *O mihi beate martine!*"—what a loss!! for if 'Jack's' chest had been so sweetly and sourly supplied, what a capital scramble it would have been for the 'weekly account gentlemen,' who reside under water!

"Deep in that fabric, where Britannia boasts,
O'er seas to waft her thunders and her hosts,
A cavern lies, unknown to cheering day,
Whose only sunshine is a taper's ray;
Where wild disorder holds her wanton reign,
And careless mortals frolic in her train."

Nothing could possibly have exceeded Mr. Salter's kind and fatherly reception of 'young hopeful;' and after an excellent dinner, at which the young 'aspirant,' as the French service dubs a 'middy,' was treated '*en Prince*' a splendid dress dirk and purple silk belt, ornamented with superbly gilt lions heads, and two guineas in gold, were laid before him upon the table, with the kindest and best regards and good wishes of his friend the butcher, from whom he was to expect a sword and pistols, 'as soon as he was old enough to use them for his King and Country.'

The kind hearted butcher's letter was also given 'Jack' to read, at which he both laughed, and, forgetting a former determination, *cried* heartily—although he was not 'half-sea's-over'—the only excuse a sailor can give for that 'more than woman's weakness.'

" ———, 17 October, 179—.

" To Mr. Salter,

" Silversmith, High-street,

" Portsmouth.

" Sir,

" Thof I be a straunger, I dant beg any pardon for sending you five guineas, by this here young Ossifer, who wull wan

day—please God, I may live to see't—he a general, or a admiral, or a corporal, or some great man—something, I mean, with a '*ral*' to't—so please, sir, buy 'en a dagger, and something perty to tie it on—and God bless 'en, says I. We becum'd quainted in a straunge way, but all the *wust* at furst for *me*; and as I tells my missus (we has got no childern yit) all the better for he. Tell'n from I, that as soon as he can use 'em, for his King and Countrey, you shall ha money, as much as the best wull come to, for a sword and pistuls for'n; and the furst Frenchman he kills, if he'll send en to me, *I'll eat 'en*; but I wuld'nt mind a *Dutchman*, cos why? the French be all bones, and the Dutch all rumps; and you knows, Mr. Salter, a good rump of beef is a very good thing: and why not a Dutchman's, perwided he be killed in the wars? I never did eat any sich kind o' meat, but they tell me 'tis very common mong the Roman Catholicks; and all French and Dutch, and them ere outlandish people, be all Papishes—God turn their wicked hearts!

“ I wish Maester Jack Tench God a' mighty's best o' blessings: same to you, Mr. Salter, from your humbel servant to command,

“ DIGGORY KING SALTWELL.

P.S.—I sarves both the schools here, and all the reputable persons, scept the Vicar and the Mare—drat em both, I say—and so says my missus, cause they be very stingy; and last Sinday, the Mare only gid the beadles and mase-barers shin o' beef soup wot only cut 2d. a lb., 14lbs. to the stone. God help em!

D. K. S.

CHAPTER XVI.

COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE 'ROYAL BILLY'S' CUTTER—IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS, BY WAY OF A FIRST LESSON TO JACK.—JACK'S RECEPTION ON BOARD THE FLAG SHIP AT SPITHEAD.—HIS UNCLE'S ADVICE, BY WAY OF A SECOND LESSON.—WARDROOM DINNER.—QUARTERS.—FIRST EVENING ON BOARD A GUARD SHIP.—TURNING IN AND BEING TURNED OUT.—MIDSHIPMAN'S NUTS.—A GHOST.—SILENCE THE BEST POLICY.—COMMAND OF THE JOLLY BOAT.

THE Monday following 'Jack's' arrival at the only 'regularly fortified town in England,' the guardship's cutter was sent to take his baggage and himself on board. The commanding officer of the boat had just been promoted from the jolly-boat. He was about two months older than Jack, but soon showed off the old officer over the 'Johnny Raw,' as he whispered the coxswain. 'That,' said he, 'is the block-house point,' as the boat passed it; and 'that on left hand is the platform and signal station, a place you'll know very well one day, by the time you have been kicking your heels about it, as much as I have, since I belonged to a guardship.' 'Why, you will have nothing to do for some months, except to fetch bread and butter, and milk and cabbages for the wardroom mess, and take ashore, every now and then, a few drunken ——— in the jolly-boat; and a cursed cockle-shell she is—is she not, coxon?' Coxswain assented, with a touch of the front of his glazed hat.

The 'commanding officer,' also pointed out 'Haslar Hospital,' 'South Sea Castle,' 'Lump's Fort,' 'the Buoy over the Royal George, the Ships at Spithead; those under quarantine at the Mother bank;' the 'Sheer hulk,' and the 'Isle of Wight;' and gave Jack the further piece of information that upon reaching the ship, midshipmen answer the marine sentry's hail, 'coming here?' with 'no, no,' commissioned officers, with 'aye-aye,' captains with ship's name only, and the admiral with 'Flag.' The youngster then concluded by saying in a most consequential manner—'you are *now* in for it—*grin* and bear it; and I think you have had enough for the *first* lesson.'

Up the accommodation ladder, and through the entering port, and from thence to the captain's cabin was but the work of a minute; and Jack was most kindly welcomed by his uncle; who at the same time informed him that all 'Uncles' lived ashore; and that there were no such persons or names known or acknowledged on board a man-o'-war.'

2dly. 'That there were no such words admitted or recognized as 'I can't,' 'I won't,' or 'I am afraid.'

3dly. 'That to all orders, there was but *one* answer, and that, always accompanied by touching or lifting the hat; namely, aye, aye, sir,' and prompt obedience.

4thly. 'That all "sky-larking," was limited to the cockpit and cable tier, and 'swearing,' against the articles of war..'

5thly. That on coming upon the quarter deck, by night or day, whether from 'in board' or out, the hat must be touch'd or lifted, in compliment, to the 'flag' or 'pendant,' and 'King's parade;' and, as you say you have had one lesson from young 'drive the devil,' (as his uncle called the young midshipman who had brought Jack on board), let this be chalked down in the log book of your life, as the *second* lesson!

Jack had scarcely been an hour on board the Royal Billy, before the wardroom steward invited him with 'the wardroom, officers compliments,' to dine with them at four o'clock; and in the intermediate time, the 'commanding officer,' as his uncle was called, (being senior lieutenant, and the admiral and captain residing on shore,) handed him over to the excellent old stager, and at that time day mate, Mr. David Jones, for a little 'breaking in;—the first thing was an introduction to the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter; and to 'Jack's' utter astonishment, all those ship artificers, wore on 'full fig' occasions, cocked hats, swords, knee breeches and buckles!!! The next introduction was, to the gentlemen of the 'larboard' and the 'starboard berths,' or rather starboard and larboard; the 'oldsters,' occupying the former, and the 'youngsters' the latter. An excellent luncheon to him, as he was to dine in the wardroom, followed the introduction, for they were at dinner at twelve o'clock,

(ship's company's hour;) and Jack thought midshipmen lived like princes, or, even kings, when he contrasted a cockpit dinner with the school feeds, which he had but lately bade adieu.

Mr. Jones, sent for a quartermaster, and ordered him to get a new hammock from the boatswain's store room, and have it numbered, and slung, 'for Mr. Tench,' who had just joined.' The quartermaster, 'Old Palm,' as he was called by 'all hands,' soon supplied 'nettles' and 'lashing' for his hammock; and gave Jack several broad hints about 'looking out for squalls a-head,' and 'astern too' said he; for the only time a body need care for a 'squall astern,' is 'when first he joins;' but all such squalls soon blow over, unless one begins to squall about 'em, and then there's never no end on 'em; but when once the old ones think he's up to snuff, and dont care about their tricks upon travellers, they gits tired of their own rigs; cause why, 't isn't worth their while to turn out of their warm nests,—unless the Johnny Raw sings out and takes it to heart.'

Jack treasured all this well meant and excellent advice, and whispered the quarter-master 'they may cut me down if they like, it will be my turn next if they do.'

The wardroom dinner passed off as most dinners do, on board; the novelty to Jack was pleasant; and he was asked to drink wine with every officer; but, as his uncle had advised him 'to put very little wine into his glass at first, and just a drop upon all successive invites,' he got through that usual ceremony, and bent his head to the officers with whom he drank wine, as they, in turn, invited him, with all the '*savoir faire*' of a well bred youth. One particular dish cannot be passed over in silence, because it is a famed Portsmouth dish, called 'leg o' mutton and smash;' but in common parlance, a boiled leg of mutton, with mashed turnips and caper sauce; and will hereafter, be more prominently noticed in these pages. Jack received another piece of information at table; that the president for the week, was the officer whose table cloths wer in use, and that on the subsequent week, he became vice-president.

At five o'clock, all hands were mustered at quarters; marines paraded; reports made by the officers commanding divisions on the different decks, to the commanding officer; and upon the 'retreat' being beaten, all hands retired, and the commanding officer of marines dismissed the guard, and 'off duty men.' At sun set, the sentries at the gangways, and poop, and forecastle, fired their muskets, and top gallant yards were struck, all the ships at Spithead following the guard ship's motions, of hauling down ensign, &c. &c.

Tea over, in the wardroom, Jack rejoined his new messmates, and spent a very pleasant evening, determined not to be outdone in fun and good humour by the oldest 'mid' amongst them: and he thereby proved, that he had already discovered the chief and principal secret for a young man's guidance, on going for the first time into the cockpit of a Man-of-War.

At ten, 'all hands' wished each other good night, and those of the watch below went to their respective hammocks to 'turn in.' 'Jack' turned into his hammock on one side and instantly turned on the other; for his sheets were covered with the 'sweepings' of the bread baskets, the remains of the 'Midshipman's' nuts of both berths, and of the 'lockers' also—that was but the beginning of evils; he soon remade his bed, and having again turned in, and been allowed ten minutes quiet, he began to think it was all over for the night, and 'slewed, upon his side to sleep. In the twinkling of an eye, down went his hammock foot foremost; and Jack enveloped as he was in his bed clothes, fell sprawling upon his face; but the devil a 'whine' did he make, or 'sing out.' Having got rid of his bed clothes, he was preparing to lower the 'after' end of his hammock, in order to lay it on the deck for the night, when he was saluted with a volley of wet swabs, but he still satisfied himself that by *perfect silence*, he should tire them. A few minutes 'lull' followed, and, having dried himself with his sheets, he was looking out for a blanket to wrap around him, when amidst lots of offers of assistance, and ironical expressions of pity, more galling to him than the worst they had hitherto done, a fresh supply of wet swabs brought him down again in a perfectly

'pickled oyster' state, and in an instant the allowance of flour for both messes for the next day, was capsized over him, and no miller not even he of Mansfield could be whiter. A 'ghost! a ghost! resounded through the cable tier and lower deck; and as the Cook's boy had been *expended* the day before, by *breaking his neck down the main hatchway*, many superstitious fellows believed the fact, and that the ghost of the boy had only been '*scared away*,' upon the approach of the sergeant of marines, and 'master-at-arms,' with their lanterns!

The next morning, Jack was 'pon deck at gunfire, and the master both joked and questioned him about his 'early rising;' but Jack told 'no tales out of school,'—he had neither '*snivelled*' nor 'piped his eye,' and thereby ensured his own tranquility from the first night of his 'turning in,' on board the 'Royal Billy.' The second night was passed in all the quiet of a cable tier; and during the day, 'Jack' was taught to know the 'spokes of the wheel' from the 'davit';—what is meant by 'abaft the binnacle' (so often a puzzler for the sharks of Westminster Hall)—a 'prick of spun yarn' from a 'rope's end,' and the 'lubber's hole' from the 'futtock shrouds.'

Jack, as Aberdeen college did, got on *by degrees*, to the command of the jolly boat; upon which occasion the commanding officer, his *never-to-be-so-called-on-board-ship-uncle*, gave him a bit of advice as follows:—'Now young gentleman, have an eye upon the jail-birds of the jolly boat, for boys as they are, there is but *one* of them who is not a sweeping of Newgate, and we cannot now get any other fellows, press high, press low, from Dover beach to St. Paul's church yard, and that is the reason I send a marine with you; keep a good look out for smuggled grog, or stuff to make it, they will, if they can—knowing you have never been in *blue water*—work to windward of you; but do you never allow any one to be absent from the boat, and always have your eye teeth about you.' 'Aye, aye, sir,' said Jack, touching his hat; and going to attend the duty he was ordered upon, he was soon seated in the stern sheets of the jolly boat, giving the 'Coxson orders to 'shove off for the Sally Port stairs.'





Jack deceiv'd by the Smuggler.



CHAPTER XVII.

JACK DECEIVED BY THE SMUGGLER. — THE "MASTER-AT-ARMS"
DISCOVERING THE RUM IN A CABBAGE.

EVERY thing went on remarkably well for about a week, when one morning about seven o'clock, whilst waiting at the Sally-port stairs for the officers' bread, milk, and vegetables, a tall, one-eyed woman, not over well dressed, requested a passage on board to her husband, "Dick Silvercall," one of the "*Royal Billy's*" boatswain's mates, whose *wife*, there was every reason to believe, she was, upon the old adage, in "every port Jack finds a wife." As the woman had the "gift of the gab," and was perfectly sober, "Jack" having asked her if *she had any rum about her*, and being solemnly assured, with a thousand protestations, that "she would rather lose her life than

attempt to break the *regulations*," gave her leave to "come on board," for she had no baggage or traps of any kind with her, except a very fine large drum-head cabbage, of which she took as much care (for "Dick's" mess) as if it had been an infant at the breast. On getting along-side the "Royal Billy," one of the boat's crew offered to carry the cabbage for her up the companion ladder, which she objected to, and thereby "*did* for herself." The master-at-arms, a cunning old fellow, would have been got to windward of in fine style, but it was destined to be otherwise. Having overhauled "Mrs. Silvercall," in the usual close way, over "cat-heads," "cut-water," "sides," "quarters," and "stern," he was about to say "pass on," when, admiring the fine cabbage she carried, and extending his hands for the purpose of feeling the weight of it, he offered her "two for one, if she would let him have it, as it would make sour crout for his mess for a twelvemonth." Very reluctantly she handed him the cabbage, carefully keeping it in a vertical position, but declined sparing it, as she "had brought it off on purpose for 'Dick's' mess, who would be sure to 'wop' her if she did not." The old "master-at-arms" was lost in admiration of the weight and size of the cabbage. "Bless my soul!" said he—"Missus, do let me have it: what a heavy cabbage!" then taking it by the stump—"what! spun yarn through the stump!—rum cabbage, Missus, eh?" and, quickly swinging it, by way of suiting the action to the word, the splendid cabbage divided transversely; the top fell off, and exposed to the view of the astounded "Mr. Grating," a two-gallon bladder, full of *real Jamaica*, with its nose nicely laid towards the stump, through which a spun-yarn tie was passed and strongly knotted outside, and the whole so admirably covered by the outer caminœ of the cabbage that, but for the "master-at-arms's" desire to possess the vegetable, and accidental sight of the "spun-yarn," he would, as he himself acknowledged, have been regularly "*done brown*."

"What nice hand,
With twenty years' apprenticeship, to boot,
Will make us such another?"

Poor Mrs. Polyphemus Silvercall! "*That's your way now*," Missus," said Mr. "Grating," pointing to a shore boat along-side, and all Missus's palaver could not soften him to admit her on board. Reluctantly, she stepped into the boat, and bargained with the boatman "to lie 'pon his oars a bit, and she would try old 'Grating' *upon t'other tack*." "I knows your Missus very well, Mr. 'Grating,' and she knows I; and we'll both come off together in the arternoon." The master-at-arms's pride was hurt, at people near him hearing Mrs. Silvercall talk of *her* intimacy with *his* "Missus," which determined him not to let her come along-side; and "Dick," who endeavoured to soften him, was ordered away from the Ent'ring Port, and threatened with the "Bilboes," for *smuggling*.

Nothing but "*shove off, you*," to the boatman, could "Missus Silvercall" get, in the shape of an answer, from Mr. "Grating;" and thereupon, resigning all chance of being admitted on board, she tried *t'other tack* in right earnest, by giving the "master-at-arms," broad-side after broad-side, of *real "point,"* (to which, Billingsgate is language polite); and, standing up in the boat, she suited her actions to her words so appropriately, *puris naturalibus*, that the "hoary-headed old scoundrel," as "Missus Silvercall" called the master-at-arms, Mr. Benjamin "Grating," notwithstanding his long experience of the Portsmouth *Pointers*, was compelled to confess, that

"A shameless woman is the worst of men."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JACK'S GENEROSITY TO THE CONDEMNED MUTINEERS.—THEIR
EXECUTION.

THE day following the barefaced attempt at smuggling, "Jack's" humanity had nearly got him into a serious scrape; for, unobserved by the sentry over four convicted mutineers of the Pompee, eighty gun ship, (who had been tried on board, and sentenced to suffer death at the foreyard-arm of that ship) who were in irons in the gun-room, "Jack" contrived to hand them a "black jack" of ship's beer (alias "swipes"), by which "black jack," when empty, his delinquency was traced and discovered by Mr. "Grating;" but *he* was not so hard to be pacified as in the "cabbage concern," and a bottle of *rum* did the business. N.B. The best sort of "mum" to be employed, on all similar occasions, on board a "man-o'-war."

The poor fellows, *whom Jack had helped to a drop*, were such men as it would have been good policy to have pardoned; but the lives of British sailors were, in the days now spoken of, held at *too cheap* a rate; and *repetitions* of executions for the sake of taking life only (*for the example lost its effect through excess of severity*), had but one result—that of inspiring hatred both towards the government and the naval service of the country; and, with a more than steam power, exalted the character of the American service to its very zenith, in the eyes of our brave seamen, whom none but the worst policy and ill-treatment would have driven to seek for employment beyond the wooden walls of their own country's naval and merchant service.

These condemned mutineers, were in hourly expectation of that confirmation of their sentence by the admiralty—the blood-thirsty admiralty of the then blood-thirsty government, which, like Dante's "*Inferno*," forbade all hope.

"*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*" should have been Anglicised, and painted over the president's chair, whenever a mutineer was to be tried; and over that of the First Lord of the Admiralty, when the court's sentence was to be confirmed. The order at last came for the convicts "to be transported to their own ship for execution." They knew their fate, and bore it as became men; aye, and as Christians, too: there was no bombast; no jeering, nor jesting, nor unmanly despondency; whilst loud expressions of their heart-felt regret, "that their own and shipmates' just claims had not been granted by the government ere so many human victims had been immolated; and that, instead of endeavouring to escape, they had not stuck to their former ships, and had either died gloriously under Duncan, or lived to share in the victory off Camperdown, which had for ever expunged the previous delinquency of their former comrades from the criminal records of their country's service;" or, "How glorious!" said one of them, "*to have gone down in the Ardent!*" Such were these poor fellows' lamentations, as they passed through the different decks to the Entering Port, pitied by all, from the Captain to the Cabin Boy!

At eight o'clock the next morning, the yellow flag at the Fore of the Pompee, and a Forecastle gun fired, was the signal for execution. The marines of all the ships at Spithead were drawn up in front of the poop and gangways of their respective ships; the ships' companies were first mustered at divisions, and then mann'd the lower rigging to witness the tragic scene---all, in death-like silence, awaiting the firing of the second gun. Two bells, or nine o'clock struck, when another gun was fired, and the smoke boomed over the water from the Pompee's forecastle; and, ere the report was heard, the four devoted victims of that blood-thirsty code, called the "Naval Articles of War," dangled from the fore-yard-arm of a ship *which two of them had actually assisted in capturing from the Enemy of their King and Country!*---then, whilst the men's *best* or *worst* feelings were excited, the "Articles of War" were read, and *that* done, the marines were dismissed, and all hands piped below *to their own reflections!*

"What is life?—a vapour's breath—
 A passage, ending but in death :
 And what is death? A moment's strife—
 A fitful dream—a waking life."

Of this mutiny so much has been written that nothing further can well be related, without incurring a charge of plagiarism. The records of the country admit the excitement and alarm to which it gave rise ; and truth must admit, that the Navy had real ground for complaint---great grievances--the redress of which was refused, until the blood of the brave had flowed ; all which might have been saved by *common justice* and *timely* redress.

CHAPTER XIX.

JACK'S APPOINTMENT TO THE "POWEY."—SKIPPER'S DESCRIPTION OF
 THE STEWARD'S STOCK—HIS REASONS FOR REJECTING THE SAME.

"The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
 The blue, the fresh—the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or, like a cradled creature, lies."

THE day after the execution of the mutineers, Jack was sent for to the cabin, and, to his great surprise, accosted by his Uncle in a mild and friendly tone. "'Jack,' my fine fellow," said he, "we are no longer upon the Royal William's books ; and you must get your jawing tacks ready for the rough or smooth side of Neptune's best razor, just as you behave yourself in *blue* water. Your mother talks of coming to Portsmouth, but my letter will clap a stopper upon that trip. Why, ——— it, she must be as mad as a March hare---and so I've told her---for we shall be in Port Royal before she could get under weigh for Hampshire---in for it, as she is, I am told, with number seven!

"The——'s commander is *taken fever sick*; and I'm ordered to *take her* to the West Indies, and command her until he can join; and that will be a long time first, I know, or I would not have accepted it, *except for sheer obedience of orders*, and prospects of a few pickings among the *mounseers*.' But, as delicacy prevents the *real name* of the Sloop of War being given, because it would be a very great annoyance to a man of high rank, now alive, and to the now useless exposure of a "*shy cock*," some name is indispensable, and she may as well have the "*acting*" name of "FOWEY."

"Now then, 'Jack,' pack up your traps, which you can take in the same boat with my baggage (for I shall not want any furniture, all which will be sent to Salter's), and I will bring off whatever you may want, on my return from the Admiral's office." 'Jack' was delighted; "*the West Indies for ever!*" exclaimed he, as he cleared one ladder after the other, scarcely feeling a single step, from the cabin to the cockpit, where the moment he entered the larboard berth, and informed his messmates of what he called his "*good luck*," they, pitying a depravity of taste, which they attributed to his ignorance of the *doom* that awaited him, jeered him about the "*land crabs*," "*palisades*," and "*Long Tom (the Shark)*, fed at the government expense, at Port-Royal, Jamaica." Others buoyed him with hopes of prize-money; and whilst some recommended him to take care of the "*Jiggers*,"* others begged their kind love to "*Lady Rodney*," "*Miss Nelly Caddle*," "*Miss Nancy Clark*," and "*Miss Sally Gill*," at Barbados; and to the "*Duchess of Manchester*," "*The Honorable Mrs. Hugh Lindsay*," "*Mrs. Admiral Dias*," and "*Miss Sally Vashon*," at Port Royal; all which, "Jack" promised to "*remember, if he did not forget*;" "but," said he, "*a fellow can die but once*."

As the "Fowey" was under sailing orders, "*Blue Peter up*," and and "*hove short*," "Jack" was obliged to take a hasty leave of his messmates and wardroom officers, and indeed, of all his shipmates, with whom he had become acquainted; and having obtained the

* Properly *chegas*, or *chegoes*.

commanding officer's leave for "Old Palm," the quarter master, to accompany him with his hammock and chest on board the "Fowey," he bade adieu for a long, long time to the monotony of a "Guardships' service." The "Fowey" lay within three cables' length of the "Royal Billy," and "Jack" had scarcely reported himself to the commanding officer (who had the watch on deck of the former ship), than his attention was drawn to the "cheering" given to his Uncle, as the barge shoved off with him from the ship he had for many years served in as senior Lieutenant; which cheering was returned by the barge's crew and officers accompanying him to the shore.

Three hearty cheers upon *such* an occasion, speak well both for officers and men. It is an acknowledgement from the hearts of brave fellows towards each other; an indubitable testimonial of a sailor's affection and sincerity.

"Old Palm" had to answer a thousand questions about their acting skipper. "*That cheering speaks well of him,*" said several of the "Fowey's" at the same time. "Aye, indeed," replied "Palm," "you may say that: never a man gets a lash but it costs *him* a tear; nor a poor fellow swings aloft (pointing to the fore-yard-arm), but his very heart's-blood seems to get cold."

"Then, we 'Foweys' may well thank our stars at having got rid of a 'TARTAR,' and found a sailor's friend" Some capital grog, newly smuggled in a *new* way (by tin cylinders in bars of soap, brought along-side in bum-boats—for till then the "Fowey" had been a block-stop ship—and sold like "Stock Exchange business," in point of quickness), enabled the "Foweys" to make "Old Palm" welcome; drink their new skipper's health, and the youngster's also, of whom "Palm" "*planted*" a good word; and "Jack," having heard "Old Palm" regret that "he was not one of the 'Fowey's,'" determined to name his wish to the Acting Captain the moment he came on board.

About three p.m., the Acting Commander joined the "Fowey." The marines were drawn up to receive him, and every officer, who had been summoned for the same purpose, attended on the quarter-deck. Having made himself known to the first Lieutenant (to whom

he offered his hand the moment he reached the quarter-deck) and been introduced to all the officers, the boatswain piped 'all hands aft;' and the acting commission having been read, the Captain retired for a few minutes with the first lieutenant and his predecessor's steward, who handed him a 'list of the stock on board, wines, &c. &c.,' which he might take or not, at the prices set against the articles separately, or whatever quantity of either that he pleased. The charges *were all fair enough*; but there were some which he would *chalk* down his reasons for rejecting.

Item 1—Fifteen Westphalia Hams.

'Not wanted, where there are good Hocks of Salt Pork.'

Item 2d—Two Kegs Ox Tongues.

'As there are *no Women* on board, *one* keg may remain.'

3d Item—Twelve dozen Seltzer Water.

'Not wanted whilst there is Salt Water alongside.'

4th Item—Twelve dozen Slete Champagne.

'*Slete Champagne* be ———! A commander that can afford it, has no business in such a craft as the *Fowey*.

5th Item—Twenty-four lbs. Truffles and Morells.

'*Hogs meat!*—Refused.'

6th Item—Six dozen pints Prepared Milk.

'*Hogs-wash!* *Refused.*'

7th Item—Eight dozen Œil de Perdrix.

'What the devil's that, Mr. Fortescue?' (addressing the First Lieutenant). 'Have you a French dictionary?' The book was produced. '*O-e-i-l*—aye. *Perdricks*' (as he pronounced Perdrix—partridge), 'Partridge eyes. What a mistake the fellow makes! He means those salt-water whistle-belly Newfoundland-things,

Cranberries! *Refused*: had quite enough of 'em upon the North American station.'

'Now, Steward, you may tranship all the *rejected articles* as soon as you please, to the Guardship, until otherwise disposed of by Captain ———; and give my compliments to him, with this order upon my agent, Mr. Salter, to pay for the live stock, Port, Sherry, &c., and that will be a receipt of itself—L218 : 13s. : 6d.—a pretty good stock for an Acting Commander!'

At four p.m., the old *Fowey* was got under weigh, to the tune of *Paddy O'Rafferty*, and under all sail through the 'Needles.'

'Jack' soon found a mighty difference between the Guardship and a *sea-goer*; and in less than a week was 'broke-in' to 'pick plums,' as stoning dirty raisins was called, and to *whistle* whilst he did it; and if he left off for a moment, *whack* would his shoulders resound with the Day Mate's *colt*. The Admiralty had countermanded the original orders; and it was supposed, for the purpose of giving Captain ———, a man of powerful family and interest, an opportunity of resuming his command. The orders were, to cruise within a certain latitude and longitude, for one month; and then to proceed to Santa Cruz, Teneriffe—and there wait for further instructions. The Acting Commander *knew his man*, and the interest employed (but fruitlessly) to get the *Fowey* kept on the HOME station, and for himself was not alarmed: but the ship's company could not divest themselves of their dread of seeing their *Tartar* restored to health, and returned to his command, and that was a damper upon their naturally jovial spirits.

'Old Palm' was appointed to the *Fowey*, at the Captain's request; and, on coming on board from the Guard Ship, whither he had returned for his traps, in the boat carrying the rejected wine, &c. &c., he was installed Cabin Steward, to 'Jack's' great delight and satisfaction.

As the *Fowey* stood down channel, those of the watch below who had fishing lines, availed themselves of the 'mackerel' breeze, to try the attractive powers of a bit of red cloth and a six-pence. The

mackerel bit voraciously, and afforded excellent sport; and enough was taken to supply the officers and ship's company for two days; thereby, making the fresh beef 'hold out' longer. The splendid colors of the mackerel (*scomber communis*) when first taken from its native element, the deep blue of the back, gradually softening into a lighter tinge, until merged in the most brilliant silver shot with gold, with here and there a rainbow hue as a momentary visitor, giving additional glory to the dying animal, can be formed no adequate idea of, from the appearance it presents, when dead, upon the slab of the fishmonger.

CHAPTER XX.

A STRANGE SAIL MAKING TOWARDS THE "FOWEY."—THE PREPARATION FOR ACTION.—THE "FOWEY'S" FIRST BROADSIDE IN THE ENEMY'S STERN.—CHANGE OF THE WEATHER.—LOSS OF THE ENEMY.—THE CAPTURE OF A FRENCH BRIG IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

"To meet the foe, she lies prepared:
 Her guns run out, her decks all cleared,
 Preventer braces rove.
 Stopper'd is every top-sail sheet,
 Slung all her yards; her hammock neat
 Afresh are stowed; her shot complete;
 ——— And in her tops above,
 And ranged along her gangways, stand
 Of musketeers, a numerous band
 That boast, with quick unerring aim,
 The rage of fiercest foes to tame.

THE *Fowey* had been but ten days at sea, during which she had had several fruitless chases, when the man at the mast-head called out—'a strange sail,' and pointed to the quarter which was E. by S. The First Lieutenant instantly went to the mast head with his glass, and hailed the quarter deck that 'she was a large ship under her topsails.' In less than five minutes, evidently seeing the *Fowey*, she set top-gallant sails and hauled to the wind, making short

bounds towards the *Fowey*, at that time steering E. by N. with variable winds from the westward. The *Fowey* hoisted private signal for the day but it was not answered. 'All hands to quarters;' marine drummer hard at it with—'Cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer'—and in five minutes the ship was cleared for action; every body was at his station, and every one knew his duty. This was about one p.m. At two p.m. the stranger hoisted an English red ensign. 'That won't do, monseer,' said the delighted Captain, *who began to feel his epaulet really strapped to his left shoulder*—'you show your teeth too plainly'—whiz came a round shot from the stranger, (who hoisted the Tri-color ensign and broad pendant at the main) which fell short. 'French twenty-four's, I think, Mr. Fortescue,' said the Captain. 'I think so, Sir, and long ones too.' 'Well, boys, we must do our best; and now let every man lie down at his quarters snug and close to the deck.'

The enemy still trying the range of her guns, at twenty minutes past two p.m., bang went a shot through the foretopmast staysail: 'Give her a long nine, there forward.' 'Aye, aye, Sir.' 'Bang,' 'Right into her, Sir,' give her another 'bang'—capital well done. 'Now, my lads, stand by your guns; and young gentleman, do *you* attend the light room.' Jack showed obedience, but 'piped his eye' for the first time on shipboard. 'Well, Sir, if you like the deck best, stay where you are and mind the powder at the gunroom skylight.' 'Aye, aye, Sir,' said the delighted 'younker,' brightening up like a flying fish in the sun's rays.

It fell calm—enemy blazing away—*Fowey* playing at nine-pins; for her carronades would only get heated without doing execution. Found the enemy a large black-sided French forty-four; nothing but 'bringing down a stick' could save the *Fowey* if the enemy had the breeze first; *Fowey* hulled her with every shot; but the enemy fired high, and riddled the sails without hurting the running rigging. A seven p.m. a light breeze sprung up—*Fowey* had it first, and gave a full broadside into the enemy's stern; then, but the log may as well be quoted 'Made all sail upon the larboard tack, steering E. by N.; enemy not long in getting it, and did the same; and

stood abreast of her about two miles distant; but she closed to windward of *Fowey*, if any thing. At 9 15, enemy bore S. E. Southerly. *Fowey* tacked to the N. W. to see if 'monsieur' would follow her; but as the Enemy still stood towards *Fowey*, tacked again to the Eastward. The Enemy then made a short board towards *Fowey*, and signalized a consort, as was supposed, with three lights vertically from Mizen Peak and a gun to leeward, which was answered with two guns and a blue light. At eleven, Enemy hove about again; and at midnight, fired two guns to leeward, and set jib and spanker, and bore off the *Fowey* S. by W. about three miles, both the Enemy's ships keeping their wind close, and endeavouring to get into the *Fowey's* wake. At 2, a.m., squally, with heavy rain. Enemy bore S. W. *Fowey* *cracking on* under all she could carry; but as the morn becoming obscured, temporarily lost sight of the Enemy. The morning continuing thick, with frequent squalls and heavy rain, the *Fowey* saw nothing more of the 'monseers' till 10, a.m., when they were half courses down from *Fowey's* main-top, bearing S. S. W., steering after her with all sail set. How heartily did the 'Foweyes' pray for *one of our own* frigates to heave in sight! Alas! it was in vain; and at 11, lost sight of the Enemy altogether.

As matters were, the chief subject of rejoicing was, that not a man had been killed or wounded; nor a spar hit, nor running rigging injured! but the anticipations of the preceding day, like their calculations of prize money, had not only ended in 'smoke;' but they rejoiced that the *Fowey* had not been made a 'Scotch prize of,' (taken herself), and praised *her heels* to the skies. Several shot had hulled her—five 'twixt wind and water, which were soon plugged up from the 'wings'—French twenty-four pounders! All hands being wet to the skin, and very much exhausted, the main-brace was spliced for the fourth time, and as soon as the magazines and guns were secured, the galley fire was lighted; and the next order was the most delightful to Jack's ears, '*pipe to breakfast*,' by which time, he was reconciled to a fight upon *blue* water, and to the truth of the adage, that

"He who fights, and runs away, may live to fight another day!"

‘But, better luck next,’ as an old sailor expresses it; and the month of excitement having transpired, the ‘Fowey’s’ course was altered, and cruize at an end. ‘Now, then, for Teneriffe,’ was all the cry from *stem* to *stern*. Crossing the Bay of Biscay, a French brig, bound to Senegal, with a mixed cargo, rewarded the ‘Foweys’ for their *bad luck last time*. A mate and eight hands were sent on board her, to take her to Plymouth; and sixteen thousand Spanish dollars shared at the capstan, to begin with—something for fresh grub and fruit at Teneriffe!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE “FOWEY” AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOUR OF SANTA CRUZ.—THE OFFICERS’ EXCURSION TO THE CANARY ISLANDS.—THE ISLAND OF FERRO.—THE FOUNTAIN OF WATER TREE.—JACK’S MIXTURE FOR THE HOLY WATER.

THE first sight of land, was the conical Peak of Teneriffe, as it appeared above the clouds, at a distance of twenty-four leagues. It is said to be an extinguished Volcano, and called by the natives ‘Pier de Teyde.’ Author’s differ as to its height, above the level of the sea, from two and half, to five miles. Having anchored in the harbour of Santa Cruz, abreast of the Mole, rendered famous by Nelson’s loss of his right arm, in the ill-managed affair, called the ‘Attack of Teneriffe,’ but where the greatest gallantry and coolness was displayed by all employed in it, and an honorable retreat negotiated—fresh meat, poultry, fish, fruit, and vegetables, were obtained in abundance; but the *wine* supplied was *execrable*.

Pursers manage to get a superior wine for the Captain's and Officers' tables, by paying a certain sum over and above that allowed for ships' use; but all Teneriffe wines have a sickly *twang*, either from the goat skins, in which it is originally carried, or from the grapes not being properly separated from the stems, which possess a very acrid property, injurious to the flavour of the grape juice, and the process of fermentation does not altogether dissipate it.

The Peak of Teneriffe is also called 'Pies de Terraira;' and although snow has never been known to fall in any other part of the Island, it is only during the months of July and August that 'the Peak' is not entirely covered with it. The Island is very fertile, and produces barley, wheat, honey, wax, excellent cheese, sugar-cane, lemons, oranges, bananas, figs, and wood in abundance. Cattle are cheap; and the Island exports vast quantities of raw or salted hides.

An Irish monk, of the order of St. Francis, paid great attention to the 'Fowey's' officers; and being himself a very intelligent man, much information was obtained from him respecting the 'Canary Islands.' One of his first questions was, if they were not much surprised at the paucity of 'Canary birds?' The answer, 'Yes,' preceded a question from the Doctor, 'Why such was so very remarkable, as it really was?' 'Indeed, my son,' said the friar, 'I have been at Teneriffe twenty years, and I never have yet seen such birds as we call 'Canary birds,' in ould England or Ireland—save and except those brought from thence; for the natural Canary bird is nothing more or less than a *green linnet*, notwithstanding an Irishman tells you so.' There the friar was wrong. 'As, perhaps, you are looking out for curiosities,'—said the friar—'if you will take a trip to the Island of 'Ferro,' which is so called, because the soil is entirely composed of iron stone, clay, and gravel. I will accompany you, and show you a *tree*, the most miraculous in the known world; for there is not a well, nor rivulet, nor indeed a drop of fresh water in the island, except what the natives are indebted for to a *tree*. It is really worth while to visit such a wonder of the creation, for it is the *only tree of its kind*; nor is there any name by which it is known except

that of the "Fountain of Water Tree." It produces neither flower nor seed; and it is considered impossible to propagate it by layers or cuttings—for hundreds of attempts have been made and failed; and at length the government interdicted further trials, through fear of injuring the tree. It is surrounded by cisterns, and supplies water sufficient for the use of all the inhabitants. It is an ever-green; its leaves long, narrow, and pointed like a spear. Upon its branches, rests a dense cloud, which the sun's most powerful rays never disperse nor dispel; and the leaves constantly drop water, pure as crystal, in such abundance, that the cisterns are never empty, and amply supply, as they write over public houses at home, 'both man and beast.'

It was unfortunate, that the uncertain stay of the "Fowey," for further orders, prevented the acceptance of the friar's proposition. He was also very desirous of their seeing one of the aborigines, called 'Guanchos,' whose noses are as flat as those of the Hottentots and Bosjesmen of Southern Africa. These people inhabit the mountains, and live chiefly upon goats' milk and curds.

In the principal church at Santa Cruz, of which one of the chief 'glories' is a dirty old tattered red English ensign, which was picked up when the 'Fox' cutter was sunk off the mole-head, is invariably shown as a trophy of war, the '*spolia opima*' taken from the great and immortal Nelson—the black-looking fellows who show the various paintings, shrines, &c., to visitors, seem to derive peculiar satisfaction in pointing out the Fox's colors (a glory we can well afford to spare them) to Englishmen. Jack heard of the national pride of the 'Santa Crucians,' and giving a hint to the intelligent Lob-lolly boy, who compounded medicines on board, and who was not a whit inferior to the best of the doctor's mates of Smollet's days, that 'he wanted a dye, to mix in water, very black and durable; he was soon supplied with a phial of the solution of nitrate of silver, &c., which he carefully deposited in a side pocket; and having been ordered to attend the Captain ashore to call on the consul, he took an opportunity of walking into the church where, whilst the cossock'd vergers were employed in attending a party of strangers, he dropped



Jack plays a Trick with the Holy Water



the contents of the phial into the 'holy water,' and then, with all possible nonchalance, joined the other visitors, who were admiring the splendour of the grand altar, and the paintings which decorated it. 'Jack' afterwards rejoined his Uncle, at the Consul's dinner.

The first thing an idler thinks of, after the ship is moored, is to 'foot it' ashore. Now, the idlers, in men-of-war, are the officers of marines, where there are any (the one in the 'Fowey' was merely a passenger to the Flag Ship, at Barbadoes), the surgeon, chaplain (where there is any), and purser. These gentry are sure to be the first to bore the commanding officer for a boat, before they even give him time to send the master, or go himself, round the ship 'to see how she looks about the bends, and square the yards,' if not properly squared from in-board.

Well, by way of keeping the charter up, the passenger, surgeon, and purser were the first to land at 'Santa Cruz;' and the first place to visit, also according to established charter, was a 'Fonda,' or (as they call a *taberna* at Teneriffe) 'hotel.' The first place of the sort they came to, was Francisco's 'British hotel,' where coffee and tea, and infernal aquadente, were abundantly supplied, in the white-washed coffee-room, on the left hand as one enters from the street; and, although early the hour, the adjoining room was filled almost to suffocation, by a set of fellows, more like gaol birds than officers or gentlemen, who were busily occupied at the game of '*monte*.' Nevertheless, many of them were men of rank in the Spanish service; many were under sentence of banishment, for political offences, from the Peninsula: some wore orders of knighthood; and one in particular, wore, on his left breast, the green silk embroidered 'Order of Calatrava.' There were military officers of rank, by the *gold bars upon the cuffs* of very shabby surtouts, of all shades and colors; but the huge whisker and the scarlet cockade were common to all.

At the head of a pretty long table, a little monkey-faced urchin, just such a creature as, with wooden legs, one might fancy a capital '*diable boiteux*,' was dealing a pack of very dirty cards, '*las naypes*,' very slowly; whilst holding the pack straight in his left hand, merely supporting the cards with his thumb, and drawing the *bottom* card with his right hand: in a moment there was an exclamation of 'CAVALLO!' (horse), and a thousand instantaneous '*carajos!*' '*demonios!*' '*carambas!*' and '*careis!*' '*Cavallo*' had won; and all who had ventured their money upon a similar card, lying on the table, were vociferous for payment of the stakes. Spanish dollars and doubloons changed hands to a *large* amount. The little 'dealer,' who was the principal '*chirujano*' or surgeon of the troops, had ventured *all he possessed in this world in the bank*; his funds were sufficient, but barely so, to pay his debts of honor. Without a comment, he retired, amidst the rejoicings and smiles of the winners, of whom one had taken the vacated seat, and, with '*adios amigos*,' lit the room. He had scarcely set foot in the street, when a poor beggar

passing, asked him for alms: 'I give you *all* I have (said he, taking off his coat and cocked hat, and presenting them to the mendicant); pray for my soul;' and in an instant, the unlucky gamester was a livid corpse. He had, unperceived by any one, swallowed deadly poison! So much for gaming, and the game of 'MONTE!'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EXCURSION TO LAGUNA.

As the 'Fowey' had to wait at Santa Cruz for the further orders of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and there being no danger (such was the difference made between the two skippers) of any desertions, a certain number of liberty men were allowed to go ashore, and all the officers who could be spared from the usual duty of a ship in Harbour, as soon as the water was completed, rigging set up, bends blackened, and tompions of the guns whitened; in fact, every thing done that ought to be done in a well-regulated sloop-of-war. Whilst some determined to visit the 'Pico,' others would not stir beyond the city of 'Santa Cruz;' but the first-lieutenant, surgeon, marine officer (passenger), and purser, made their own party to St. Christobal de Laguna, about four miles from Santa Cruz—a journey, from the very broken and hilly roads, equal to twenty miles in the worst part of England—and 'Jack' was taken under the protection of the first-lieutenant, who ordered his canteens, fowling-piece, and the necessary *munitions de vivre* under his 'marine servant to be landed, and having engaged the necessary number of mules, including a 'Sumpter mule,' the following morning was appointed for the expedition to Laguna.

After a restless night at Francisco's, whose beds ought to be patented for producing fleas, the party left their beds at daylight; and, after a cold bath, more than ever necessary and refreshing after a night at Teneriffe, sat down to a very good *dejeuner a la fourchette* at the table *d'hote*, at which they were joined by a well-dressed Spanish officer, who, having been a long time in England, spoke the language admirably well. He did not at first make his acquirements known, nor until he became satisfied from the conversation that had passed between the 'Fowey's' officers, that they were totally ignorant of the matter he was about to relate to them, when all at once he surprised them with the following recital, which is given verbatim:—

"If you will permit me, gentlemen, I will relate to you an occurrence at which I was present this morning; and I do it because I feel convinced that it is unjustly attributed—because your nation is Protestant—to an Englishman's love of mischief."

All having bowed assent, with 'pray, go on, Senor,' the officer continued. "I myself am a cosmopolite in all religious affairs; and, whenever I attend matins, I have some other object besides the benefit of the soul—many pretty girls are to be seen there; and it is chiefly the lower classes, and the most religious, who attend morning mass.

"When the congregation began to assemble, they, as usual upon entering the church, crossed themselves with the holy water, each according to his custom; some making a cross upon the forehead, others touching the forehead, chin, and each cheek; others again their foreheads, breast, and each shoulder; but notwithstanding the unusual appearance, the poor bigots imagined that their priests had so ordered it, as a more than ordinary solemnity and mark of devotion on the Festival of the Holy Cross they were about to commemorate.

"When, however, the priests, preceded by the high and splendid silver crucifix, and incense bearers, entered the church from the sacristy adjoining the high altar, and observed the countenances of

their flock, marked in their several and peculiar ways, in deep black, their surprise and astonishment could only be exceeded by their indignation.

"The holy water was examined, and found blacker than the blackest ink; so indelible, indeed, for a time, as to set the united process of soap and soda and water at defiance.

" 'It must have been the devil,' said one; but the priests immediately silenced the presumptuous blasphemer, who had dared to suppose the devil could enter the holy church. 'The heretics, perhaps; and *they* are *devils*,' said others, with whom the priests concurred; and it was about to be ordered, that neither English nor Americans should thereafter be admitted into the church, when an Irish priest observed, that 'by so doing, many true sons of holy church of his own countrymen might be excluded.' How was it to be decided? The priests held a consultation; and their unanimous decision was, that it was 'more consistent with holy mother church to have her doors open to a thousand heretics who *might* repent, than closed against one good Catholic, in need of her absolution or consolation."

All present expressed their hopes that 'neither an American nor an Englishman would be guilty of so gross an act of impiety (in which 'Jack' joined), and begged the Spanish officer to assure the priests that one of the strictest orders to the British navy was, to respect the religion of the countries to which the public service and duty to their sovereign, might lead them.'

The doctor, however, must 'put in his oar': 'Tell the priests too, Senor, if you please, that they have accused Englishmen and Americans *en masse*, because they are Protestants. May it not have been the act of some arch enemy of those they call heretics?—a member of the Roman Catholic church?—to bring odium upon the Protestants now here at Santa Cruz? The priests, no doubt, are good classics; if not, they ought to be; and I beg them to hang this little bit of paper in their sacristy, before they consign two nations again to such wholesale condemnation;' which, taking up a pen, he wrote upon his card:

"In primisque hominis est propria veri
Inquisitio, atque investigatio."

The mules being ready at the door, that indispensable ornament of the caparison, the bell, not being omitted, and the 'arrieros' or muleteers impatient to depart, the party bade good morning to the Spanish officer; and, spite of portending rain, proceeded on their journey to Laguna.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "FOWEY" SHELTER IN A CAVERN FROM A THUNDER STORM—THEIR SURPRISE ON FINDING IT PRE-OCCUPIED—DESCRIPTION OF THE SPANISH PARTY—THEIR WISH TO EXAMINE THE ENGLISH FIREARMS—GOOD USE OF OPIUM—THE CAPTAIN'S BUGLE AND FIREARMS TAKEN—SPANIARDS PROVE TO BE A GANG OF BANDITTI.

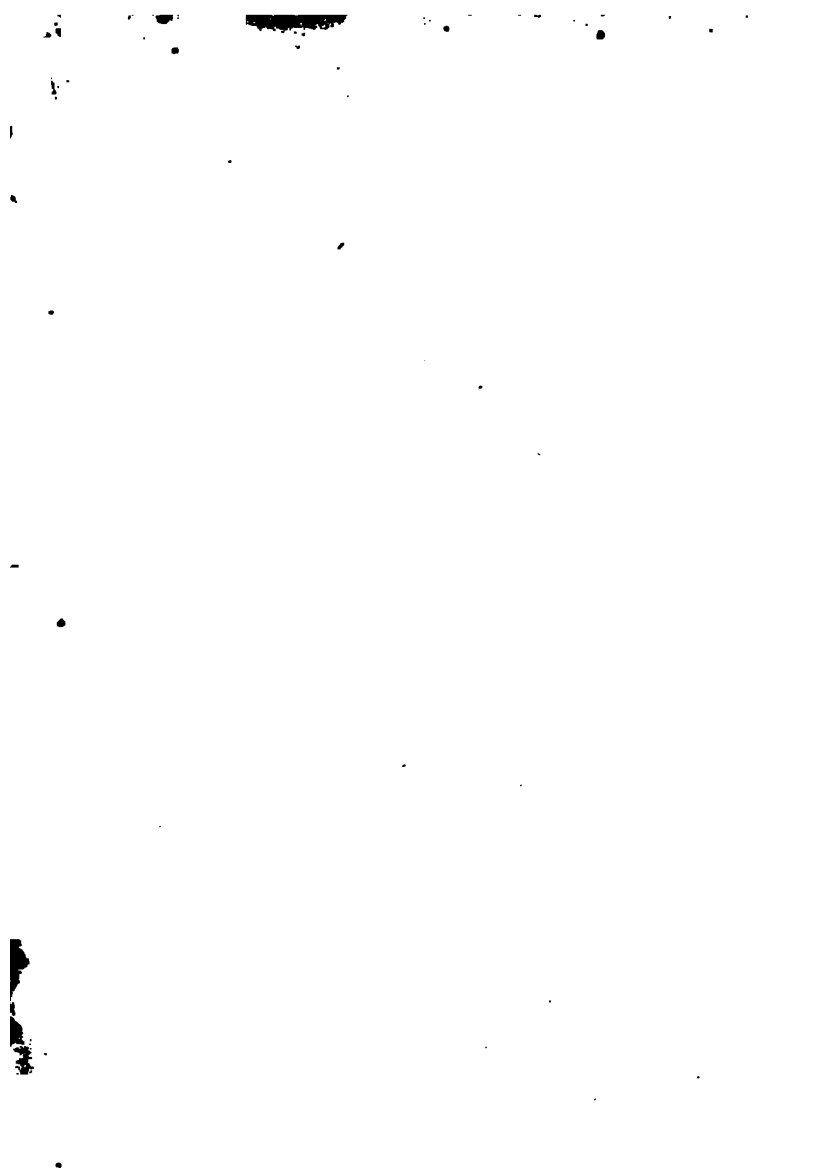
"Let lots decide it."

DRYDEN.

FAIR play having decided that the choice of mules should go by lot, 'Jack' had no right to complain at having the worst; and during the first three miles he had been twice 'unmuled' by being 'pitched over the bows,' which determined him to resort to some preventive: want of rope, however, and having no substitute at hand for that very necessary article for his purpose, which was nothing less than lashing a heavy stone to the animal's tail, compelled him to the choice of two evils in such terrible roads—either to walk, or run the risk of another summerset. Up hill he might venture to ride; down hill, it was 'take care of your neck;' but as the party had halted, for him to join them, at the top of a hill, mountain, it might



Jack threatened by a Storm.



well be called, he made all the haste he could, for a tremendous thunder storm gave ample note of preparation, and soon rejoined his companions at the overhanging entrance of a cavern.

"I be one of those sailors who think 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why :
That, be fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our berths, good or bad, are chalked out for us all."

In less than five minutes after 'Jack' had joined his companions, the most tremendous thunder, vivid lightning, and heavy rain forced them to take shelter in the spacious cavern, about fifty yards to the left of the highroad; where, upon entering, they found the inner part of the cavern already occupied by a party of sixteen Spaniards, each seated round a blazing fire, upon a sort of knapsack covered with hide. The two 'arrieros' evinced great alarm; but, finding the Spanish party very civil, who said they were 'conveying government tobacco to Santa Cruz,' they, for a time, laid aside, or apparently so, the fears they had at first too plainly shown to escape the observation of their employers.

Nevertheless, a more ruffianly set of vagabonds, the mind, associated with recollections of theatrical bravos and rufiantinos, cannot conceive. Each wore an uncouth slouched hat, and a broad 'cuchillo,' which they employed in cutting their food, but only two of the party had guns. After being nearly two hours in the cavern, and the storm still continuing with its original force, the 'arrieros' were ordered to unsaddle the mules; and the first-lieutenant's marine servant to 'get things ship-shaped for dinner, and perhaps, for spending the night there.'

The mules' saddles made very good seats; the two square tin boxes, called 'canteens,' placed in the centre (after all the good things, and plates, dishes, frying-pan and gridiron had been taken out) and covered with a table-cloth, which had not been forgotten, made a good apology for a dining-table; and the Spaniards having offered a large leg of pork for a dollar, and a brace of guinea fowls for half

a dollar, the 'Foweys' gladly gave them '*dos duros*' for the very acceptable supply.

The 'arrieros' soon collected wood enough, though wet, to make a fire behind a projection of the rock, to the left of the entrance; and the party became reconciled to the novel feature which the thunder storm had given to the journey to 'Laguna.' Pork chops and grilled guinea fowls, with the cold meat brought from the ship, and 'lots of drinkables,' enabled the 'Foweys' to dine '*en prince*,' thanking their stars they had sheltered in such good quarters.

The Spaniards showed a great deal of civility, but their appearance was sufficient to put Englishmen upon the '*qui vive*;' than which, nothing was more necessary to their personal safety; for, as the party, including 'Jack,' numbered with the 'arrieros' but eight, with only one fowling-piece, a sword, and three dirks between them, they were no match, if taken by surprise, for sixteen Spaniards with their '*cuchillos*' and two muskets.

One of the 'arrieros' had a sufficient smattering of English to make himself understood; and although in appearance a perfect Cyclops, he possessed such strong testimonials in his favor, from various naval officers, whose hand-writing was known to the first-lieutenant and surgeon, that they placed every confidence in his and his brother's (as the other 'arriero' proved to be) fidelity. Their 'Polyphemus' of the day was a very acute clever fellow, and his original suspicion of the true character and trade of his countrymen ('*Paysanos*') acquired strength by certain parts of their conversation, *sotto voce*, which fell upon his ear; words which, to the suspicious 'arriero,' were of dreadful import; such as '*mueron*,' they shall die; '*hereticos*,' heretics; '*estan muy ricos*,' they are very rich.

'Polyphemus' spoke to the 'Foweys' during dinner: 'Dose mans dam tiefes; too mosh plenty kill oter mans.' 'Senores, you plenty take de care; give dose tiefes to drink plenty mosh; no muste see me speake you.' '*Verbum sap*,' said the doctor; and telling 'Andreas,' the 'arriero,' to ask the Spanish gang if they liked rum, and would drink a glass, they, upon being told, in

answer to their question if it was like *aguadente*, that it was 'very good for the stomach,' assented with many '*vivan los Yngleses*,' long live the English.

The 'doctor,' as most surgeons are called, both at sea and ashore, had determined to try a stratagem; for if night should come on, the storm and rain still continue, and recourse be had by the Spaniards to treachery or force, the consequences might be disastrous in the extreme to the 'Fowey's' party. From long residence in China, the use of opium had become to him second nature; he was never without it, and carried it in a snuff-box, as others would their tobacco or snuff; and very fortunate indeed it was, that he had filled his box before he left the ship, for he could swallow with impunity what would suffice to send half a dozen, unaccustomed to its use, to 'kingdom come.' 'Leave these fellows to me,' said he, 'and all will be right.'

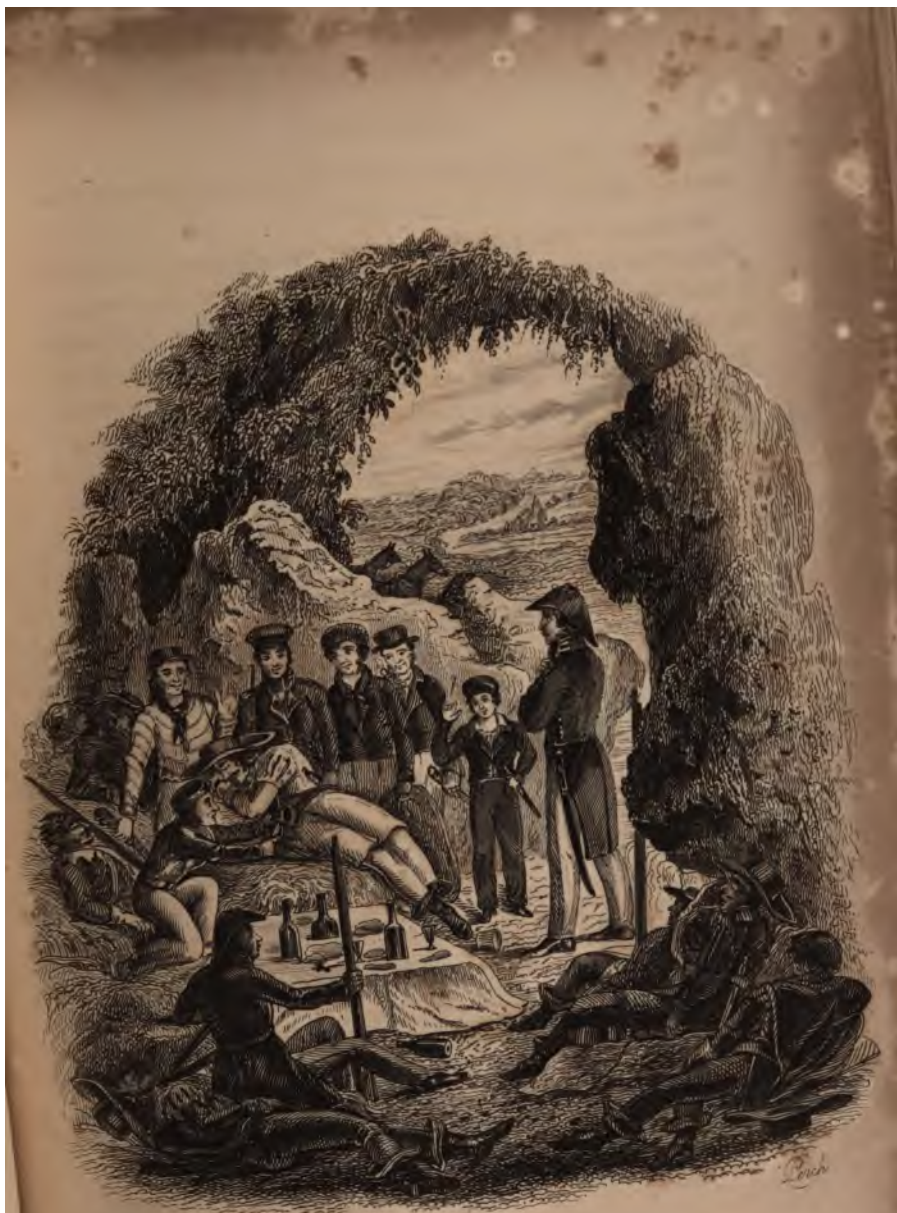
The Spaniards admired the first-lieutenant's fowling-piece very much, but he declined allowing them to examine it, notwithstanding their '*estamos amigos, Senor Teniente; buenos amigos a los Yngleses, estamos en paz; estamos despues Hermanos; Castellanos y Yngleses*,'—We are friends, Sir Lieutenant, good friends to the English; we are at peace; we are, therefore, brothers, Spaniards and English.' 'Jack' allowed them to examine his dirk as much as they pleased; which, after having gone the round of their party, was returned to him. They appeared to know what he was, by the word '*alferez*,' or midshipman, which they used when speaking of him to each other.

A couple of bottles of old Jamaica rum were opened, and placed by the doctor's side, and in good time, for he thought it best to give it to the Spaniards whilst the 'Foweyes' were drinking their own wine after their excellent dinner, during which, the Spaniards were either smoking cigars or sleeping by turns; and having filled the largest drinking horn of the canteen, which held about a pint, it was handed to the Spaniards to drink '*Al Rey Carlos quatro*,' which was received with loud and repeated '*viva el Rey*'; a second and third time the horn was replenished; the

Spaniards became vociferous; sung many songs, and amongst other tunes the rascals sung the '*Ave Maria*.'

The doctor winking his eye most significantly to those near him, as much as to say 'another tumbler or two will complete the job,' a third bottle of rum was uncorked, and a fourth bumper handed to the more than 'half-sea's-over' Spaniards; a fifth followed; and gradually, the whole party sunk into profound sleep; then, for the first time, taking out his watch, which he placed upon the temporary table; 'In ten minutes,' said he, 'we will have their arms; I suspected they were banditti from the first.' At this inoment, 'Andreas,' the 'arriero,' who, with his brother, had been upon the alert, and pacing up and down, from the moment they had finished their dinner, before the entrance, as if watching the weather, advanced towards the person whom he considered '*El Capitan*,' and dexterously cut a small bugle, which hung by a thong around his neck, and handed it to the first-lieutenant. 'Dat (said he) make too mosh plenty mans come. Dose peoples speake, kill all, if not give money; and kill 'arrieros' for not speake alcalde; dey mosh bad tiefes.'

It was plainly evident that they had no time to lose; and the purser was most urgent to depart instantly; but the doctor said 'You have left it to me so far—let me finish it. We have plenty of time for another bottle of port;' and giving the marine servant some rum for himself and the 'arrieros,' the cork was drawn, but its report had no effect upon the Spaniards, who were as sound asleep as if their last sleep was upon them. The marine officer had scarcely spoken a word from the time they entered the cavern. He seemed much amused with the scene; delighted with the pork chops; enchanted with the port wine, and altogether as happy, cheerful, and unconcerned, as if sitting with a small party round the mess-room fire, at his division, after the 'pint' and 'half-pint gentry' had retired, and listening to the 'long yarn' of some old veteran of the 'American war' days. He was 'an out-and-out' *per mare et terram* 'jolly.'



Capture of the Banditti's Horn & Arms.

The active doctor was the first to carry his own plan into effect; and within a minute from his leaving his seat, he had possession of the Spaniards' muskets. All hands set to work, and in less than five minutes, the '*spolia opima*,' sixteen broad cuchillos, sharp as stiletto need be to insure death, were bundled into the lieutenant's canvas cloak bag; the mules were saddled; the 'arriero,' 'Andreas,' exchanging his mule for 'Jack's,' delayed the party for a few minutes, for they had determined that the youngster should go ahead; and a fine evening having set in, as if the very elements had tired of strife, the party, instead of proceeding to run the chance of beds at 'Laguna,' returned to 'Santa Cruz,' leaving the Spaniards snoring, as if for a wager, against each other, to awake when the doctor's opiate, for he had powerfully drugged the rum, would permit them. '*Adios amigos!*' softly ejaculated the delighted 'arrieros.' 'Polypheumus,' the saviour, as he was considered of the 'Foweyes,' by the timely intimation of their danger that he had given, being complimented upon his '*quickness of sight*,' made an admirable and ready reply. '*Si Senores; en tierra de los Ciegos, el tuerto es Rey.*' 'Yes Sirs; in the country of blind people, the one-eyed man is king.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

'POWEY'S' OFFICERS' VISIT TO THE ALCALDE AFTER HAVING DISARMED
THE BANDITTI—RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT SANTA CRUZ.—AN
IRISH SPY FOR THE INQUISITION.

HAVING safely reached 'Santa Cruz,' their first visit was to the alcalde, or head magistrate, with whom the captured arms were deposited, and the statement of the 'arrieros' taken upon oath, and attested *pro forma* by the British officers; who proposed, that if the alcalde considered there was not sufficient cause for their having acted as they had done, the arms should be returned, together with a doubloon to be distributed amongst the owners, which would give them a dollar a piece.

The magistrate exclaimed '*Carajo Demonio, Senores!*—make a present to banditti? Wretches! whose captain, long known by that horn you have just laid down, has killed upwards of fifty travellers, even women and children, with his own hand! You are fortunate that, considering their own force sufficient to destroy you and the 'arrieros' together, the captain did not wind his horn, and call the whole gang to the cavern, or not one of you would be at this moment here! The fellows you met are the tobacco smugglers belonging to the gang, which numbers in all nearly three hundred outlaws of the most desperate character and vicious habits—to whom, robbery is pastime, and murder pleasure. I have a duty to perform in which I will not *now* ask you to assist me, because a frigate arrived from England this afternoon, and your duties *may* call you elsewhere; but, as the opiate will not have lost its effects until the time the Senor Surgeon mentions, a strong detachment, prepared to resist an attempt at rescue, shall be sent off immediately

to the cavern ; and may God grant, it may lead to the extinction of a cursed banditti, which has for years been the scourge of our beautiful island !' After paying many compliments to the 'Fowey's' officers, the alcalde, first desiring them to choose each a 'cuchillo' as a memento of their good fortune, which they readily did, the bugle, or rather the uncouth, but splendidly mounted horn, as far as massive silver could make it, was presented to the first-lieutenant, and a musket and 'cuchillo' to each of the 'arrieros ;' and having sent the necessary instructions '*al commandante de las tropas*,' the alcalde introduced the 'Foweys' to the ladies of his family, and every sort of refreshment the island produced in wines, liqueurs, fruit, preserves, and ices, was laid before them ; but anxiety respecting the arrived frigate, made the first lieutenant desirous to leave the party, delightful as it was likely to be, where so many beauteous black-eyed damsels were assembled, and evidently a dress party for the evening (the only time, by-the-bye, when Spanish ladies *do* dress) ; but he was induced to remain, upon being assured by the '*Capitan del Puerto*' (synonymous with our master-attendants at sea-ports) that it was the 'Inconstant' frigate, not from England, as the alcalde had erroneously informed him, but from the coast of Africa, and then under quarantine, the ship's company being very sickly.

Relieved by this last information, in a slight degree, for every day's delay made the return to his command of their detested commander more probable, the 'Foweys' enjoyed a delightful evening ; and when it ended, not a *whole heart* was to be found amongst them except 'Jack's,' and he had attached himself during the whole evening to one sweet little girl, 'Donna Leonora Munoz,' who, although only two years older than 'Jack,' was considered *marriageable* ! 'Jack,' however, astonished her with an English kiss at parting, which set the whole party a-laughing to such a degree, that several of the young ladies actually had fits—laughing fits, of course—but very unpleasant ones while they lasted.

After their first, and very accidental introduction, the 'Foweys' became great favourites with the ladies of 'Santa Cruz.' The

surgeon was the only scientific man on board, and acquired more knowledge of the island and its productions, than all the rest together would have done in as many years as he had devoted days to the research; but he was deficient in botany, which, he often expressed his regret, was not made an *indispensable qualification* for surgeons and assistant-surgeons, or (as in those days they were called) *surgeon's-mates*, in the navy, whereby the lives of a whole crew *might* be saved if wrecked upon some uninhabited island, where the knowledge of botany would render various strange plants available to both medicinal and culinary purposes, which, otherwise, might be dreaded as poisonous, and consequently be useless, although in themselves nutritious and wholesome.

The muleteers were not forgotten by the 'Foweyes,' but very liberally rewarded, as an encouragement to be faithful to their employers upon similar occasions; and, in addition to money, certificates, signed by the whole party, were given to each 'arriero.' This was as it should be; and if British officers would but study foreigners a little more closely, and, instead of risking of the improbability of again visiting the same place, think a little more of *those who may come after them*, that doubt and hesitation, which too frequently attends a proposed arrangement with Englishmen (justified by repeated examples of ill-treatment, and breaches of faith, towards the natives of the country visited), would cease to exist; and proportionate facility and attention be experienced by the visitor, from the middle and lower classes of persons, whose assistance is chiefly in request by strangers upon first landing in a foreign country.

The filthiness of the lower classes of the inhabitants of 'Santa Cruz,' obtains equally as much in their houses, as in their personal appearance; and the disgusting objects one meets at every turning of the streets, and upon the steps of every church door, give but a poor idea of the liberality of the convents or of the priesthood; there, as in all other catholic countries, France excepted, predominant, and consequently, ruinous to the people and the state; as must ever be the case, where the mind is kept in a state of thralldom; where priestcraft is paramount through the subversion of

common sense, and the concealment of that sacred truth, which would enlighten the enthralled.

The dress of the lower classes is sufficient to produce a pestilence in such a climate, in addition to the naturally filthy habits of the people; for they wear a *woollen* mantilla, which passes over the head and reaches to the knees, the head part surmounted by a black (or rather what has once been black) hat, similar to that worn by men at home. A religious procession, the most conspicuous part of which was a raised platform, upon which splendidly dressed effigies of the '*Redemptor mundi*' and of the Virgin Mary, the former in the attitude of teaching or preaching, the latter in that of adoration, attracted 'Jack's' attention; for he had never expected to see the Saviour dressed in a *powdered wig of the days of Charles the Second*, embroidered waistcoat, and scarlet robe; nor the Holy Virgin in a *brocaded petticoat*, gown of blue and gold, with a nosegay of flowers in her bosom, and a *lofty and flowing wig* highly powdered, with a ruff of the style of Queen Elizabeth round her neck, and her ears and fingers ornamented with splendid jewellery, to which all good Catholics devoutly knelt, or were uncovered as the procession passed.

The 'Scout' brig having arrived *with* orders and *without* the old skipper, greatly to the relief of all hands on board, stock was completed; fruit, and vegetables, and wine for the ship's company sent off; the 'Fowey' was unmoored; and the captain and officers having given a dinner and ball to the consul and *elite* of the place, 'Blue Peter' was hoisted the next morning at sunrise, and a gun fired, for all to repair on board; and before ten a.m., the 'Fowey' was once again upon the broad Atlantic.

But, as a proof how necessary it was, at that period, when the Inquisition was at its zenith in the island, to be cautious of speaking before strangers, and how fortunate for the 'Fowey's' that the opinion given before the Spanish officer, at the table *d'hote* breakfast, was expressed in total ignorance that the author of so much mischief formed one of the party, the circumstance attending the return of the surgeon and marine officer to the ship, on the morning of her

departure, is a case in point, which it may be well for all visitors to Catholic countries to remember; for although, for the present, the '*San Hermandad*' no longer predominates, assassination is still common.

On their way from Francisco's to the mole head, to embark, the marine officer and surgeon were joined by the Spanish officer, to whom they had given, amongst themselves, the soubriquet of 'Cosmopolite,' which he had avowed himself to be in *religious* points, who was extremely inquisitive about the '*young midshipman who had breakfasted with them,*' and whether they had discovered who had dyed the 'holy water upon the Eve of the Festival of Holy Cross.' The questions were put in an off-hand careless way, at first, as a matter of laughter and amusement, but were too reiterated, not to cause suspicion of the Spaniard's sincerity. However, as *they* knew nothing more than they had heard from himself, they could give him no further information, than that 'the midshipman was on board, and moreover, the captain's nephew.' He adroitly turned it off, to a desire to give him a basket of fruit; which they informed him would be very acceptable, if sent on board; but that 'no officers were allowed to land, except on duty, whilst the ship was at *single* anchor.'

The Spanish officer accompanied them to the boat, and then took his leave; but they found it necessary to wait for the captain's steward, 'Old Palm,' who was making his way through a host of fellows (who were endeavouring to force fruit and fish upon him for some *pesetas*), and followed by Andreas, the 'arriero.' The latter showed his gratitude by informing them that 'the Spanish officer, as he appeared, was *no officer*, but an Irishman, employed in the processions, who acted as a spy upon 'heretics' *for the Holy Inquisition*; and that he had been promised a large reward (as he learnt from the conversation of two priests) to discover the delinquent.' 'Andreas' received a dollar for the news.—*Adios Espanoles!*



CHAPTER XXV.

NEPTUNE VISITS THE "FOWEY."—A COOLER IN THE TROPICS.—
Barber-ous SPORT.

SHIPS bound to the West Indies, rather than lose the holiday for their crews, perform the same ceremonies in crossing the tropic of Cancer as those bound to parts beyond the Equator, on reaching that imaginary line twixt north and south latitude. The "Foweyes" got through the day admirably well, but with very little more attention to classic propriety than sloops of war in general. It was a perfect calm from 1 a.m., and about eight bells the "look out" at the mast-head reported "a bulk of timber right a-head with a quantity of fish jumping about it." Just the thing for Neptune's gang, to whom a boat was immediately given, and all the paraphernalia stowed in it, not forgetting the ship's grains, fish-hooks, &c.; and away they started in great good humour and spirits, in hopes of a

fresh mess for all hands, and a good dish of fish for the captain's and gunroom's and midshipmen's messes.

In less than an hour they had killed eighteen dolphins, and a fish called by a Portuguese sailor on board "*dorado*" very like a salmon in shape, but with bright yellow fins and small scales—body dark lead-colour, gradually softening into white under the belly.

As Neptune's register had been for some days under preparation, all who had crossed the tropic on former voyages were entered in due order; the others were prepared to pay their fine, or submit their chins to the rough or smooth side of the razor, at Neptune's discretion.

About four bells, or 10 a.m.,—for matters had been so well managed that there was no occasion for a lower studding-sail to be turned into a screen across the forecastle, as usual on similar occasions,—the man at the mast-head hailed the quarter-deck, "Strange sail right a-head, Sir, standing for the ship!" "What's she like?" "More like a boat with one lug, Sir, than any thing else?" "How far off is she?" "About five miles, Sir." Away strutted the master, whose watch it was, glass in hand, to the forecastle; from thence to report to the captain, "Small boat, Sir, standing towards us right a-head, will be along-side in half an hour; very like Neptune, Sir." Then returning to the quarter-deck, "Forecastle there! get the carriage ready, Neptune's coming on board, and fill the bath there for'ard." "Aye, aye, Sir!"

In less than half an hour the ship was hailed; the usual questions asked, "Whence from?" "Whither bound?" &c., &c., and the sea-god's pleasure announced of his "coming on board."

The Captain and officers were immediately summoned to attend, and all hands, except those who had never crossed the northern boundary of the god's central dominion. The "Johnny Raws" were kept in custody of the constables, until called into the deity's presence. In a few minutes a train of eight nondescripts, bedaubed with black, red, green, yellow, and white paint, with *swabs for manes*, harnessed in couples, approached the quarter-deck from the forecastle on the larboard side, drawing a gun-carriage, which had been converted into

a car and covered with a Union Jack, (for what would Neptune be without one?) in front of which a most grotesque figure, for all the world like a French postillion, dressed in livery, and wearing an enormous white wig of sheep-skin flowered, surmounted with a cocked hat of days "lang syne," and a queue as big as an Irishman's shillelah hanging down his back, his face bedaubed with red and white paint, and for the most prominent part of his face an immense proboscis of a nose. Behind him sat Neptune with his naval crown, and flowing hair, (a large and new quarter-deck swab,) and bearing in his hand the ship's grains by way of trident, upon which was stuck a splendid dolphin. On his left sat the ever-green Amphitrite in all the beauty that paint and ochre could confer; her bare arms, brawny enough for a blacksmith, deeply punctured with figures of beasts and fishes, the sun, moon, and stars; and, to prove her a Christian, a large blue cross surmounted with I.N.R.I. was fully displayed: her sea-green hair, also formed of a couple of swabs: and, by the side of the car, the ferocious-looking sea-barber. Upon reaching the after-part of the quarter-deck, where the captain and officers were in waiting to receive the deities of the ocean, Neptune presented the dolphin to the captain, lowering his trident most gracefully for the purpose, and "speechifying a very complimentary yarn," welcoming the "Fowey" to his *central* dominions; after which Amphitrite most unclassically presented a pie-bald sea urchin as Neptune's son and heir, thereby striking at the root of her husband's immortality.

In return for the compliment, Neptune received full permission to exercise his sovereignty on board; and spirits having been handed to the visitors on a silver salver, by the captain's steward, the marine deities "wore ship," after receiving the Captain's earnest recommendation to enjoy themselves and the day's sport, but to avoid drunkenness, which might otherwise endanger the safety of the ship.

The "Johnny Newcomes" who were pent up under charge of Neptune's tritons until called for, in turn, to pay their fine, or undergo the briny ordeal, were the next object of the god's attention. The first called was a poor stupid Cumberland man, of the name of Carlisle, whose language was almost as unintelligible as a

Laplander's, who being placed upon the gunwale of the barge blindfolded, supported by two herculean quartermasters, and being well lathered with the filthy composition of Cook's slush, tar, and paint, a speaking trumpet was handed to an assistant operator, who, holding it to the fellow's mouth, bade him answer such questions as Neptune

"who stood,
With all his hosts of waters at command,"

should put to him.

But as there were many to be baptized, time would not admit of more than one question, "Where do you come from?" The moment he opened his mouth to answer, the shaving brush (a tar brush) dipped in the "*mistura horrenda*" for the occasion, was rubbed against it, the iron hoop razor applied to his cheek, and in an instant he was over head and ears in the boat which formed the bath, to get out how best he could, amidst buckets of water with which all the "old ones" assailed him in the attempt.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PORTO PRAYA AND THE DUCHESS.—JACK PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT.—
SLAP AT A SHARK.

AFTER crossing the Tropic, the "Fowey" stood along the West African coast, between the Cape de Verde islands and the Senegambia and Senegal coast and river, without seeing anything in the shape of an enemy's vessel, although there were many suspicious slavers under Portuguese colours, that might have been detained as French property, the whole crammed almost to suffocation with those poor devoted beings, of whose lives nothing is more emble-

matic than that of the flying fish ; except that the African's is one of endless oppression, first from the powerful chief, and then from the heartless slaver !—the death of the poor flying fish is instantaneous, whether from the sea-bird or the albicore, or the various cetæ, ever on the look out for their prey, but not more eager than the white man in pursuit of it.

Upon reaching the latitude of 15° N. the “Fowey” stood across passing between the Cape de Verde islands, and after cruising a few days “on and off” the land, anchored at Porto Praya, and a more desolate looking place, at first sight, can scarcely be conceived. Nor is it much better until one gets a few miles in the country. Jack was the officer of the barge upon the occasion of the captain's landing, and he had to accompany him to the Portuguese Governor's. The state of the whole place, from the batteries to the Governor's family, appeared poor and wretched ; and the town itself, after ascending the hill, and getting into it, the very focus of filth and distemper. At the wine shop, where the boat's crew had leave to refresh themselves, a Portuguese officer of the guard, with a handsome blue uniform, with scarlet facings, English sash, and gold bullion epaulette, stood behind a dirty counter, where he served out wine-glasses of aquardiente to the ragged rascals who filled the boutique, until the “Fowey's” made them rouse out and give *them* a spell ; and then the blue jackets made the soldier officer “sarve them rigularly ;” for the “Fowey's” didn't come ashore to “suck the monkey,” as the poor devils did, “wot had captains without souls.” The captain never went ashore without asking as many officers to accompany him as could be spared from the ship's duty ; and, upon this occasion, the second lieutenant, surgeon, purser, and passenger, accepted the invite, and were severally introduced to the governor and the ladies of his family, who were playing at the usual game of monte, with a pack of filthy cards, which ought not to have been touched without gloves. His excellency himself was a fine, handsome, venerable old gentleman, wearing several orders, and a crimson ribbon, similar to that of our order of the bath ; but his wife and daughters were in very dirty dishabille, slipshod, and without stockings !

The guard which turned out to the British captain presented a most ludicrous sight. The cavalry had neither boots nor shoes, but they *had* spurs, buckled round the instep, and kept in proper position by a strap under the hollow of the foot. Some had swords without scabbards; others a sort of half pike instead of a sword. The infantry were very like the fellows that Falstaff would not march through Coventry with, and not a whit better clad: and their captain might with equal justice say, "There's but a shirt and half in all my Company; and the half is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves."

About ten or twelve houses to the left, on leaving the Governor's entrance gate, a fat Portuguese woman, very busily engaged at a spinning-wheel, whilst several girls were occupied in the various departments of the laundry, was pointed out as the "Duchess of Clarence," although she only called herself "*De Princessa Vilhem Henry*." She had undoubtedly been honoured by that gallant young Prince's attentions, when the attractions of "the Princess" were in their *bud*!—heaven help his taste, if his Royal Highness had continued his penchant when *full-blown*, or when the "Fowey's" saw her; for she was too fat to rise without assistance, and, as they described her, "*ugly as a buck-horse*,"—an animal that no naturalist has ever yet attempted to describe or classify.

Jack got into trouble, and entirely through his own neglect; for he had a good kit of clothes, but having omitted to send his stockings to be washed while at Santa Cruz, he was reduced to the necessity of *reefing* them; and the pair he had on his legs, *or rather feet*, upon landing at Porto Praya, had been reefed so closely, and so often, that the tops, which should have covered his knees, having been brought down to his ankles, turned over his shoes, and exposed the marks, J. T. No. 8, just where the shoe-ribbon should have appeared, and this too before the Governor! Jack was ordered off to the boat without any refreshment; the stockingless ladies begged hard in his favour with the captain, but Jack knew too well how to obey the *first* order, instead of lingering in hopes of its being annulled: and upon reaching the ship he was mast-headed

for four hours, because four of his boat's crew were top-heavy; and very lucky he considered himself that he had not been made "to kiss the gunner's daughter," which in certain other ships would very probably have been his fate. Old Palm soon despatched some grub to him aloft, under the rose; and then turned to and washed out all his stockings for him. Jack never forgot the consequences of reefing them, nor of losing sight of his boat's crew, and at once docked all his stockings into socks, so that they might never again subject him to such an exposure. Porto Praya would never be forgotten, for the loss of a good "blow out," and the annoyance of four hours upon the royal-yard after his return on board.

At Porto Praya some cocoa-nuts, lemons, oranges, citrons, plantains, bananas, and pine-apples, as well as poultry, were obtained, but the latter was extremely dear. The best vegetables were pumpkins, cucumbers, common tomatos, (*solanum sycopersicum*,) yams, sweet potatoes, (*batatas*,) capsicums, and onions. There was but one shop, or "store," in the place, and that was a concentration of every thing dear, and kept by an American.

At the Portuguese Lieutenant-Governor's (a fine John Bull of a fellow in appearance, who spoke English very well) there was a young but splendid specimen of a condor, (*vultur gryphus*,) which had been sent him from the coast of Chili. It stood four feet two inches in height, and the wings were thirteen feet eleven inches across. It was offered to the captain, but he told the Lieutenant-Governor that there was "no rating vacant," nor "place upon the books for such a carnivorous sort of a passenger." The captain and purser were glad to get off; for if they had said "yes" to all the applications for *salt beef*, and *pork*, and *peas*, the ship's company "must have roughed it out," as the master said, "upon bilge-water and smoke, for the rest of the voyage."—A dozen double pieces of each sort, and half a cask of peas were landed, and an ample supply of pumpkins, onions, and sweet potatoes (all which were given to the ship's company), sent off in return, so that "a fair exchange was no robbery."

The barge's crew were greatly amused by seeing a very large ray or angel fish, commonly called the shark ray, (*squalus squatina*, L.)

caught by the Porto Praya fishermen. It was five feet in length, and weighed eighty pounds. When dragged ashore, it scampered along by the help of its fins, (as if it had legs,) rearing up and attempting to bite the persons near it, and striking at them with its large fins, as if they were wings, and with all the force of a condor. The fishermen had very great difficulty in disabling it, in which the Fowey's boat's crews were neuter; for they formed a circle for a boxing match, and every now and then would call out, "Well done fish!" "Well done Jack Portugee!" "At him again, fish!" and so on, during the battle, in which the fish for a long time had the best of it, but was no match for oars and boat-hooks, yet, although conquered at last, it "died game."

Leaving Porto Praya, the "Fowey" stood direct for Barbadoes, and every day produced some novelty or other to keep excitement alive, and the men's spirits cheerful. Every evening they had their dances; and from the time she sailed from Spithead to her arrival at Barbadoes, not a man had been unmanned by the lash. The Captain certainly had a greater antipathy to the cat with nine tails than ever human being had for a cat with one tail, and although they did occasionally call him "*Crow-bar Joe*,"—*that was the extent of his mode of punishing for neglect of duty, or, what he hated beyond every thing in a sailor, skulking.* Now, walking the weather gangway for an hour or two, with a couple, perhaps three crow-bars, might give a man *the shoulder-ache*, but he still could *hold his head up afterwards*; but who ever saw a sailor or a soldier hold up his head with confidence, or feel himself *the same man* that he was *before* his disgrace, *after* having his back *scarified*, **MARKED TO HIS VERY GRAVE**, in the presence of his fellow men, and, worse than all, *of boys too*?

CHAPTER XXVII.

UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE SHARK AND THE PILOT-FISH.—
SHIPPING A SEA-LAWYER.—HAULTAUT'S CHOWDER.—ALBICORE
CAUGHT WITH AN ARTIFICIAL FLYING-FISH.—HAULTAUT'S SAVE-
ALL.—MEETING A SPANIARD.

FOUR days after leaving Porto Praya it fell calm, and during the morning watch Jack, looking over the taffrail, observed a large fin, but could not see any other part of the animal, directly in the ship's wake,—if wake it can be called, when she had no way,—however “right astern,” and coming towards the ship. He reported it to the master whose watch it was, and the word was passed immediately for “a shark-hook and a double piece of pork,” which in less than five minutes were lowered over the stern. The bait had scarcely been half a minute in the water before five or six beautiful fish, having broad bars of dark blue or black vertically and equidistant along the body, and called “pilot fish” by the sailors, (*gasterosteus ductor*, L.,) reconnoitred it, and then, returning to the shark, conducted the animal to its prey. There appeared to be a perfectly mutual understanding between the shark and the pilot fish, as if they had been able to communicate with each other by speech. There was no smelling or playing with the bait. The shark was a regular sea-lawyer, but of neither of the twelve tribes of Israel; for in an instant, turning upon its side, the voracious animal gorged the *pork*, and got well hooked; a bowling knot was passed over the line, and thence, when the animal was right under the stern, over its shoulders, to “make assurance doubly sure;” and half a dozen hands being “clapped on,” a most splendid specimen of the “*squalus glaucus*,” (L) or blue shark, was soon in-board, and no sooner shipped than docked of his tail by a

tomahawk : the head cut off for the master,—the back-bone engaged by the mate of the watch,—the belly ripped open, and eleven young sea-lawyers, about three feet long, taken out and thrown over-board alive,—and about fifteen inches of the part nearest the tail engaged for the gentlemen's mess,—and then another lesson was cut out for Jack.

But there were many old sailors on board who thought a "young lawyer better than an 'old 'un :'" cod-hooks were baited, and, in less than ten minutes, the eleven young ones, who matched their mother in voracity, rewarded their pains.

There was but one specimen of the "*echeneis remora*," which upon being removed from the shark's side, and laid upon Jack's hand, firmly adhered to it, but without giving the slightest pain. Sailors call it the "sucking fish." Jack however was under the day mate's tuition, and amongst other things, sea-cookery was, in Haultaut's opinion, almost as necessary for a sailor as working the latitude and longitude. "Now, younker," said he, "do you know what a mess of chowder is?" Jack had heard the men talk of chowder, but was not at all acquainted with the nature of it. "Well then," said Mr. Haultaut, "why the devil didn't you ask? I suppose your tongue was gone in chase of the Dutchman's anchor.—Now, Sir, I'll teach you how to knock up a mess of chowder, as soon as the piece of shark I engaged for the purpose has been soaked twelve hours." Jack attended to the recipe, and entered it in his private log, thus :—

"HAULTAUT'S CHOWDER.—*May the devil haul him taut!*

"Get a clean tin or iron pot, or kettle, if hard up a dirty one is better than none,—any port in a storm!—then lay in slices of salt pork, the fatter the better, pepper it well; clap on a layer of shark over the pork, pepper that well; shove in a few midshipman's nuts to fill the chinks, onions or potatoes are better, *if to be had!*—always keep your eye upon the corporal 'if to be had!'—then pork again and shark; pepper all separately, and pork, shark, and pepper to the top, within three inches; pour in a tea-cupful of vinegar, *if nothing better to be*

had, and cover all with dough, an inch and a half thick. Clap it all standing over the galley-fire till properly stewed. If you have all-spice well and good ; but 'ifs' are bad things in cookery. There are many worse dishes than 'chowder;' so after you have well filled your hide, let a reef out of your waistcoat, and thank your God for giving you a good appetite to swallow your whack of a 'sea-lawyer.' Wash all down with a glass of half and half, *no three-water grog*, and you need not care to call the King your uncle."

There was not however much occasion for a mess of chowder, bonettas (*scomber pelamis*), albigores (*scomber thynnus*), or thunny and flying fish (*exococtus orlitanus*), affording very abundant supplies from the time the "Fowey" crossed the Tropic, to her arrival in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes. The two former were caught with an artificial flying fish from the fore and yard-arms, spritsail-yard, or flying jib-boom ; or harpooned from a stage between the dolphin strikers under the bowsprit end—for the artificial flying fish a steady seven or eight knot breeze is the best for sport. The moment an albicore was caught with the flying fish, every bit of wax candle that could be mustered was in requisition ; and not a "mid" of the watch below but was busily employed in imitating the bait upon the largest cod-hooks the boatswain's store-room could supply,—a turkey's feather for the pectoral fins was irresistible ; and many a splendid albicore rewarded their exertions. The moment one is hooked, he plunges about so heavily, that if the line be not gradually slackened (but still keeping it taut in the hand) the fisherman would lose his fish. The albicore has a fine appearance in the water : the silvery belly, contrasted with the bluish green of the back, and horizontal lines parallel with each other on the sides, which are occasionally shot with gold, make it very conspicuous whilst keeping pace with the ship, sometimes shooting a-head, then crossing and leaping under the bows, where they afford excellent sport to the men looking out for them with grains and harpoons.

At such times the spritsail-yard, and a temporarily-rigged stage between the dolphin strikers are most in request ; "Hand up the grains,—make haste there in the waist !" "Aye, aye, Sir !" being a

certain sign of fish under the bows. The albicore is very like the bonetta, except in size; the former exceeding the latter by six or seven times its weight. Both these fishes are destitute of scales, and have but one bone fore and aft, or from head to tail.

Mr. Haultaut's maxim was that "nothing should be wasted at sea," that "every thing comes in use once in seven years," and that "no captain of a man of war, or master of a merchant vessel, should be above managing a fresh mess for their crews whenever in their power. That one day a ship's company may catch fish enough for a month; but that if there was no way of keeping it good, (and in warm latitudes every body knew that neither albigores nor bonettas would take salt; and moreover, that salt fish, unless it were 'ling,' or 'regular Newfoundland cod,' slung under the tops, was better overboard than in-board,) 'twas a pity to catch the poor creatures at all."

"Now, younker," said Mr. Haultaut to his pupil, "when you came on board from that old guarda costa, the Royal Billy, you wasn't worth your salt,—one of the king's hard bargains,—aye that you *was*, and now you would do for a 'luff' on board the old craft at Spithead. Now as your uncle, I mean the skipper, says I am to teach you *every* thing, of course you are to learn *every* thing; and the *best thing* is, to know how to make the best of one's grub upon a long voyage, or short allowance; for, as they say ashore, 'Whatever misfortunes befall a family, eating and drinking must go on.' Now then, as you are master of 'chowder' making, chalk this down in the 'log-book of your memory.'—Come, Sir, no half laughs, or (shewing him his colt) by the Lord Harry, I'll jog your understandings." Such an argument was irresistible; and Jack again chalked down

"HAULTAUT'S SAVE-ALL.—*The devil save him!*

"When more fish is caught than can be made use of, or kept without being *spiled*, cut it into slices about an inch thick. (Every mess should lay in supplies of whole pepper, dried bay's leaf, and all-spice, or pimento,—cause why? the devil a shop is there at sea!) wipe the fish dry, and lay it in a large jar, as follows: after having pounded all-spice, black pepper, and salt, and mixed it well together,

and rubbed the fish well with the mixture, lay the slices in regular tiers ; and between every tier a bay-leaf, and so on, 'chock up' to the top, pressing the whole pretty well, or 'handsomely,' and then pour the vinegar down by the side, not the middle of the jar, until the jar is quite full. Cover it over with brown paper, if to be had, if not, a bit of old canvass : tie it close, hand it over to the cook for a quiet corner in the oven, and, when done, lay it by to cool ;—and there's a supply that will keep till all's blue again. Fine thing for small crafts in bad weather, when there's no keeping a fire in the caboose."

"Another time I'll teach you how to make a 'sea-pie' and 'lob-scouse.'—But pray, younker, what's the difference?" "Why," said Jack, "from what I've seen, a '*sea-pie*' is made *without* biscuit, and *with* a 'dough' over all." "Right, my boy : and 'lobscouse?" "Is made *with* biscuit in it, and *without* dough at all." "You are aarnation clever fellow, as the Yankees would say, master Jack. Many an Admiral could not answer *that* question!"

"A strange sail on the lee-bow!" "What is she like?" "A large ship, Sir." "Steering the same course, Sir," answered the first lieutenant, who had got half-way up the top-most rigging, before (using his own words upon similar occasions) a man could say Jack Robinson. "Canvass very brown, Sir; looks like a Frenchman." Down went the captain for the private signal for the day; in a minute it was bent, and in another minute at the main-topmast head. "All hands make sail." "No answer, Sir," said the signal mate. "Beat to quarters." "She shows Spanish ensign and pendant, and backs her fore and main top-sails: just hauled up her courses, Sir. She's a Spaniard, Sir," said the first lieutenant, "and has got '*Santa Clara*' upon her stern.—Tompions are all in, and there are several Priests on board; no doubt she's bound for the Spanish main."—Hailed the Spaniard passing close under her stern. "From *Kibraltar* (as their captain pronounced Gibraltar) to the Amazon river. Had fallen in with two French corvettes bound to St. Domingo, off the Cape de Verdes:" and, upon comparing the date with the "Fowey's" log, on the very day she left Porto Praya. "Bad luck, indeed," said the

first lieutenant, thinking that the "Fowey's" action with the French frigate had showed that she was at least a match for *two* corvettes ; but he was the only one who thought so, for French corvettes, bound to St. Domingo, would undoubtedly be full of troops, and they were just as well there as any where else, for the "Fowey" was no match for a pair of them.

Having exchanged civilities, both ships hauled their colours down, by way of saying "good bye," and the Spaniard made all sail, but in a *most lubberly way*, to the great amusement of the "Foweys."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARRIVES AT BARBADOES.—LADY RODNEY.—JACK'S IMPERTINENCE TO THE DARK LADIES.—JACK MEETS A TRUE BARBADIAN, WHO INSTRUCTS HIM IN BOTANY.

In a few days the "Fowey" anchored in Carlisle bay, and having saluted the Flag, and captain gone on shore to the admiral, "Lady Rodney," "Miss Nancy Clarke," "Miss Nelly Caddle," and several other "*dignity ladies*," were welcomed on board, "*cos dey only comed to take de officer linen to de shore for wash 'em*."

Jack was so fond of roving about in the sun, that he was laid upon his beam ends ; and his uncle, from his own experience, having the highest opinion of native doctresses, "took lodgings" for him ; not at his own washerwoman's, for that would have been "berry unproper," but at "de house of Miss Sally Gill, in Bentley's Lane, Bridgetown," where every possible care was taken of him. The fever was of the worst kind ; the delirium that succeeded was longer than Miss Sally Gill had "*eber knowed*:" "de poor reeper," as she most feelingly called him, "was berry far gone indeed, berry far ; but



Jack receives a Lesson on Good Manners.

nebera mind, Gor O'Mighty must pare him, for he berry fine fellow,—play de debil in de house; make de girl carry him pon deir backs, and put de pins in de heels ob his boots, for make de nigger girl go paster—berry fine pellow indeed!”

Barbadoes is so near home, so well known, so much mentioned both in authors and in the daily newspapers, that it is not worth taking up the reader's time to dilate either upon its original occupation by a few monied Englishmen in 1625, or present state. Lady Rodney must be in the recollection of every naval and military visiter from the year 1782 to 1815, perhaps to a later period; and all who remember her will also remember her tremendous long ear-rings, sent, as her *ladyship* was wont to say, “by de *executioner* of her dear admiral de Lord Rodney,” and bearing the motto upon the base of the urn, “Tho' lost to sight to memory dear;” or, as *her ladyship* would express it, most pathetically, “doe him loss my sight, him membry dear.”

During the period of Jack's being convalescent, his morning's recreation was looking out of the window; and, on one occasion, he received a lesson upon good manners, which he never forgot. Two young negresses, as black as black could be, having well-polished milk-pails upon their heads, accosted each other about a dozen yards from where Jack had taken post. “How you do, Earri my dear?” asked the one. “Not berry well, my dear Quakimba,” answered the other. “I taught you rader poorly, Earri; you really look berry pale dis morning.” At this Jack could not restrain himself; he burst out into loud laughter, at the idea of Miss Earri *looking pale*. All at once he was addressed by both ladies: “Eh! what you *laff* for? you tink you gentleman, I dare say; berry great gentleman top de mast, as him call *reeper*! Where you learn mannas, eh? I know you reeper, cos you berry pertinent to de ladies!” all the time steadfastly eyeing Jack, but without moving their heads, which were as steady as their milk-pails. Jack endeavoured to excite a smile upon their ebon faces, but found it altogether a hopeless attempt; for their dignity was hurt, and anger had taken place of their usual good temper. He, however, wished “good morning,” and it was returned

with ineffable contempt, by "Good morning, indeed! is it *dat* you means."

Amongst other visiters who called to see Jack was a young gentleman, "true Barbadian, neither crab nor Creole, so help him Bob:" who rode a very beautiful pony, the fellow of which was brought to the hall-door every morning at day-break, for Jack's use. Master Carew was the son of an eminent planter, and a very precocious lad; for at twelve years of age he was quite a botanist, and an excellent linguist. He felt pleasure in shewing Jack the lions of Barbadoes; and, amongst other curiosities, Miss Nelly Caddle's shell-work, which was so very beautiful that the dignity ladies determined "*dat* it was too perty for dis world."

Young Carew found Jack better disposed to obtain local information than he had anticipated, merely from his being a *midshipman*, which with him was synonymous with *frolíc* and *mischief*; and in many respects Master Carew was right. But Jack said what he thought, "that there was a time for all things," and thankfully received whatever information the kind Barbadian was good enough to impart.

"The first trip, then," said he, "shall be to the plantation, to see sugar made:" and as they rode along the fields of canes, some two-thirds grown, others at maturity, displaying the most splendid and silky green, with the bright yellow of ripeness, as contrasts to each other, Jack's admiration was excited to an uncommon degree. He thought that he never had beheld any thing so beautiful as the luxuriant cane-grounds before him.

Young Carew despatched the slave-boy who attended him for a ripe cane, who soon returned, bringing one nearly twelve feet in length: "*That*," said he, pointing to the top, "is called a '*panicle*;' the stalk *we* call '*a jointed reed*.' Look how beautiful those leaves are, and how finely serrated; the Latin name is, '*saccharum officinarum*;' the French call it '*canne à sucre*.' If you count the joints you will find at least fifty, perhaps more; but several stalks grow from the same root. This cane is streaked with red, which shows that it was very obvious to the sun. The general height is about eight feet,



Jack's trip to the cane-grounds.

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but all depends upon the soil. As a botanist I should thus describe its class and order, but do not think me pedantic." Jack was sincerely obliged to him, and "would learn botany if he could do it without been seen by old Haultaut;" and who Haultaut was Jack explained, greatly to his shore-going friend's amusement.

Well then, said Master Carew, the sugar-cane is of the third class, (*triandria*,) because it has three stamens, and of the second order, (*digynia*,) because it has two pistils; the difference of which he pointed out, the former being surmounted with anthers, the contents of which he described as the pollen or dust by which propagation is caused.



CHAPTER XXIX.

BARBADIAN HOSPITALITY.—FOOD FOR DIGESTION AND DRINK TO
MATCH.—A *sweet* BUSINESS—WITH SCRAPS OF BOTANY.

THE friends soon approached the overseer's house, and were most kindly received, and in an instant led to a sideboard upon which stood a half-gallon goblet of "swizzle." The overseer taking up a sort of root about fifteen inches long, (the end of which was split, having a piece of wood across it extending the parts in the shape of a cross,) he placed the crossed end into the liquid, and quickly moving it between the palms of his hands, as chocolate is stirred, the "swizzle" acquired a degree of effervescence, when it was offered to the visitors, who were advised to *drink quickly*.

Swizzle was nothing more nor less than very old rum and water, made weak, and without sugar. "Now," said Jack to his friend, "what do you think old Haultaut, our day-mate, would call that?—why, five-water grog; and would make as many faces at it as he would at a dose of salts, and cursed ugly faces too!" Young Carew and the overseer (a most hospitable Scot, and where is it that a Scotchman is *not* hospitable?) were greatly amused at Jack's allusions to old Haultaut; and, considering that swizzle was very unpalatable to the young sailor himself, sangaree was ordered, and soon appeared, accompanied by a luncheon, which, of itself, was ample proof that the Barbadians knew how to enjoy life, and the good things of this world.

Perhaps it may not be *outré* to describe a few of the dishes (served cold) at this Barbadian luncheon. If the reader's mouth waters, and

he cannot form an opinion of their excellence by having an opportunity of trying them, he becomes an object of *pity*; if he can, by having the means of doing it, and *will not*, of contempt.

First, then, was a dish of *souse*, viz., pig's head and feet, the former cut into slices, the latter split, boiled, and when *cold* covered with a sauce made of boiling water, plenty of lemon or lime juice, salt, capsicums, chillies, and black pepper, (whole,) but poured cold over the meat.

Secondly, *caveitched fish*. The fish was a species of scomber, called "*cavallo*," fried in oil, and when cold covered with a similar sauce to the souse, but *without water*.

The third was a crab, for which Barbadoes is famous, dressed with casleep, (the boiled juice of the cassada,) lemon, salt, and cayenne pepper.

Jellies, fruits, and preserves of every description, of which the small green limes and enormous citrons were the most delicious, and, of all things that most prized by the overseer, fine cheese and London stout, closed the meridian feast. "But," said the hospitable overseer, "if you'll stay dinner, you shall have something to amuse your teeth with; for I have ordered a pepper-pot, a devil, and a mutton ham at four o'clock." The youngsters were well inclined to stay,—"if they could; were not quite certain, but would first like to go through the sugar-houses." Their ponies were well fed and taken care of; and Jack and his friend, after drinking some sangaree, of which they were promised some *real* at dinner, left the table, and the overseer accompanied them to the mill-house. The slaves were at work (and most cheerfully) at the mill, which consisted of three vertical iron rollers, about three feet in height, and two feet diameter; the middle roller having the moving power, and turning the other two by means of cogs; the canes are pressed through these rollers twice, which process squeezes them perfectly dry; the juice is received into what is called "the bed," and from thence runs into the receiver; the pressed cane, called "cane trash," is employed as fuel to boil the juice, the *ninth* part of which is sugar, the rest *water*, except a proportion or one part of mucilage, with a certain portion of

essential oil. The juice is boiled immediately, because fermentation is very rapid.

The boiling-house contained three large square receptacles, called "clarifiers," and four boilers,—the former were at the end of the boiling-house on the right of the entrance, and a boiler called "teache" at the other hand, and three boilers or coppers of various sizes between the clarifiers and the teache. A wooden gutter conveyed the juice from the receiver into one of the clarifiers, and when filled a fire was lighted, and a quantity of quick-lime (imported from Bristol in powder) was poured into the clarifier. The overseer called the quick-lime "temper." Jack could not help remarking that "old Haultaut might answer the purpose of quick-lime very well; and, whether or not, he should like to see him well clarified." The friends laughed at Jack's reiterated recurrence to his *great dread* Haultaut.

Jack inquired the use of the quick-lime, and was told that it was "to unite with the superabundant acid, which must be got rid of, or the process would fail." He then asked, How much lime was employed? "From half a pint to a pint to every one hundred gallons of the juice." He wished to know what to say if his uncle should ask him, and he would be sure to put a thousand questions to him about what he had seen; for he (Jack) was obliged to keep a "shore-log," except when upon the sick-list.

The overseer next pointed out the bubbling scum, or what he called "blisters," which showed that the juice was sufficiently heated, but that if allowed to boil rapidly the white froth or scum (the impurities of the liquor) would again incorporate with it; consequently the fire was immediately extinguished by the damper, which excluded the external air, and the liquor was allowed to remain undisturbed for about an hour, when the whole of the impurities or scum would be collected on the surface.

The juice is then drained off by a cock from the clarifier (the gummy scum remaining behind) into the grand copper, or evaporating boiler, and is then transparent. It is allowed to boil in the grand copper, and the scum is removed as it arises, till the liquor becomes finer and thicker, and so lessened in quantity that it may be

contained in the second-size boiler, where it is of the colour of sherry wine. The same process continues until the liquid is so diminished as to be held in the third-size boiler, where the same process continues until put into the fourth boiler, or teache, wherein it is boiled and evaporated until sufficiently pure and thick to be removed from the fire. The negroes judge accurately by the eye of the purity of the liquor; and scraping off the liquid from the ladle with the thumb, raise it with the fore-finger into threads; and as the sugar is more or less boiled, they determine by the sudden breaking of the thread at certain lengths,—that of an inch long being considered the best boiling height.

From the teache the liquor is removed into a shallow wooden cooler, about eight feet long and six wide, and ten and a half or eleven inches deep, large enough to hold a hogshead of sugar; and as the liquid cools, it crystallizes into irregular masses which separate themselves from the residue or molasses. The last place is called the “curing house,” in which is a large cistern with sloping sides, over which beams are laid, upon which empty hogsheads are placed. The hogsheads are without heads, the bottoms perforated with several holes, each large enough to admit the rib of a plantain leaf,—(*musa sapientum*) which is stripped of the leaf on each side,—this rib, which is then called “the stalk,” is passed through the hole prepared for it, leaving about six or eight inches underneath, clear of the beam or joist upon which the hogshead rests; the upper end of the stalk rising above the top of the hogshead, which being filled from the cooler, the molasses drains through the spongy stalk into the cistern, and when thoroughly drained the sugar becomes nearly dry, and in that state is called raw sugar.

By the time Jack had satisfied himself upon the subject of sugar boiling, the fumes had taken such an effect upon him as to oblige him to get into the open air. He afterwards laughed at the remembrance of it; for he thought he had stomached much worse smells on board from bilge-water; and that the fever must have had a wonderful result if it had made him over delicate, accustomed as he was to overhaul old Haultaut’s locker of potatoes, onions, great-coats, and

old boots, all in a medley together, and from their united essences giving forth an odour to which even carrion in its most putrid state was a veritable perfume !

On returning from the sugar-house, the overseer led them through a field of arrow-root ; the leaf of which, Jack was informed, gave rise to its English name from its spear-shape. Young Carew did not lose the opportunity of descanting upon its classification, order and utility ; but he might as well have told Jack it was anything else, as to give it the Linnæan name of "*maranta arundinacea* ;" for Jack thought the sugar concern quite enough for his diary to show his uncle, (as he might call him in private and on shore,) and that "sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof."

But Jack had acquired a great regard for Carew, and considering that although the proffered information upon subjects connected with the agriculture of Barbadoes might not be of ultimate use to himself, it might to others, and that his journals would at some future period afford amusement even to himself as he grew older, he determined to book all he could learn, whether he digested it or not.

Having returned to the overseer's house, where an excellent dinner awaited them, Jack and his friend did justice to their kind entertainer's hospitality, and after dinner partook of a bottle of *real* sangaree ; not Sherry or Madeira and water, sugar, lemon, and nutmeg, but a bottle of old hock and one of Madeira, mixed together with citron, syrup, nutmeg, and "borage." "That's the stuff !" exclaimed Jack, smacking his lips, and with all the characteristic moderation and modesty of a midshipman, he "merely tasted it for tasting's sake !"

Jack's convalescence was rapidly progressing towards perfect health, the "seasoning" would do him good ; perhaps "keep him from the land-crabs of the Port Royal palisades ;" but an embargo was laid upon his going to Lady Rodney's "dignity ball," nor could all his entreaties induce his uncle to raise it. His frequent trips into the country, whither he was occasionally accompanied by one or two of his messmates, who were all men compared to himself, gave him the best opportunities for seeing the slaves at their work for their owners,

in their own provision-grounds, surrounded by their "pickaninnies," where they had abundance of fruit and of various esculent roots and vegetables, even cotton, coffee, and sugar canes, sufficient for home consumption, and the weekly market; in their neat and well-furnished huts or cottages; at their meals with their families; and at their evening dances, where the music was far from bad, and sufficiently exciting to the innocent pastime in which they appeared to delight so much. These people carried content in their appearances, and their habitations wore an air of comfort and cleanliness far beyond the European's anticipations. St. Domingo was then a prey to anarchy and confusion. The British slave had never known any kind of treatment until he became a slave; and however theory may have represented the *poor Africans as slaves in chains*, in order to work upon the feelings of the English philanthropist, time, the *edax rerum*, will show in which state the African was or is the happiest;—whether with all the care and comforts of an owner, whose best interests were so linked with the health and services of his slaves, that to injure them was to injure himself, under the name of "slave," or seeking for daily work, without a holiday except at his own expense, and to pay for house and provision, rent, and medicines, and attendance, (all which as a slave he received gratuitously,) as a "free man!" When the African chiefs and slave merchants cease to have a vent for their slaves, murder will undoubtedly be resorted to, to get rid of prisoners that they cannot sell.

There is nothing like a trial, however; the result of the expenditure of twenty millions, chiefly for the benefit of the mortgagees of the plantations, may determine the policy to be good, bad, or indifferent. The sacrifice has been made in the name and upon the altar of philanthropy, whether upon that of humanity time will show; but, as wonders never cease, it may so happen, that ere half the time shall have elapsed, in their present state of liberty, that the friends of emancipation and manumission took to effect their grand object, the manumitted slaves may petition the legislature to repeal the act, (would the owners refund the twenty millions if it were repealed?) that they may revert to their former comforts, under the denomination

of slaves, instead of further enduring the miseries attendant upon sickness, poverty, and old age, under that of free men ! If a few English labourers had been sent to Jamaica to have contrasted the situation of the slave with their own, such labourers' evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons would have been far different from that of those who saw only with the rich man's eyes.

The next visit to the plantation afforded Jack a very good opportunity of humouring his friend Carew, whose hobby was botany and ichthyology, beyond which his studies in natural philosophy had not extended at the period this history embraces. "Now then, Carew," said Jack, "give me your account of the plant you call arrow-root. When I learnt Latin, *radix* was root, and *sagitta* an arrow ; and therefore why not call it *radix sagitta* or *sagitta*, instead of the name you gave it, which I quite forgot." "*Maranta arundinacea*, my dear fellow." "Well then," said Jack, "I'll chalk it down ; and copy it into my log, when, as old Haultaut often says, I *gets* home."

"Now then, what's the use of it ? do they boil, fry, or stew it ?" "Neither, Jack. The root is at maturity soon after that white flower appears. By that little flower the class and order are, in an instant, discovered. It is of the first class, (*monandria*), and first order, (*monogymia*), which means that it has one stamen and one pistil, or one male and one female organ of generation, in the same flower."

CHAPTER XXX.

SKETCH OF THE INTERIOR OF A SLAVE'S HABITATION.—PANADA MAKING.

"OH, the deuce take the classes and orders! I can never bother my brain with *monandrias* and *monogynias*, Carew! the use, my dear fellow, the use, or uses, I want, and in plain English, that I may understand them."

"Well then, I will explain them to you as distinctly as I can; but that is best done by Sambo taking up a root or two, and preparing the flour." In an instant Sambo procured a spade, and carefully removing the soil, exposed the numerous white roots to view, some of which being taken up and washed, looked beautifully white, and as glossy as polished ivory. A grater was procured from the nearest hut; the roots were rasped and pressed through water; and after giving time for the sediment to deposit itself, the water was poured off, the arrow-root flour exposed to the sun upon a clean cloth, and upon the return of Jack and his friend from the adjoining cassada field, the arrow-root was fully prepared and fit for use. An old negro tendered his services, "for make him master berry nice panada if him master like."

Assent being immediately given, the two friends entered the hut. Jack *did stare*, and well he might, at the interior of a *slave's habitation*! In front a very neat trellis supported a luxuriant passion-flower tree, laden with its delicious fruit (*passiflora quadrangularis*, L.), there called the "water-lemon," and the foliage so thick as to be impervious to the sun's rays. Facing the door stood a mahogany side-board, over which was fixed a handsome looking-glass in gilt

frame ; and round the room stood several solid mahogany chairs, whose polish showed no common attention to appearance. The room to the right displayed an excellent bed, with white muslin curtains, and a coverlet that vied with snow in whiteness ; an English carpet covered the bed-room floor ; the sitting-room was neatly matted. Decanters, wine-glasses, goblets, and a China tea-service graced the side-board, and a small corner beaufet with glazed doors ; and some neatly-framed prints ornamented both rooms, the whole of which were hung with extraordinary regularity and good taste. Upon a small stand near the bed-room window which overlooked his provision-grounds, was laid "Gor O'Mighty's own book," as the negro, whose name was Samuel, called it—"him Bible," upon which was a pair of silver-mounted spectacles. In a few minutes a neatly-dressed negress entered with a japanned tea-tray covered with fruits, and a China jug of hot and a porous jug of cold water. Samuel went to the beaufet and took out a China basin and plate to correspond, in the former of which he put a table-spoonful of the arrow-root and a little cold water, which, with a well-polished silver table-spoon, he mixed together. Having so done, he laid it upon the table and went to the side-board drawer, (the highly-pleased Jack, for Samuel was no stranger to Carew, looking at all he saw with silent astonishment,) from whence he took a bottle and a napkin, in which he enveloped it ; and having suspended it in the window where the most air was current, Samuel placed a large basin beneath it, from which he took a liquid, (some rum,) and continued to pour it over the bottle until the cloth was completely saturated. That done, "for make him cold," Samuel called Quasheba for "*biling* hot water : *him must bile* Quasheba ;" and Quasheba brought it *proper biling*. Taking the boiler in his left hand, he poured water upon the mixture in the basin, whilst he stirred it with the spoon in his right ; and as he stirred so it acquired consistency, of the clearness of very clear starch, but uncoloured. Then taking the bottle from the window, he drew the cork, and presented some cool and old Madeira wine to his guests, some of which he mixed with sugar and nutmeg in the arrow-root ; and in less than two hours Jack had seen the whole pro-

cess of manufacturing it, and tasted the panada. "Quite enough," said he, "for my log to-day! but I must not tell it at home, for surely they will set me down as having rounded the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. No one will believe it, no even the skipper, so near the spot, not until he has seen Samuel and his cottage." "Den bring him, good master; I old nigger glad for see gentleman, make Samuel too proud berry much."

At parting the young friends had very great difficulty in getting Samuel to allow Quasheba to take a Spanish dollar; for himself, nothing in the shape of pecuniary acknowledgment would he accept. "Him berry proud him master son bring him friend to see Samuel's house; him tank Gor O'Mighty berry much." Jack and his friend bade good-bye to the kind old negro: the former's mind became so impressed with the occurrences of the day, that no time could ever erase from his memory the interior of the slave's hut, and the slave's hospitality.

To suppose that many such slaves as Samuel were to be found upon every plantation would be ridiculous; that only the good and the prudent could acquire similar comforts was to be believed; but it is equally credible that all who chose might do so; and many of them, by their savings, could easily purchase their own provision-grounds, if it suited their masters' policy and the law of the colony to permit slaves to purchase lands.

Black sheep are to be met with in most flocks; and even belonging to the most humane planters there are overseers to be found to whom may well be applied the words of our immortal bard,—

"You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them."

Merchant of Venice.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SHARKS AT A PREMIUM.—THE LOSS OF A FRIEND.—CASSADA ;
WITH A TOUCH AT TAPIOCA.

HAVING spent an hour or two with this humane, respected and hospitable overseer, who pressed them much to stay and see the "rat and monkey catching," for which extensive preparations were made in an adjoining cane field,—a bit of capital fun that Jack most reluctantly was obliged to decline, as Mr. Carew (his friend's father) expected them to dinner with the other officers of the "Fowey," they returned to Bridgetown, where Jack heard of their mess-servant having been killed by a shark, which was matter of great regret to all on board, for he was superior to his station, and a general favourite. The unfortunate youth had ventured beyond the sail, which had been spread about five feet under water, and was bitten directly in two by a white shark (*squalus carcharias*); several muskets had been fired at the assailant, upon seeing the danger of the boy; but notwithstanding that several balls took effect, the monster's voracity urged him to his prey, and, almost in an instant, the surrounding waters were dyed with blood; nevertheless it made a second attempt to seize the other half of the poor fellow's body, but three or four of the boldest swimmers struck out, as if in defiance of the shark, and having seized the body by the arms, they dragged the remains within the limits of the sail, the boats in attendance having prevented the monster from following, or, from its enormous size, others might have fallen victims to their courage and humanity. The "Fowey's" officers and ship's company offered a reward of two hundred dollars to whatever fisherman or other person should catch the shark: and for several days every

possible endeavour was made, and a look-out kept from the mast-head by volunteers,—a service that every sailor in the ship readily took by turns ; but all without success. One of the same species was, however, taken and hauled on board ; twelve feet in length, with six rows of flat, triangular, and serrated teeth, very sharp ; the outer row erect, the other flat ; but the Barbadians aver that the animal raises or depresses them, as his appetite may be keen or otherwise. When the jaws were cleaned, the first lieutenant passed them over his shoulders, which barely touched them. The first thing a sailor does upon a shark being hauled on board is to cut off the tail with an axe, or much mischief might be done by so powerful a captive.

The remains of the poor lad were buried at Bridgetown, and many a kind-hearted Barbadian shed tears at the sailor's funeral. This poor lad's death threw an unusual gloom over the ship's company, and all dancing was suspended, by unanimous consent, for a week after the funeral. The day after the funeral Jack and his friend Carew, who had become inseparable, took another drive to the plantation ; for so well pleased was the Captain at Jack's shore-log, that he was allowed to stay on shore so long as the ship was moored, by way of encouraging him to make himself acquainted with matters of such general utility, as the old sailor considered the information which young Carew had enabled him to acquire.

"In the course of time, younker," said the Captain, "you may touch at places where what you see here may benefit their natives ; perhaps there are many islands where sugar, cassada, and arrow-root may grow in a wild state, and their uses be entirely unknown. What a benefit, then, you would confer by imparting to the islanders that very information you have already partly entered correctly in your diary, and which your excellent and clever young friend is so desirous to make you master of. I shall be delighted that your time at Barbadoes has been so well employed, and I promise that you shall see a dignity-ball at Jamaica.

"Now, then," said Jack, "I will learn all I can, without being colted into it, as Haultaut would have done, about his save-all fish concern. As I said before, 'The devil haul him

taut!" The object of the third visit to the plantation was the cassada grounds.

In point of beauty, although altogether of a different caste and colour to the sugar-cane fields, the cassada grounds deserved the second rank. Planted in quincunxes, the beautiful, but in its raw state deadly-poisonous cassada, was most grateful, from the deep green of its digitated leaves, to the eye of the visitor; for it almost imparted a degree of coolness to the air, even under a "ten o'clock" sun.

"Now then, my dear Carew," said Jack, "you may give me all the names you can for this beautiful shrub, if I may so call it, and I will chalk them down in *italics*; and I shall be very glad to see how it is prepared for use."

Carew ordered his attendant to break off a few stalks with the flowers on them, and they proceeded to the overseer's, where, after the usual preliminary of swizzle and sangaree, for Jack could not reconcile himself to the former, and "one must drink something," said Jack, "by way of fetching up lee-way for the loss of so much grease," (alluding to the excessive perspiration the exercise had promoted), Carew thus described the cassada, or, as called elsewhere "cassava," and in the French West India islands "*manioc*."

"This plant," said Carew, "is the *jatropha maniot* of Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist. This small white flower (stripping off the petals) belongs to the twenty-first class, *monoccia*, (pointing out that the term signified a single house, having male and female flowers on the same plant,) and of the nineteenth order, *monodelphia*, displaying the male flowers upon one set of united stamina."

"But," said Jack, "you forgot to tell Sambo to bring some roots as well as sticks and flowers;" certainly an oversight, but the cassada grounds were near, and in less than ten minutes Sambo returned with the roots and plant, or rather shrub, complete. Carew then pointed out that as the stick, or stalk, more properly speaking, was full of joints, plants would spring from every joint above ground, and roots strike downwards or horizontally below ground; and, therefore, in planting the *maniot*, or cassada, about fourteen or fifteen inches of the stalk sufficed; which being planted from eight to ten inches

below the surface, horizontally, (according to the plan at that time in use,) in the course of a very few days, the young shoots would appear; and, as the growth was very rapid, the planter's chief care was to keep the ground free from weeds. One great advantage is that the cassada will grow any where in a tropical climate; and the poorer the soil, the more wholesome the root.

The roots, about the size of parsnips, but not so tapering towards the end, having been carefully washed, and the brown skin peeled off, were grated upon a large copper grater; and a sufficient quantity to fill the press being rasped, a board suited to the top of the press, (which was about four feet long and two wide, the bottom and sides being perforated with holes,) being laid on, two negroes stood upon the top, and by their weight pressed the juice out into the receiver, a wooden pan about five-feet long, and three wide, (in some places horse-hair bags are used, and in others iron presses are now employed). The expressed juice was then allowed to settle. The *farina*, or the contents of the press, was then fit for use; and a circular iron plate, about eighteen inches in diameter, being heated by means of a charcoal fire between the props that supported it, a quantity of farina was sprinkled over the surface, which the negro levelled, and made "all de same size," with a whisk of split cane. As soon as heated on one side, he dexterously turned it with a flat piece of iron, and the cassada bread—the negroes' staff of life—was ready for use. About a hundred cakes of the thickness of passover biscuit, and of similar size, were ordered by the overseer to be prepared for Jack, and when ready, neatly packed in dried plantain leaves, and sent to Bridgetown, with specimens of tapioca made from the sediment of the cassada juice, and of casleep from the juice itself.

The process of making tapioca was most simple. The sediment of the manioc juice, after the liquid was poured off, having been dried in the sun, was, to all appearance, as white a flour as that of arrow-root, from which it could not be distinguished. The flour was then made into a thick starch, and sprinkled with cold water, and put into a towel over a pan of boiling water, covering it close. The steam soon converts it into viscid irregular masses, which must be dried in the sun,

until they become quite hard, when they are broken into small grains for use. But it should be recollected, that the cassada expressly selected for tapioca is that which produces no flower, which, although growing with the other, commonly called the bitter cassada, is known, by its never flowering, to be the sweet cassada, or *cammanioc* of the French. Linnæus makes no distinction; which may be merely accidental, as in the case of sweet and bitter almonds.

The cassada juice being boiled to the consistency of treacle, is transformed from the most deadly poison, (so deadly indeed, that pellets of flour and cassada juice will poison rats,) into a most wholesome sauce, called "casleep;" which, being seasoned with salt and pepper, is the *sine qua non* of the favourite West India "pepperpot;" and if put into wide-mouth bottles, will keep for any length of time, and in any climate.

Such then are the domestic uses to which a naturally deadly poison is applied: a proof, amidst the millions the creation affords, that there is nothing in that creation without its utility to mankind.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT SEA AGAIN.—TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT.—THE FORTUNE OF
WAR MUCH IMPROVED BY A GOOD PAIR OF HEELS.

A TRUCE to digression! The friends were about entering upon another article in the domestic economy of the Barbadians, when Jack's attention was drawn to the sound of a distant gun. A second, and several successive guns, were intimation enough; it was not a salute, and must be signal guns; and the "Fowey," being the only disposable ship except the Flag, was very probably getting under weigh!



Not a moment was to be lost; and, taking a hasty leave of the hospitable overseer, Jack and his friend were soon in their saddles, and at full gallop towards Bridgetown. On arriving in Bentley's lane, Jack espied old Palm coming out of Miss Sally Gill's with his portmanteau and linen. "Ship's off, Sir," said Palm; "arter a Frenchman cruizing off Nevis; Captain's gone aboard, and upwards of a dozen guns have been fired. She was unmoored, and hove short before I com'd ashore, and Mr. Fortescue ordered me to make all sail, and find you out to tell you."

Jack found all bills paid; and that, notwithstanding the hurry of departure, the old negro had not been forgotten, nor his kind-hearted hostess, by his *rough diamond* of an uncle. To the former half a dozen double pieces of salt pork, and as many of junk, a bag of biscuit, and a dozen of brown stout, the most acceptable of all

presents ; and some Madeira wine and porter, and a variety of other useful articles, to Miss Sally Gill.

The green cutter waited at the landing-place ; "bang" went another gun, and in five minutes Jack had taken leave of his kind friends, of all shades and colours, and was seated in the stern-sheets, directing the coxswain to "shove off."

The "Fowey" was soon under all sail "arter the Frenchman ;" but was unexpectedly in the midst of the enemy's squadron, upon the clearing up of a thick fog, on the third day after leaving Barbadoes. So near indeed was she to a French two-decker, as to be taken for one of their squadron ; for although she passed within three cables' length to leeward, not a shot was fired at her, nor was she chased by any of the numerous frigates and corvettes belonging to the squadron, which consisted of eight sail of the line, five frigates, and six large corvettes. Although the "Fowey" were all at quarters, the drum had not been allowed to be beaten ; several red caps, or sheltands, were distributed to the ship's crew, and the marines were rigged out in blue jackets during the *funk* that all hands were in ; and never was heavy rain and squally weather more acceptable than whilst in company with Villeneuve and Dumanoir.

The beautiful island of Nevis, rising from the sea, as a solitary conical mountain, but covered with verdure to its summit, has a splendid appearance from a passing ship ; but from the shore, the tract of level ground surrounding it, from whence the ascent is easy, is much greater than one would expect from a casual view from the offing. The enemy had not been seen, and it was evident that Port-au-Prince, in the island of St. Domingo, was *Monsieur's* object, and having given the necessary information at Nevis and St. Kit's, by a boat despatched from Nevis, the "Fowey" pushed on for Antigua and Port Royal.

The chief object being to give information of the enemy's squadron, the "Fowey" *cracked* on, all sail set, crank as she was, her lee-guns often under water, as if it was "neck or nothing ;" but she made no such haste to get away from the French squadron, and at first, when

in the midst of it, set exactly the same sail as the enemy, until she had so far headed them as to take advantage of the first clearing of the fog a-head to give them the "go-by."

Calling at St. John's, Antigua, the Redwing brig, which was lying there, immediately got under weigh; "topping the officer" over the acting commander, who was ordered to remain there till further orders. But under the circumstances of the enemy's squadron being at sea, not an hour's leave could be obtained; nor was a boat lowered, except the jolly-boat, for the First Lieutenant's morning's pull, to see how she looked about the bends. In *his* eye, there was no ship like the crank old "Fowey;" and certainly she had shown that she could either fight or run away; never was a ship sloop with a better "pair of heels" when occasion required them; and fortunate it was, that she had generally good weather when her heels were most wanted.

"The stag recalls his strength, his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head,
With these to' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet."—*Denham*.

The sailors had ample time for fishing. Crow-bar Joe was not a *shot or a screw polisher*, nor did he annoy his men by making his top-gallant and royal-yards fly up and down like lightning twenty-four times in three quarters of an hour in a tropical climate; and when his carronades were wanted, they did not bob up and down like a Chinaman's irrigating machine, because the screws of the guns were, as in certain crack ships, worn useless by emery and brick-dust. His grand object was two-fold, the health and comfort, (it might be called happiness,) and the efficiency of his ship's company, who were often heard to declare amongst themselves, during their meals and evening yarns 'pon the "fo'castle," and elsewhere, that they would prefer horse-junk and salt-water bull, under Crow-bar Joe, to fresh beef and double allowance of grog, under their old skipper Jemmy Linkum Feedle.

The discipline, concord amongst officers and men, and the general comfort of the "Fowey" appeared to have been established as if

"Form'd by some rule that guides but not constrains,
And finish'd more through happiness than pains."—*Pope*.

On the fifth day after anchoring at St. John's, the Leviathan, seventy-four, Captain John Thomas Duckworth, passed the harbour's mouth, and signalized "Fowey;" then telegraphed "Proceed forthwith to Port-Royal." Thus Jack was at Antigua, and left it, without adding one line to his shore-log, although he added a sketch of St. John's harbour, and of its hilly and undulating scenery to his sketch-book. The best fish caught by the ship's company was a red fish called "bull's-eye," a species of *holocentaurus*, and "cavallo" (*scombia trachurus*, L.) Upon the "Fowey's" arrival at Port Royal, she found the flag flying on board the Shark brig, which was roofed over for a hospital-ship, and not a pendant except her own flying in the harbour. News of the French squadron's arrival at Port-au-Prince had reached the Admiral before the Redwing's arrival, and every ship had sailed for that place; but, as it subsequently proved, to no purpose; for the enemy had returned to Europe, after destroying a convoy of sugar ships off Montserrat, and alarming several of the islands.

At Port Royal numerous visitors for "de officers' linen for wash," as at Barbadoes, came on board, and the best supplied bum-boats ever seen alongside a man o' war. Star apples, Jack fruits, sour sops, (*annona squamosa*,) sugar apples, (*annona mincata*,) custard apples, (*annona reticulata*,) alligator pears, pine apples, plantains in variety, bananas, guavas, melons, oranges, cashea apples, limes, shaddocks, mammy apples, cashew and pistachio nuts, &c. Of culinary vegetables,—callaloo, sweet potatoes, yams, cucumbers, mountain cabbage, capsicums, pumpkins, and okra (*hibiscus esculentus*,) in abundance; and for the epicure, flying-fish of a very large size, stuffed and baked, requiring nothing but oil and vinegar for immediate use. Fresh provisions and water were immediately supplied, but the ship was ordered "not to moor," and in that uncertain state little or no going ashore was to be expected.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DIGNITY AND A DUCHESS.—THE “CATALOGUE OF SHIPS,” NOT HOMER’S!—A BALL ON FOOT, WHICH MAY PROVE A “FOOT”-BALL.

HOWEVER, in about a week there were upwards of a dozen pendants, including three seventy-fours, in Port Royal, and the “Fowey” moored. Lots of painting and blacking bends, setting up the rigging, &c. In the evenings Port Royal was itself again, and that extraordinary equality amongst Captains, Lieutenants, and Midshipmen, neither known nor allowed in any other port in the world, at its zenith.

Jack, as “de Captain’s nevee,” was very kindly, and indeed graciously received by “de duchess ob Manchester;” who was, at the time of their calling, busily engaged with her secretary,—a most extraordinary animal in appearance, being but one-third man, and two-thirds ape. Indeed, Jack looked very hard at the *animal*, when he arose to hand chairs, to see if he had not a tail, and he expected to see the tip of it every time the wind blew aside the skirts “ob de segratary’s,” as the duchess called him, morning coat.

After the duchess had called Maria, and ordered her to *call* Rosa to *tell* Quakabimbo to come and pick up “dat pin,” (pointing to one on the floor,) which, however, Maria did not dare to touch, because she had only to do what she was commanded, refreshments were served upon splendid china and silver plate; in the meanwhile Jack sauntered about the room, looking at the numerous shells and “de picters,” at the same time giving ear to the following colloquy between “de duchess and de segratary.”

Duchess.—“Why de debil you not get de name ob de ships?”

Secretary.—"May la-dy, I not know."

Duchess.—"Den dam you, Sar, why you not know? What den de Captain's name?"

Secretary.—"May la-dy, please Gat, I not know?"

Duchess, (throwing the ink in his face, and over his snowy white vest.)—"Dat for your membry noder time, eh! dat make your member for forgit, eh?"

Jack pretended not to have witnessed the affair. The secretary bore all most submissively,—begged "toussand parns ob may la-dy," and, after wiping his face as well as he could with the ends of his huge cravat, the colloquy recommenced.

Duchess.—"I spose den you not know de Leeftnant's name?"

Secretary.—"No, may la-dy."

Duchess.—"Den, Sar, get de name ob de ships! member nex time." And away Jacko bolted from the indignant dignity-lady's presence.

Two or three Captains, as many Lieutenants, and one or two Captains of Marines, (for as yet the royal title, though long and well merited, had not been attached to their glorious corps,) and Jack, who had in half an hour become an especial favourite with the dingy hostess, notwithstanding her antipathy to "dem fellows as is called gentlemens board de ship," sat down to a splendid "turn out," the principal dish of which was grilled and devilled guinea-fowls, cold meats, tarts and sweetmeats, enough for the Junior United Service Club on a grand day, and passed the time agreeably enough until the secretary's return "wid de name ob de ships,"—a trouble which Jack could have saved him, but as he was not asked, he disliked the idea of what he called "spoiling sport."

In a most dignified manner the poor scribe was ordered by the duchess "out from de room! where him larn mannas? when her friends de officers was to dinna wid (her) my ladyship!" Making three profound bows, the poor devil backed out, and had to cool his heels in the verandah for nearly two hours; when all but Jack, who had quietly stretched himself upon a couch, proceeded in company to old Ferraud's, the watch-maker, (who had but recently made his

escape from a St. Domingo slaughter,) the general rendezvous at that period.

The secretary being "run in" by means of an old sheep-bell, cased in silver, which held a prominent part on the writing-table, made his report :—

1st.	De Magnifest.	Magnificent.
2d.	De Belly ruffian.	Bellerophon.
3d.	De Bomona.	Pomona.
4th.	De Benelove.	Penelope.
5th.	De Cockroar.	Conqueror.
6th.	De Fowey.	Fowey.
7th.	De Raddlesnick.	Rattlesnake.
8th.	De Cockdrice.	Cockatrice.
9th.	De Snaphim.	Snapper.
10th.	De Pinchhim.	Pincher.
11th.	De Gripehim.	Griper.
12th.	De Lurchhim.	Lurcher.
13th.	De Teazehim.	Teazer.

Jack set him right as to the five *last* names, but the poor secretary excused himself, much to Her Grace's satisfaction, by saying, "Dat not proper words before him lady duchess ; to pinch, snap, gripe, or tease de men, berry proper, but not to do so to de lady ;" and for a moment Jacko was, and only for a moment, again in favour.

Having resumed his secretarial chair, Jacko, spite of his ink-bespattered neck-cloth and waistcoat, took the pen to obey Her Grace's further commands, whilst young Jack feigned sleep.

Duchess.—"Now, den, first for de Armiral : begin, 'De Duchess ob Manchester request de honour (I spose must say so to de Armiral, doe I make him de honour ?) ob him company to dignity-ball, on Monday nex, seven o'clock de evening.'

"Now, den, same to Genral.

"Second, to de Captins ob de ships man o' wars : begin, 'De Duchess,' so on you go before, 'compliment, request de,' not say de honor to dem, say (here the secretary interlarded 'De pleasure, I 'spose.' Eh ? you spose ? you black blood in your face, rascal, why

you dare spouse, eh?—a very lady-like digression!) well den, ‘de pleasure,’ and so, on you go before.

“For dose people dey call Leeftnants, and dose oders what live under de Captin’s room in de ships, wid de Leeftnants : ‘De Duchess ob Manchester will do dem de honour to receive dem,’ and so, on you go before.

“Now, den, for all my troubles! For dem fellers what dey call ‘gentlemens’ aboard de ships man o’ wars, but what I calls berry mischee-rascals, break-em-glass, break everyting fellers, tell dem, ‘Her Grace ladyship, de duchess ob Manchester, will let dem have de honor to come to de dignity-ball, if dey not bring de shots, nor de peas, nor de cow-itch, and to bring de gloves wid dem, for dere hands black de lady gloves, and tick to dem, and to de lady fans, and not make bobbery and slap em hands in de middle ob de dance, and put de wind to de lights for make *hell in de room*; and tell dem to bring hap doubloon or not for come. Ebery reeper must bring hap doubloon. Now seal dem, and put de names ob de ships but leave black mark (meaning blank) for de Armiral and de Genral’s names. De Duke vill not come.”

“Now, Sar, you may go for dis morning, and wash ‘em face and hand, and put d ‘oder clothes.” Glad to make his escape, away went Her Grace’s secretary. Passing Jack’s sofa, Her Grace looked at him for a moment, soliloquizing, “Ah, you sleep, eh? I dare say you all de same de rest when you berry drunk;” and very soon after, Jack took his leave to make a trip to Kingston, to his uncle’s agents, Bogle & Co., when the Duchess bade him “Good morning! Gor bless you, my dear!”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OYSTERS GROW ON TREES!—THE VERMIN TAKEN BY THE HAND.
—A NEGRO'S CORRESPONDENT.

ON passing the shallows between Port Royal and Kingston, Jack was struck with surprise at the realization of an old story, about "oysters growing upon trees," which he had heard when a mere boy, and looked upon, even then, as fabulous. Before his face were thousands, and tens of thousands, three or four feet above water, and hanging to the mangrove trees as if actually their fruit. The mangrove seeds falling into the water take root in the shallows, and its branches there become covered with the spawn of oysters, which, increasing in size, are always exposed at ebb-tide, or low-water, from which circumstance arose the true story of oysters growing upon trees. At Kingston Messrs. Bogle & Co. received him with very great hospitality; and as his time was short, they appointed one of their head clerks (a man whose heart and soul were bent upon freemasonry) to show him about,—a task which Mr. Joe Jones performed *à merveille*; for thinking the midshipman's chief pleasure on shore was in eating and drinking, he so timed his calls at his various acquaintances, both in and out of town, that Jack's opinion of the Kingston people was just the same as Mr. Joe Jones's of himself, for wherever he introduced him, the family, whether at luncheon or dinner, seemed absorbed in the study of gastronomy, religiously bent upon the observance of St. Paul's maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow"—not a word about "dying," for at Jamaica it smells of the palisades.

At a very pretty villa, about half-a-mile from Kingston, on the road to St. Jago or Spanish town, distant about thirteen miles, Jack was introduced to a Spanish gentleman, who led the life of a recluse, whose museum was far superior to anything of the sort out of Europe. The largest specimen of the Iguana lizard ever known in the West Indies, was suspended from the ceiling; it measured seven feet eleven inches from the snout to the extremity of the tail; and the Senor Gonzales could also boast of the longest tail of the ray, (*squatina minor*, L.) ever seen in that part of the world, or in the bay of Honduras, where the animal it belonged to was caught. It was seventeen feet in length, and tapered gradually to a finer termination than a long four-in-hand whip.

Doctor (as the Senor was dubbed) Gonzales had been banished from Cuba at the instance of the inquisition, for having amongst his other books a curious old black-letter English Bible, which had been taken, about a century before, in an English schooner employed in smuggling off tobacco and cigars,—“*Cigarros torcidos de la Habana!*” And it was to his knowledge of botany that the roots of the *canna indica* (*var glauca*) or Indian shot, were first prepared into a very wholesome flour, equally, if not more nutritious, (but nevertheless altogether neglected by every one at Jamaica except himself,) than either the cassada, or the *maranta arundinacea*, or arrow-root,—the preparation of the *canna indica* being the same as the latter root. Doctor Gonzales was the first to prepare the green plantain, (*musa sapientum*) as a flour, during his sejour in Dutch Guiana, where it has been ever since employed in soups, hashes, &c., as a nourishing ingredient, giving a flavour of the plantain to whatever it is used in, and there called “*congontay*,” nevertheless, it is not yet known as an article of import from the West Indies.

In the same manner the preparation of okra powder, or flour from the vegetable of that name (*hibiscus esculentus*) common to all the West India islands, and known in the East by that of “*Bandika*.” The preparation of both is very simple; for it is merely to cut the okra into slices, and dry it in the sun,—the younger the better; and



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after peeling and slicing the plantain, to dry it in a similar manner, and pound or grind the dried pieces into flour. The okra is a chief ingredient in the *olla podrida* of the West Indian, called "Pepper-pot."

Jack amassed all the information he could ; for his young Barbadian friend had given him a taste for natural history, a desire to learn botany, and a full determination to return to school for a few years as soon as the "Fowey" should anchor again in old England. The determination much pleased his uncle, but old Haultaut looked upon him with the utmost contempt, for expressing a wish beyond working a day's work, keeping a dead reckoning, and making a sea-pie, chowder, or lobscouse. But the very occasion of Haultaut's contempt raised Jack in his uncle's estimation ; who, though a sailor himself,—a thorough disciple of old Benbow, Duncan, Howe and Jervis,—detested the sea for any one of the family's profession : a dislike founded upon his own disappointments, and the number of youngers, actually unborn when he "had passed for a lieutenant," who had been both made commanders and "posted" over his head ; and he had only consented to receive Jack under his care in the hope of *sickening* him of the sea and sea-service. The long yarns which travellers had been betrayed to spin merely from hearsay stories of the ignorant respecting centipedes, scorpions, and even lizards, were greatly ridiculed by Doctor Gonzales. Jack had no idea of being made an experiment of, not even to satisfy his own curiosity ; and all the learned Doctor's requests that "he would allow a centipede or scorpion to bite him," merely to display the Doctor's art in the cure, had no effect beyond Jack's usual reply, "Try it upon yourself." The Doctor directly ordered a centipede and scorpion to be caught and brought into the room, which was done in less than ten minutes. The scorpion was of the brown kind, and about three inches in length ; the centipede about five inches in length.

The Doctor first pressed the fore-finger of his left hand upon the back of the scorpion, which instantly inverted its tail, and punctured in two places deep enough to draw blood. Previous to this experiment, a glass of cold water and a basin were laid upon the table. Upon

receiving the wound, the Doctor immediately applied the finger to his mouth, and sucked, and spat out the saliva, rinsing his mouth each time for at least three minutes. He then took a bit of white stuff, resembling soda or common potass, which he bound over the wound : that done, the Doctor allowed the centipede to bite the little finger of his right hand, which he treated in the same manner ; and having directed his servant how to bind the finger, and tie the bandage over the wrist, he cried out in great good humour, "*Varros almongar, senores*,"—"Let us go to breakfast, gentlemen,"—which was a dinner to Jack and his Cicerone : and in about an hour and a half the bandages were removed, but not the slightest inconvenience was felt, although the punctures were plainly visible by little red specks. The Doctor said he had obtained the alkali (which he admitted it to be) by burning the branches of cocoa-nut trees in the usual way of preparing soda.

The Doctor's next display was a piece of originally white China silk, which he had dyed an imperial yellow, equal to that of the Emperor of the celestial empire's standard, with an extract from the leaves and stalks of the tomato plant (*solanum sycopersicum*) ; and another piece of silk he had dyed with the bruised petals of the *hibiscus rosa linensis*, both single and double varieties, (called in the West Indies *Martinique rosa*, and in the East Indies *shoe-flower*,) a deep and beautiful black ; but he did not explain the precipitate employed, nor the manner of fixing the colours to withstand the several tests he had exposed them to before his guests.

Jack was necessitated, for the sake of his own quiet, to keep his shore-gleanings to himself. He did not like being dubbed Doctor or A S S. by Haultaut and his messmates, either or both of which would inevitably have been the consequence of their knowledge of his pursuit of any information beyond the limits of Hamilton Moore and Brooke's Gazetteer. On taking leave of Doctor Gonzales, who forced upon Jack's acceptance a splendid edition of "*Dioscorides*," in Spanish, with plates, the Doctor informed him of his real name, and that he was connected with a large plantation in Hispaniola, whither he was about to proceed shortly ; and expressed his hope to Mr. Jones that

he might next meet him and his young friend at his estate there, where he might show them greater hospitality, and without any of the dangers to himself that would await him if he returned to Cuba.

A laughable occurrence took place regarding the name of Jones, upon their return to Kingston, which may amuse, *inter alia*, the reader. Jack having heard of the packet's arrival from Falmouth, went to the Post Office for the ship's letters; upon approaching which, he found the office blockaded. Amongst other very anxious persons for letters from England, was a tall but well-dressed negro near him, who was pressing forward, as if fearful of others getting his letters. Jack, addressing him, advised him "to have patience, and wait his turn;" at the same time hinting that "surely he could not expect many letters from England." "Beg your parn, Sare; I spect letters, two, tree years from my friend Mr. Jones." "What Mr. Jones?" inquired Jack. "Mr. Jones, Sare; everybody know my friend Mr. Jones, of No. 1, London!" That was enough to convince Jack the poor fellow was the dupe of some reefer's fun; and upon further inquiry he ascertained, that the moment a packet arrived, Black Jones (as the negro had been nick-named in consequence) was certain to be on the *qui vive* for letters from Mr. Jones, of No. 1, London; and had never failed to make the inquiries for upwards of three years!

Having received a quantity of letters for the ship's officers and crew, Jack bade adieu to his hospitable entertainer, and his excellent friend and Cicerone, who could not be prevailed upon to visit Port Royal; and getting to the wharf in time for the passage-boat, he got on board the "Fowey" before sun-set, and was praised for his thought about the letters, and promised a longer spell ashore next.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DIGNITY BALL.—A BLACK BLUE STOCKING.—NO MONEY, THOUGH
PLENTY OF *Shot* IN THE LOCKER.—A KICK-UP; AND ALSO A
TIE-UP.—A WET SHOT AT SMALL GAME.

JACK was both sorry and glad at the news that the "Fowey" was to sail on the following Wednesday for Morant Bay and Port Antonio, thence to Black River, off which she was to cruize for a week, where the packet would join her, and take convoy to Bermuda:—sorry, because he had not seen enough of even a very small part of the magnificent island of Jamaica, and would be deprived of a promised trip to the blue mountains and Spanish Town:—glad, because he was anxious to prosecute his studies before any further time was lost which might never be recalled.—Very extraordinary gladness in a midshipman! How he would have been quizzed, colted, and abused, had Haultaut even suspected he was so near "being lost for ever;" by becoming "a pick'd-up-along-shore chap, not worth his salt," or perhaps "bearing up for a lobster!" but "*De gustibus nil disputandum!*"

The Monday evening arrived, and nothing was or had been talked of except about "de duchess ob Manchester's ball," *alias*, Miss Sally Mason's; and some Captain being a "*ballahoo*,"—a name of great contempt among the faithful damsels of colour in their connexions with English officers, which means "faithless vagabond," running after "other men's wives." All are *wives* at Port Royal, and all *berry modest*.

At eight p.m., a party of about fifty, including Captains, Lieutenants, Marine officers, Pursers, Surgeons, Masters, and Midshipmen,





Jack at the Dignity Ball.

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who had collected together from their various "washerwomen's," at whose doors they had for two previous hours been comfortably seated, with cigars, sangaree, cold tankard, and swizzle, and in those comfortable round-back mahogany chairs for which Port Royal has been famed and famous since the days of Benbow and Boscawen,—with fiddlers at their head, and old "Lord Rodney," (an old black sailor, who served under Lord Rodney in the action with Count de Grasse,) wearing his brace of epaulettes, and "iron-bound castor," leading the van, sallied forth to the duchess's.

The duchess was in grand state, surrounded by "de dignity ladies" of all grades and colours, but splendidly dressed in Parisian fashions, and so elegant in their manners, as to startle Jack upon his entering the room for the first time: and really the dances were conducted admirably well, the ladies actually wearing kid gloves, silk stockings, and embroidered shoes, displaying the prettiest ankles and feet imaginable, and flirting their fans *à l'Espagnole!* and affording surprise and admiration to all the "Johnny Newcomes."

Standing next to Jack in the country-dance, with a very pretty Quadroon girl, (who called herself a daughter of de Honourable Hugh Lindsey,) was a marine officer, who happening to remark to his *fair* partner, that "her eyelids appeared heavy, as if she were fatigued," was answered, to his astonishment, by the lady, "What Prior say,

‘My heaby eyes, you say, confess,
A heart to *lub* and grief inclined!’

Eh? is dat true or lie?"

The marine was taken aback. Prior quoted by a Port Royal dignity lady, and orthography apart, correctly too! Surely the schoolmaster was abroad long before the nineteenth century! But the lady's last was a *poser!*

Supper was served in style, on matchless glass and china, and loads of silver plate; but a very extraordinary feeling pervaded "dem fellers what dey calls gentlemens aboard de ships man o' wars," upon a silver cake-basket being handed round to them for "deir hap doub-

loons," by Maria, "de head lady to de duchess," most of them having a *southerly wind* in their pockets ; they were, however, relieved by the music having struck up the "Triumph;" and, as if by word of command, every pocket seemed to have a hole in it for the emission of peas and small shot ; down came the ladies as well as gentlemen, pell mell ; some screaming at the bare thought of the accidental display of their *agility* ; others fainting ; whilst the "old birds" laughed heartily at the young ones' dire mishaps, amidst the thunders launched at all "reepers" by the indignant hostess. "Neber, neber, Genral, Armiral, Captins, neber, neber, let dem fellers come to de shore agin ; dey bring disgrace upon de King, and de Queen, and all de ships man o' wars !"

None present enjoyed the reefers' fun more than the very authorities to whom the duchess had so feelingly appealed ; and some of the latter had supplied the small shot from old Ferraud's store, for the middies to "carry on the war," and astonish the natives at "de dignity ball !"

On the Wednesday, as ordered, the "Fowey" got her supplies of fresh beef and vegetables on board, and weighed anchor for Morant Bay, and Port Antonio, where nothing but visiting took place, except the execution of a slave at the former place, by hanging him to a tree without the attendance of either priest or Obeah, and with scarcely a dozen spectators ; which latter circumstance either spoke volumes for the humanity of its numerous inhabitants, or showed that it was too common a sight to be worth attending.

Morant Bay is a commodious anchorage at the eastern extremity of the island, and the neighbourhood is very hilly, but the country is fertile ; and the sugar-cane, chocolate nut, (*theobrome cacao*), allspice or pimento, cotton, ginger, turmeric, coffee, indigo, maize, and cassada, thrive luxuriantly. At this place Jack made a beautiful collection of humming-birds, (*trochilus colubris* and *trochilus minimus*, L.,) by shooting them with water ; but the best mode is by blowing small earthen pellets at them, with a wooden cylinder about four feet long, having a calibre about the size of a small pea : it is scarcely possible to miss one's aim at a dozen paces. For shooting



with water, the gun is loaded with a small charge of powder, with a piece of old hat or felt wadding, over which a wine-glass of water is poured; but as it would be impossible to shoot horizontally with water, a kneeling position is necessary; and as the humming birds fly in numbers together, several may be brought down with one charge.

The nests and eggs of those beautiful creatures are worth collecting. Innumerable blue lizards, and some variegated lizards of resplendent colors run about the sands, and are easily caught by a small hair noose, or a running or bowling-knot, at the end of a common fishing-rod; and, if for preservation in spirits, the animal should be put into a bottle, suspended as caught, and rum or spirits of wine poured in, by which much spirit is imbibed before death puts a finishing stroke to its tortures.

At Port Antonio a sort of wild Irishman, who was also a Justice of the Peace, kept a tavern at the top of the hill. Whilst the "Fowey's" were at dinner there, a very pretty slave girl was brought

before his worship, (one of his own,) who had absented herself for several days, and upon being brought back, was ordered to be whipped. Flogging a man was a very rare thing indeed on board the ship; and flogging a girl was ten thousand times worse! They remonstrated with his worship,—all in vain,—flog her he would! “Well then, put it off,” said they, “till we go on board; and come in and take some wine with us.” Champagne was not spared, which, at three dollars a bottle, insured him a good profit, and to which he “laid his sides.”

Having got “Mister Justice o’ Pace Pat” into a good humour, he promised to let the girl off with a mark only, instead of flogging her first, and marking her afterwards. And finding all further applications vain, they offered to purchase her freedom. That would not do: the mark must be made, if only for example’s sake; and surely no Newgate Jack Ketch ever went more deliberately to work, or was more *au fait* at it, than Mr. Justice o’ Pace Collins.

Having ordered the poor girl’s back to be lubricated with oil, he heated a silver brand, bearing his initials in two-inch letters, over a saucer of burning rum, with which he dexterously touched the skin of the slave-girl, and thereby affixed an indelible mark upon his property! Humanity shudders!

At Port Antonio Jack was shown the white-wood of Jamaica, which neither worms nor insects will touch. But the island is rich in a variety of woods of value, such as mahogany, cedar, fustich, manchineal, red-wood, and japan; in salt, dyes, and drugs; in cattle, game, fish, and indeed in every thing, even in its variety of climate, to please the eye or gratify the taste. Jamaica at once affords an ample field for the enjoyment of nature and for the improvement of the mind.

The bread-fruit tree (*astocarpus incisa*) is well-adapted to the climate; but the Government, which employed the “Bounty” to convey it from Otaheite, might have had equally abundant supplies from the then Dutch colony at Ceylon, at less expense and much less risk in its transit.



Justice O'Pace Pat & the Slave Girl.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

A QUEER FISH IN A BUCKET.—A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—
HAULTAUT HAS A RIGHT TO SCRATCH HIMSELF.

ONCE again in blue water, and clear of the islands, Jack's eternal plague Haultaut determined, as he called it, "to fetch up lee-way with the colt," to which Jack's back had been a stranger ever since he had had the fever at Barbadoes; and by way of "trying it on," he squirted tobacco-juice over every line of Jack's shore-log. "What the devil have you to do with sugar-making, except it be the rum part *on* it, younker?" said he; "and as to tapioca and the t'other trash, and crocodiles and serpents, you had better mind wot's more ship-shaped; or one o' these squally days, if ever there be such fools at the *Admirtree* as to make you a skipper, you'll be coming it broadside on upon Cape Flyaway. Making arrow-root pap, eh? by and by, 'bolishing the slave-trade, I 'spose, and making the niggers wear red caps, now the French begin to tire on 'em? Aye, aye, there'll be enough of *that* work by and by, just as the saint Domingo fellows are a trying it on, perhaps now, or before long, along the Jamaiky coast. Howsomever, if the skipper likes to make a 'shore-lout' of you he may, for all I care: the devil himself will never make a sailor of you!" and giving Jack a parting whack, he went on deck to "see the grog sarved;"—the best time in the day to him, for two senses were regaled at once, the smell and the taste;—for he was one of those who would have wished the sea and every river made of rum,—the woods and fields of tobacco,—and if asked for a third wish, would be so very much at a loss, as to pause whether it should be for more tobacco or more rum!

Haultaut's words sunk as deep into Jack's mind as his colt had done into his back ; and, whether from disgust, or that the love of study predominated, he could not determine ; but most glad would he have been to exchange sea for school, where he might, by application, have some hope of realizing the wishes of his Barbadian friend Carew. The prospects of peace however made that object not very distant in the perspective of the political scene.

Haultaut, bent upon mischief, seemed to give in to the younker's views upon natural history ; and, when opportunity offered, he managed to catch a Portuguese man o' war (erroneously called the "purple nautilus" by some authors) in a bucket, and gave it to Jack to "put into spirits with the other varmints that he had got in a pickle bottle, and list of 'em in his shore-log." Jack was much pleased at Haultaut's kindness, and began to alter his opinion of that amphibious creature ; and without any dread or idea of danger, he dipped his hand into the bucket, and laid hold of the "pretty pink-looking Portuguese man o' war," (*polypus*) which instantly returned the compliment, by throwing its *tentacula* over the naked arm and wrist which Jack had bared that he might not wet his jacket, (being rigged for dining in the cabin) ; the gripe made him sing out lustily for assistance. Half a dozen knives were instantly at work to release him ; but the *tentacula* were very numerous, and nothing would do except by immersing the arm in the bucket, when the animal, restored to its native element, gradually relinquished its hold. But the effect was of a most painful description ; for had he fallen into a bed of sting-nettles, his arm could not have been more dreadfully blistered ; and the itching that ensued was the very *acme* of prickly-heat torment. Recollecting the advice he had originally received when first he joined the "Billy," he treated the matter with greater indifference and philosophy than his messmates supposed possible. Dissolved pipe-clay and blue, which the marines used for their belts, being at hand, Jack begged old Palm to "*pay it well* over the arm ;" and before the drum announced the cabin dinner, he was able to do the duty to which that *beat* would summon him.

After dinner Jack, with the Doctor's assistance, found the Linnæan

name for his stinging acquaintance, and opened his shore-log to make an entry of his remarks, when the filthy and disgusting state in which some brute had left it, (and that no one could be that brute except Haultaut he felt convinced) made him determine to let his tormentor know something of the intolerable itching he had that day experienced.

Haultaut had overheard Jack's suspicions, and, as usual, began to "colt them out of him," apparently with some effect. However, *chacun a son tour*,—Haultaut had the middle watch; Jack prepared his nest for him; and, as the former was a despiser of sheets, the blankets of his hammock insured all the success that the most mischief-loving reefer could wish for.

Whilst shooting banana-birds at Port Antonio, Jack had very carefully cut and stowed away some cow-itch beans (*dolichos pruricus*, L.,) that he fell in with in the woods, from the pods of which he scraped sufficient cow-itch for his purpose, which he scattered over Haultaut's under blanket, at the time that the latter was busily employed at supper, and his usual "mosquito dose to keep it well under." After which he turned in, and for about ten minutes all was quiet. "I say, younker, hand a light here! d——n me, if some of that 'ere Portuguese man o' war ha'n't found its way here into my nest!" Jack accompanied the rest, but nothing could be seen, except very short hairs, "that could not possibly do any harm;" and a second time Haultaut laid himself down, and "slewed upon his starboard side" to sleep, if possible. In about five minutes, out he jumped, and raved like a madman; at the same time scratching himself *totis unguibus*. Pipe-clay and blue were called for; and as Jack had been relieved by it in the afternoon, the corporal of marines was set to work, under promise of a bottle of rum, to "pay" the sufferer all over with the same mixture, Haultaut heartily cursing every thing the West Indies produced, save and except rum and tobacco; which still held their sway, spite of the "ten thousand devils" that he declared had got hold of him. The word had been passed, and "Butcher," "butcher," resounded through the decks: the gun-room officers left their suppers, the boatswain, carpenter, gunner, and

marine sergeant, and corporals, joined the "gentlemen" in sympathizing with the suffering mate, of whom the very ghostlike appearance was most ludicrous,—one consoling him with, "Be thankful it is no worse;" another, "Depend upon it you have caught the nigger's itch," and conscience told him that was very likely; a third, "If you escape the jiggers too, you will be lucky;" a fourth, "There's nothing like following your own advice, 'grin and bear it;'" and at last Jack very feelingly asked him, if "he had stowed away *his* shore-log any where? for that amongst its leaves there were nearly a thousand legs of centipedes, and scorpion stings. "Then," roared out Haultaut, "I'm a dead man! Lord have mercy upon my poor soul! for (shaking his hammock) here is the cursed book," which fell upon the deck, every one jumping out of its way as if it had been the "great American sea-serpent." "Revenge is sweet," thought Jack, "and a little frightening does a tyrant no harm." The pipe-clay and blue cured him, and the next day Haultaut's bedding was towed overboard for a whole watch, his hammock scrubbed, and laid upon the launch-covering to dry; and it really wanted the scouring it received.

Haultaut's appearance after being pipe-clayed, his fiery jib-boom being left untouched either by the cow-itch or whiting, reminded one, *parva componere magnis*, of Swift's maggot:—

"As when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE "FOWEY" IN LUCK.—A PRIZE, A DISAPPOINTMENT, AND
RETURN TO SPITHEAD.—JACK A LEGATEE.—TURNS IDLER, AND
SEES SERVICE.

THREE weeks after the cow-itch infliction, the "Fowey" fell in with the fleet, under Lord St. Vincent, and was ordered to Gibraltar with despatches; which having been unexpected, was a most agreeable surprise to all on board, and induced the hope of being sent up the Mediterranean. Never was delight more plainly depicted than upon the countenances of all the "Foweyes," from the Captain to the cabin-boy; and it was increased by the sight of a strange sail the morning after she had left the fleet; which, upon being seen, or rather upon seeing the "Fowey," stood directly before the wind; and as that would have taken her out of her proper course, the enemy would have escaped, if it had not suddenly become calm. "Out all boats," and as every officer and man were volunteers, the First Lieutenant had to select his boats' crews and marines.

In about an hour after the boats had shoved off, pulling in line abreast, Monsieur up with the "tri-color," and fired a round shot, which did not fall within a mile of the boat; soon afterwards he tried a second, a third, a fourth, and successive guns; all which, though well directed, had no effect. Jack being refused permission to go on the boating match, took post upon the fore-top-mast cross-trees, where he commanded a fine view of the scene, and saw every shot fall. At length, grape and canister flew like hailstones about the boats, and the signal of recall was ordered to be bent, then hoisted a few feet 'bove deck; another peep through the telescope, and "Hold

on there with the recall." Then seeing the boats form the line a-head, and the enemy sweep round and give a broadside, at the same time the boats firing musketry, the Captain's anxiety was at its height. "Well done, my glorious fellows!" said he; as if the men in the boats could have heard him. "Now, Fortescue, one on each bow, and one on each quarter, and the brig's your own!" These words had scarcely escaped him, when the very manœuvre was executed; another broadside followed, and the boats, hoisting their colours, were in less than two minutes in possession of "*La Liberté*," pierced for sixteen, but mounting fourteen twelve-pound carronades, and one traversing long eighteen pounder a midships! The loss of two men killed, and five wounded on board the enemy, was all that occurred; for again, not a man of the "Fowey's" was hurt, except by the accidental discharge of a marine's musket, which gave the bowman an awkward scratch on the starboard cheek.

Steering direct for Gibraltar, prize in company, the "Fowey" answered signal, and exchanged numbers with "Revenge," seventy-four, cape Spartel in sight; and then telegraphed, "Charged with despatches for Gibraltar." But that would not do; signal "to speak" was made, and in half an hour the Captain and despatches were on board the "Revenge;"—ominous indeed to all on board. "No Mediterranean for us!" spread like wildfire through the ship; and all hope was abandoned the moment the Captain's phiz was reconnoitred, *per* telescope, upon his leaving the "Revenge" on his way back. In a very gloomy humour he mounted the sides, and ordered the course to be altered. "We are to cruize on and off Trafalgar for a week, Fortescue; and if not countermanded, present orders are for Portsmouth direct."

The week passed over without any occurrence worth notice; and in ten days from that period the old "Fowey" was once more anchored at Spithead; from thence ordered to the harbour, and "paid off all standing." "Crow-bar Joe" was superseded, but with great approbation expressed by the Admiralty, through Admiral Milbank, the commander-in-chief, *alias* "Port Admiral;" and with the good wishes of every officer and man, the former of whom gave

him a splendid dinner at the "Crown," and the latter hearty cheers and blessings, instead of *blastings*, at parting, retired upon six or seven shillings a day, to enjoy that peculiar pleasure derived from *growling*, (when there is ample cause for it, as there was in *his* instance,) which none but growlers know.

Jack had not forgotten the butcher, and sent on shore all his "pickled varmints," as Haultaut called his specimens in natural history, by one of the first shore-boats, to Mr. Salter's care, to save them from being "chucked over-board," by the tyrant of the colt, whose oakum reign was at an end. Nevertheless, there was something in Haultaut's composition that nobody could altogether dislike; and, as he was wont to say, "Why, who the devil expects lavender and honey from a fellow wot came in at the hawse holes; I was none of your cabin-window freight." Such downright sincerity told well. He was a thorough-bred sailor, without, as he called it, "any sort of larning, or cant, or humbug,"—and may the old Benbow breed never fail for want of encouragement!—brave, careless, generous to a degree, but a most uncompromising tyrant over the youngers. "Cause, why?" said he, to old Palm; "if a day-mate doesn't make 'em *feel* what he *can* do, why them 'ere fellows wont mind him no more than a worn-out dog-vane." True enough, thought Palm, although he did not say so; for he considered Jack had been too often colted when he had done nothing to deserve it.

Jack's first shore call at Portsmouth was at Mr. Salter's, from whom he learnt that his friend the butcher had "changed planets" in a fit of apoplexy, but had left him five hundred pounds; which determined Jack to acquire all the knowledge he could, and prepare himself for college, without putting his parents to expense for that purpose. As nothing further was to be learnt at the old Caleb Quotem's academy, from which he had first become one of the "King's hard bargains," Jack entered himself at a grammar-school, celebrated for the best masters, and most liberal treatment. But he had scarcely been three years at his studies, ere a restless disposition, which the new war that had called Europe once again to arms, had excited, determined him to abandon all ideas of college, and a quiet life, for the orlop-deck of a man of war.

But maternal intervention, in the shape of the most urgent and earnest prayers that he would abandon the life of a midshipman, and turn Parson; recalling to mind his uncle Walter's death at sea, as a reason for the one, and his uncle Henry's marriage with the daughter of the Bishop of —, for the other; and if the black coat would not please, urging the promise of immediate appointment which had been made by Lord Gastier, afterwards Earl of Galloway, a Lord of the Admiralty, as an IDLER:—but what that appointment was, is, as old Haultaut would have said, "Neither here nor there." The last proposition was successful; Jack regretted bearing up for an Idler but once, that *once* during life.

The first service Jack saw as an idler, and he was then but a looker-on from the fore-top-sail yard of the ship he belonged to, was the gallant fight shown by Mons. Le Soleil's squadron of five frigates and two brigs of war off Rochfort, on the 26th of September, 1806; and surely never were ships of *any nation under the sun* better fought, when opposed to British line-of-battle ships, than the "*Minerve*," "*L'Armide*," "*La Gloire*," and "*L'Indefatigable*," on that day; and if their consorts had not run away, showing more regard for the military chest on board "*Le Thetis*" than the honour of the tri-color of the empire, the "*Mars*," "*Polyphemus*," "*Monarch*," and "*Centaur*," unable to open their lower deck-ports, would have had a little warmer work of it, though warm enough while it lasted; and Monsieur perhaps have got off altogether. The brave commodore, Sir Samuel Hood, lost his right arm; but the capture of the four frigates, full of troops, did not compensate for the general disappointment of the squadron; for when the ships cleared for action during the night, it was in the full anticipation that the enemy in sight would prove to be Admiral Villaumez's squadron of seven sail of the line, returning from the West Indies, instead of such inferior game. Jack, however, found it very agreeable to share in the prize-money as an idler, the difference between which and the amount he would have been entitled to had he still been a reefer, was so very considerable, as in some degree to compensate him for, if it did not quite reconcile him to, the change of berths.



USS Monitor's Engagement Sept. 19th. 1862.

1. [REDACTED]

2.

3.

4.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.—A MOORISH AMBASSADOR, "*in hoc est hoax.*"—THE WHOLE PARTY "DONE IN MOROCCO," WITH THE GILT OFF.—RETURN ON BOARD.

FROM cruising off Rochfort in the depth of winter, to the bay of Cadiz, the change was delightful ; notwithstanding the monotony of a blockading service, still there were ways and means of killing time, by getting up plays and newspapers, scribbling clubs, &c.

Lord Collingwood had exhausted his budget of schemes for decoying the enemy from their strong holds, by detaching ships, some for water at Gibraltar and Tetuan, or rather, Mazora bay, and elsewhere, to no purpose ; and therefore, whilst ready for action at a moment's notice, the ships' companies' were amused by theatrical representations, which were executed in a manner worthy of any provincial theatre at home.

Nor were the efforts of genius less conspicuous in getting up the dresses and decorations, than in performing "John Bull," "Taming of the Shrew," "Revenge," and "Road to Ruin;" and the extraordinary metamorphose of bunting of all colors, officers' sheets, and pocket-handkerchiefs, drew forth the hearty plaudits of a determined-to-be-pleased audience. The Admirals personally supported and encouraged theatricals. The "Excellent's" theatre was worthy of her name ; the old "Windsor Castle's" ranked next ; but all who for the time wore the sock and buskin on board the various ships of the fleet, did ample justice to their respective parts. There was no occasion to give the players Hamlet's advice, "to those that play clowns to speak no more than is set down for them ; for there be of them

that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of spectators to laugh too ; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered."

The newspapers were interchanged as opportunities offered ; and contained much ready wit, and excellent comments upon the relative positions and feelings of the enemy's ships' companies, snug in port, and as closely watched as "a cat would a mouse ;" and of those who played *cat*, their admirably printed columns, which displayed uncommon talent and tact in penmanship, were never prostituted to scandalous and malevolent purposes ; nor was ever Editor subjected to a "cobbing," for none deserved it as many picked-up-along-shore Editors eternally do, but seldom get,—so much the better for them and the worse for the public.

There was something noble in the warfare of the time. The people of Cadiz were all Roman catholics ; and the want of fish would have been very severely felt by those who had no share in bringing the miseries of war upon their country, had the fishing-boats been deprived of their fishing-grounds. The boats therefore freely came off, and fished as if peace instead of war prevailed ; and, in return, brought off supplies of oranges, lemons, figs, eggs, poultry, and vegetables, at a moderate price ; and the officers' linen was taken ashore and washed, and safely returned in the following week.

For supplies of fresh beef the fleet depended upon the good humour of the Emperor of Morocco. Bullock vessels belonging to the fleet obtained supplies of small cattle (something larger than a Newfoundland dog) at Tangier, which answered very well for soup and *bouilli*, and were acceptable.

But in the midst of getting up plays and newspapers, Turkish *balls* were talked of, and a squadron soon afterwards detached upon particular service, was ordered to rendezvous at Mazora bay,—of which squadron Jack's ship was one, although by no means a "flier."

The Emperor of Morocco having sent out a variety of presents to Lord Collingwood by one of his "headmen," His Excellency was to be landed at Mazora Bay ; and as the Captain of Jack's ship held the Moors and Turks "*all* the same as *one* to him," as he expressed him-

self, in great abhorrence, the dignified Moor, as he was then believed to be, became a guest at the ward-room table. The cause of the Captain's hatred no one could possibly imagine. Now, it is well known that a Turk, or a Moor, or a Jew will eat the forbidden meat, provided it be not called *pork*. There may be, and no doubt are, conscientious persons of each nation who are also good judges of the meat styled by the great Lawgiver "unclean;" and who are not to be deceived themselves, or desirous to "cheat the devil." But Abdul Hamed *tucked* down pork chops, roast pork, curried pork, pork pies, and pigs's-head mock-turtle, perfectly satisfied with their being called "veal" this and "veal" that. Wine he swallowed as English "sherbet;" and, as the old Master expressed himself, "took his whack, and bore it off as well as the parson himself!"

From the time of Abdul Hamed's reception on board, to his leaving the ship at Mazora Bay, his invitations to Tetuan, and his promises of the most splendid presents for the officers to send to their ladies and families in England, kept pace with the stories of the high position he held in the Emperor's favour, and the powers entrusted to him at the court of Mequinez, its abode at that period. The dignity of a Moorish ambassador was a guarantee with the unsuspicious officers for his veracity.

But whilst on the subject of ambassadors, a little digression may be allowed, to relate an anecdote of a high diplomatic personage, who, between the years 1800 and 1808 was despatched on a mission to the Mediterranean; it matters not to what power, but the said personage was a representative of his sovereign, and passenger in a sloop of war.

Now every one who has seen service in the neighbourhood of the Gut of Gibraltar during war with Spain, knows what Spanish gun and row-boats are, and that Tariffa is a famous haunt for them; from whence they come out and attack even line-of-battle ships when becalmed. His Excellency considered his personal safety of such very great importance to the service he was proceeding upon, (for surely it is not to be supposed that any diplomatic representative of George III. would be deficient in *proper pluck*,) that he begged the

Captain "to point out a safe place for him during the action." "Why then, if your Excellency requires a very safe place, I would say in the magazine or the hold." His Excellency chose the latter berth, being of the same opinion about gunpowder, as the "Popinjay" who tormented Hotspur:—

"That it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow hath destroy'd
So cruelly."

King Henry IV.

The shot flew about, riddled the sails, cut the running rigging, and occasionally hulled His Majesty's sloop. But what could be done with carronades against long thirty-two pounders? and the sloop had but two long nine pounders! However, the largest boat appeared disposed for closer quarters; and the Captain was, as Sir Richard Strachan had expressed himself, upon a former occasion, quite "delighted;" and as soon as he thought the long nines would *tell*, the gallant skipper called out, "Stand by your guns, my boys; watch well the roll of the brig, and fire as your object rises. No hurry-scurry."—"Bang! bang!" Two guns were enough for His Excellency, who, popping his head (what an effort of self-possession!) about six inches above the combings of the hatchway, sent word by a midshipman to the Captain, to beg him "not to irritate the gun-boats!"

"*Revenons à nos moutons*," as Monsieur says. Soon after the ship's arrival at Mazora Bay the usual watering party was despatched to the beach, where a tent was rigged with studding-sails and booms for the marine guard to prevent the blue-jackets straggling; whilst the Moorish guard looked out for smugglers; for every article over and above a certain quantity of stock and fruit allowed duty free, was liable to duty, even to an orange! As many officers as wished to visit Tetuan, that the ship's duty could spare, accepted the ambassador's pressing invitation; and the barge and pinnace being manned,

His Excellency took leave, and, upon the barge shoving off, received the usual salute. On passing the square Moorish tower, at the entrance of the Tetuan river, another salute, but of only four guns, was fired, or rather squibbed off, much to the amusement of the blue-jackets, a salute which may well be described by phiz! phiz! phiz! phiz!

Arrived at the Custom House, the ambassador expressed himself, in Spanish, delighted at British hospitality, took down the names of all the officers, in order to submit them to the Emperor, and giving certain orders in Moorish, which he interpreted to the English friends, thus:—"I have ordered a horse and cavalry soldier for each, they will be here in about an hour-and-a-half. I will proceed to Tetuan, and give the necessary orders to my domestics to prepare for your reception, *à l'Español*; and upon your arrival there, I must, as the Spaniards say, beg you will use my castle, horses, and servants as your own. For the present, farewell!" Then mounting a splendidly-caparisoned horse, and attended by four horse-soldiers, grotesquely habited in gregos of coarse hair-cloth, with cowls, like those worn by the Franciscan brotherhood, his Excellency started at full gallop, saluted by the hearty cheers of those "for whom the Emperor would certainly do a great deal!" "How considerate His Excellency was! what a trump! how ridiculous the Captain made himself in disliking such a fine fellow!" were the general and unanimous expressions of the moment.

But whether British impatience made the time passed in waiting for the promised horses appear longer than usual, or that a delay was purposely made, certain it was, that nearly two hours had been expended ere the Moorish guards and barbs were ready for them. However, there was one consolation for all! His Excellency's "turn-out" would be the better for the delay, and their appetites keener for the good things which his promised hospitality insured.

The caparisons of the horses were as fine as scarlet cloth and ornaments could make them; but the saddles were more like packs, than what Jack and his messmates had been accustomed to from Plymouth and Portsmouth livery stables. Nevertheless, as there was reason in

everything, the peaks of the saddles were surely for some good purpose ; but there was no accounting for the stirrup-irons bringing one's knees level with the seat. When, however, the stirrup-lastings, (for leathers they had none) were lengthened *ad libitum*, the capacious irons, nearly the length of the foot, insured great comfort to the rider. At the word "Godah," from the guards, the cavalcade started at full gallop; but about half way to Tetuan, suddenly halted, or, as the master described it, brought up all standing. This sudden manœuvre proved the great benefit of the high peaks to the saddles, for without them every Gaiour would have been pitched over the bows.

The country on both sides of the Tetuan river was barren and uncultivated ; the wild shrubs were leafless, and covered with an infinitude of snails from top to bottom : and, at low water, the muddy banks of the river appeared as if in motion, from the myriads of toads which infested them.

The Custom House was unworthy of notice, except for its filthy external and internal appearance : the sacred stork had built in its roof, and the whole neighbourhood was redolent of everything the nose abominates.

Upon the arrival of the party at the entrance guard-house at Tetuan, the Jews who accompanied them were compelled to take off their slippers, and walk into the town barefoot. Not even the British Vice-Consul, who was also a Jew, was exempted from that degradation. The Jews are not allowed to wear, (or paint their houses) of the same colors as their tyrants, the Moors ; and endure the basest usage with the most quiescent submission. What say ye to this, ye Rothschilds, Samuels, Cohens, Raphaels, and Montefiores of the Regent's Park and Whitechapel, (*quelle melange !*) to the degraded state of the people of Israel in Barbary ?

And what say the people of England to the Vice-consular dignity of Great Britain and Ireland being entrusted, and, in time of war, at a place of such great importance to the interests of the navy, to an ignorant uneducated Barbary Jew ?—a nation held in contempt, and the most abject slavery throughout Barbary, although not denominated



slaves. The ambassador had not arrived, was not expected, nor was any such personage known! "Not known! his Excellency Abdul Hamed, the Emperor's favourite, who had been despatched with imperial presents to Admiral Lord Collingwood, received with honors on passing the fort at the entrance of the Tetuan river, and whose horses they rode, not known! *Carajo!*—Bear up for the Vice-Consul's; the rascally Jew interpreter is humbugging us!" And away galloped the party to the Vice-Consul's, followed by all the Jews and rabble of Tetuan.

Although nothing could be meaner in external appearance than the Vice-Consulate of Great Britain at Tetuan, or more homely than the Vice-Consul's residence, Senor —, as he was there called, received his English visitors with great cordiality, and treated them with the utmost hospitality; the more grateful to them, after a disappointment which all the sea-language at command could not adequately express. But when the Vice-Consul had heard their statement, and the name

of Abdul Hamed, the promised reception *à l'Espagnol*, &c., &c., he laughed outright; at the same time making some very far-fetched apologies for being so much amused at their expense. But when he informed them that Abdul Hamed was merely a courier from Prince Muley Soliman, the heir-apparent to the Emperor; that the salute at the castle was nothing but the scaling out damp powder from the guns, accidentally, at the moment of their passing; that Abdul Hamed had passed Tetuan without halting, but not nearer than two miles; that he had neither castle, nor horses, nor servants; that his Excellency had literally treated them *à l'Espagnol*, for that all such offers were merely a common Spanish compliment, without a meaning; and that the horses and soldiers were hired, and must be paid for by themselves upon returning to the Custom House, to the tune of eight dollars each, including the soldier,—a general laugh succeeded. Instead of his disappointed auditors giving way to indignation, or feeling further disappointment, they agreed amongst themselves to learn Spanish, after such a first lesson; and to enjoy the strongly-proffered hospitality of the Vice-Consul, to which their being so completely "Haggi Baboed," would give additional zest.

The party however determined to keep Abdul Hamed's treatment to themselves. They *might* praise the Tetuan hospitality, and their messmates would set it down to his Excellency the Moorish ambassador, who, after all, proved himself, as he had shown by the pork and wine he devoured and drank, what he actually was, a Spanish renegado; for they well knew the quizzes a detail of their trip would draw upon themselves; and felt that a similar remark to that made by Queen Elizabeth to the Coventry Address, in concluding her answer, would in justice be applied to them all,—“Good lack what fools ye be!”

Having unanimously agreed upon this point, and a very decent repast, considering the naturally filthy habits of the Tetuan Jews, amongst which was a tea-kettle full of boiled eggs, being served up, the Vice-Consul's pretty black-eyed daughters were introduced, and did the honors *à merveille*. The father was hospitable, but extremely ignorant; for he asked “if England was not bigger than

France and Spain and Russia together ; and if the Russians were not man-eaters, and worshippers of idols ?" He was, however, an excellent gardener, and gardening his hobby. An opportunity for Jack to learn something, and add to his shore-log, for future use elsewhere, was not to be lost ; and whilst his messmates paraded the narrow streets of Tetuan, with all the boys of the place at their heels, as if they were so many wild beasts, he accompanied the Vice-Consul to his garden ; for the figs and pomegranates upon his table were so much larger than any that Jack had ever previously seen, that he made it a matter of special inquiry.

The Vice-Consul readily pointed out the means employed to increase the size of those fruits, for the maturity of which nature required assistance in certain climates. The fig, for instance, having its flower within the fruit, required atmospheric air to enable the flower to expand, which consequently increased the size, and improved the flavour of the fruit ; but where, as in this case, the insect through whose agency the Neapolitan, Sicilian and Turkey figs ripened was not known, he adopted artificial means, by dipping a spine from an orange or lemon-tree into olive oil, and puncturing the fig with it.

The pomegranate also, having a very hard rind, was in equal need of assistance ; and a slight incision being carefully made, as it approached maturity, the size of the fruit and its juices would become materially increased, and when perfectly ripe, the incision would be found to have extended to nearly an inch in width, in the middle of the fruit, gradually lessening, like the longitude, if it may be so expressed, from the equator towards the poles.

Amongst other things of less importance, the Vice-Consul informed his visitors that the Consul-General at Tangier had been a private in the guards, but being fancied by some Irish Noble's daughter, she had married him, and the appointment followed as a matter of course. "*De quo nil amplius dicendum !*"

Having taken leave of the Vice-Consul's family, the party, accompanied by the Vice-Consul, having first ordered their horses to be in readiness outside the town, went to make a few purchases at a shop

(to enter which was out of the question, for the owner, seated on a sort of ottoman in the centre, took down from the shelves the various articles they contained; without rising from his seat,) and supplied themselves with *haicks*, yellow morocco slippers, cherry-wood pipes, ostrich eggs and feathers, skins of morocco, and jars of honey, at less than half the price demanded at the custom-house.

That done, a Jew vender of rabbits and red-legged partridges accosted them; and as there was nothing worth staying for at Tetuan, for not a woman's face could be seen, and the *haicks* which covered them, with two peep-holes for the eyes, might be worn by very old or very young women, the party remounted their barbs, every one carrying a proportion of rabbits and partridges for the mess, as well as their other purchases, at the saddle-bows; and taking leave of the Vice-Consul, to whom they presented a fowling-piece for his hospitality, galloped off to the custom-house, in excellent spirits, which the Consul's old *Xeres de la Frontera* had very materially contributed to exhilarate. The party reached the ship in safety before gun-fire, where, of course, it became soon bruited about that all the fine things, including rabbits and partridges to boot, were "presents from the Emperor's favourite, his Excellency Abdul Hamed, Ambassador to the Right honourable Lord Collingwood, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's ships and vessels off Cadiz!" So much for British credulity and Spanish compliments!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A NOVEL CLERICAL CHARACTER.—DIVINE SERVICE WITH A SUD-
DEN TERMINATION.—A TILLER BERTH.—JACK'S HEAD IN CHAN-
CERY, WITH A NARROW ESCAPE.

FOR want of better accommodations, Jack had to content himself with the larboard tiller berth, between a brace of thirty-two pounders, —a berth which he had strong reasons for never forgetting, for his life was saved there, almost by a miracle, although not by virtue of his caul ;—that only insures against drowning.

But first, the chaplain must be introduced to the reader. This extraordinary divine was, as he called himself, "a regular-built tory in heart and soul. Church and King man !" which he ever did homage to in *Port* ; hated cant and hypocrisy as he did the devil ; hated blackstrap, (as Calatonia wine was called,) but nevertheless preferred even that logwood juice to ground-tier essence of gun-barrels and bilgewater, which most of the lads who in those days blockaded the combined fleets were occasionally compelled to strain through their teeth, or go without ! for the patent filterer, invented by the once eminent banker, still more eminent for philosophy under unparalleled misfortunes, Mr. Chambers, the benefit of which to the navy, the "*Galatea*," commanded by Sir Henry Sullivan, has established, whereby water, "pure as crystal," is supplied to the ship's company, and insured in every port of the world, was not known ; even drip-stones were *un-come-at-ables*, except for common use, and then were under a sentry's charge ; of whom and his comrades upon that duty at night might be well applied the interrogatory, "*Sed quid custodes custodiet ipsos ?*" So much as to the Parson's qualifications ! but he was in

one respect unfortunate: he had an irritable temper, which was, perhaps, caused,—increased it certainly was,—by an impediment in his speech; but that impediment never showed itself by any accident whatever when he called for “Port.”

One Sunday whilst on the voyage from Mazora bay to Palermo, to join Sir Sidney Smith, whose flag was on board the *Pompée*, the Captain, (a very portly bow-window sort of a John Bull) as was his usual custom, fell asleep during divine service. “*O tempora! O mores!*”

It was so habitual, that every one knew what was about to happen by the Captain's preparations. First, he laid his pocket-handkerchief upon his capacious left thigh, and thereon his large red morocco bound prayer-book, bearing his name and rank in very legible gold characters; after a short time his left hand quitted the prayer-book, and hung, as Jack called it, “a cock-bill!”

The Parson, (a name by the bye that he hated, and for which very reason he was always so called) had got to the tenth commandment, “Thou shalt not cuck—cuck—co—covet thy neighbour's wife; thou shalt not cuck—cuck—cuck—co—vet,” when down went the conspicuous prayer-book upon the deck. The Captain, awakened by its noise, looked at the parson, whose impediment had so much increased by irritation, that he was all but black in the face, when he involuntarily *rapped* out one of his usual condemnations in the midst of the commandment! The blue-jackets and marines could hold out no longer; there was an unusual bustle; the game-legged First Lieutenant looked around him with all the eyes of *Argus*; the officers stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths; the mates and mids bolted as they could; the boatswain, carpenter, and gunner had previously “slipped their cables;” the parson was suddenly taken ill; and the First Lieutenant, seeing how the wind blew, ordered “mess-stools, and pulpit to be *pipéd down*,” and a general hubbub closed the divine service of the day! The Parson was soon brought about again by Jack handing him a tumbler of Port.

After the occurrences of the morning, it may well be imagined that the most prominent subjects of conversation referred to them. The

Parson's cabin was on the starboard side of the lower deck; and as Jack went into his own canvass berth, where he had every now and then the tiller for his *chum*, the Parson spoke to him. At that moment the helm was "hard-a-port." To those who recollect what a tiller berth was in the olden times, when we had a navy that over-awed the world, and a Government which felt that its existence, and the country's honor, glory, and safety depended upon its wooden walls, (this may be said without disparagement to that brave army whose glory is as high above detraction as its gallantry and discipline,) it is unnecessary to explain its construction; but for the general reader's information, a tiller berth may as well be described.

Just then before the aftermost gun on the larboard side, and between that gun and its neighbour (two long ever-creaking thirty-two pounders) a deal frame was raised about four feet and a half from the deck, supported by a high stauncheon in the foremost corner, from the deck overhead to the lower deck itself, and low one abaft. Upon this frame canvass was nailed, leaving a similar entrance to that of a tent. A loose canvass, like a vallance to a curtain, was suspended from the deck over-head to the frame work, so as to admit of the tiller traversing freely. A vertical speaking trumpet, attached to the mizen-mast, communicated between the quarter-deck and gun-room, for the facility of steerage in the event of accident to the wheel. Jack having inconsiderately engaged in conversation with the Parson, (whose cabin was on the starboard side,) stretching his neck on the rail, the sudden change of the tiller, caught him by the neck as firmly as if it had been in the crutch of a guillotine. Most fortunately the Parson immediately observed the danger that threatened his messmate, and sung out as lustily as he could, through the speaking trumpet, "PORT," to which the Quartermaster, suspecting something wrong below, immediately attended, by quickly calling "hard-a-port" to the men at the wheel; by which time, however, Jack, already black in the face from the pressure, was nearly, and but for the Parson's quick-sightedness and presence of mind would have been as completely decapitated as if the guillotine had done the job.

Now, if the tiller berth had been on the starboard side, where there was none, instead of the larboard, the Parson's natural impediment would have prevented his calling "hard a starboard," or "starboard," and one turn "a port" would have settled Jack's hopes and troubles in this world. . . . What a dreadful loss to society that would have been !

CHAPTER XL.

A CLASSIC VOYAGE.—LOSS OF THE AJAX BY FIRE.—HOT WORK IN THE HELLESPONT.—CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH FLEET.

No occurrence worthy of record took place between the ship's calling off Palermo, and telegraphing His Majesty's ship *Pompée*, at that time snug in the mole, and bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, and her arrival at Malta, except the capture of a splendid tunny, (*scomber thunnus*,) which afforded a great deal of sport, and received every harpoon and grains in the ship before it could be secured. It was nine feet long ; its crescent tail was two feet nine inches from tip to tip, and weighed four hundred and ninety pounds. The skin on the back was smooth and black ; sides and back silvery, shot with occasional tinges of sky-blue and purple ; and near the caudal fin greyish, and veined like marble. The flesh had all the appearance of fresh beef, and a great deal of it was salted ; that which was dressed had a peculiar and fine flavour ; some compared it to veal cutlets, others to the fowl part of turtle. The fish was a gigantic albicore.

In Sicily there is a royal fishery for the tunny, which in the time of Ferdinand IV. was generally commenced by the King in person.

During the ship's stay at Malta, all who could obtain leave to go ashore gratified their curiosity by visiting St. John's church, the armoury, the Roschetta, (where the odoriferous petals of the Seville orange-flower perfumed deliciously the air,) botanic gardens, and its aviaries there, St. Paul's cave and bay, and the extensive catacombs.

The blood, or Maltese oranges, are extremely delicious, but lose much of their flavour by keeping. The caper-tree grows abundantly upon the fortifications, where the chief officer of engineers has the exclusive privilege of "cutting capers."

Once more under weigh for the Archipelago, Sir John Duckworth's squadron steered its course for Milo, to take in Greek pilots for Constantinople. Jack did not tread on classic land, but he sailed on seas which Ulysses, Telemachus, Agamemnon, and other kings and heroes of Greece had immortalized by their actions, and Homer in song. Every island that he passed, Homer, with the shipmaster Mentès, had visited. Lemnos recalled to mind the cyclop Vulcan and his fall; the frail, but incomparable goddess; the gallant lover, in the god of war; the iron net; the thunderbolts; the curse upon the Lemnians. Next came Tenedos, Troas,—Troy, the last, known only by its position and distance from the sea, was the chief topic of conversation with the intelligent chief pilot Nicolao.

The old London-built master was not expected to be a classic, but he asked the parson the very pertinent question, "If that fellow Wulcan was not a one-eyed, lop-sided, picked-up-along-shore blacksmith, who married a Mrs. Wenus?"

At length the squadron anchored in the bay of Tenedos, which island was at that time besieged by the Russians, where it was necessitated to wait for a southerly wind to approach Constantinople.

On the 14th of February, at nine at night, the superb Ajax, under the command of Captain Henry Blackwood took fire, and, ere the morning dawned, had burnt to the water's edge. The hundreds of lives lost of as fine and brave a crew as ever manned a ship of war threw a damp over the whole squadron. All the ships slipped, after having sent their boats to assist, and dropped down to Tenedos, except one line of battle ship, "Old Mother Windsor," as she was

called, which lay about a mile and a half to windward of the burning ship.

The anxiety of those who could not assist, and were from necessity mere lookers on, beggared description. The night was very cold, but the wind was not so strong as on the preceding one, or not a soul could have escaped. The ship appeared like a black-sided *four-decker*, vomiting forth flames from every port ;—the reflection having so totally altered her size to the observer. But the coolness of British seamen did not on any former occasion exceed that displayed on board the *Ajax*, at the most awful period of the conflagration, and when danger was most imminent ; for the gunner, bearing in mind the position of the ship to windward, and that the moment the guns got heated they would go off, and very probably hull that ship, collected as many of his crew as he could, and took out the beds and coils of the guns on the larboard side, (which was abreast of her,) by which means, at a time when scarcely a prospect of escape was open to himself or crew, the shot went over her without doing the slightest injury :—a display of coolness in the midst of danger that recommended him for immediate reward, and obtained for him the admiration of the whole squadron.

There were a variety of reports as to the cause of the fire, and a court of inquiry took place ; but immediately it broke up every ship's stock of hay was removed from the wings and elsewhere, to the launches on the booms : that alone spoke volumes, and left not a doubt that the ignition of hay, improperly dried, in the wings or head-room of the *Ajax*, was the cause of the loss of one of the finest and best-disciplined ships in the British navy.

The morning of February 19th, 1807, had scarcely dawned, when the signal "Prepare to weigh" was hoisted on board the "*Royal George*," and repeated by the "*Canopus*" and "*Pompée*," and the squadron was soon in line of battle, standing for the entrance of the Hellespont, with a strong southerly wind.

On the previous night, many at the wardroom table were writing letters to friends at home, to be sent by the brig which was ordered to sail with despatches, in charge of Lieutenant Procter, late first of

the *Ajax*, the moment the cannonading commenced with the castles; others making their wills, for none expected to return, but all were resolved to do their duty. Jack, addressing the pilot, asked him "What treatment they might expect from the Turks in the event of the ship being sunk, and any of them reaching the shore?" "Different treatment," said the Pilot, "according to different ranks." "But pilot, how will the Turks treat our Mufti here, the parson?" "O, very well! dey make him put on de feader breeches, and hatch de eggs." "What," exclaimed the parson, greatly alarmed, "Make me wear feather breeches and hatch eggs?" The whole mess were in an instant in a roar of laughter. Letters and wills were for the time laid aside; additional bottles of wine ordered; the night was cold, it would do no harm; many ere the next night arrived might no longer require supper nor wine in this world; and the Purser was called on for his excellent song, "The Greenwich Pensioner."

Although the line of battle ahead was thus formed,

1. Canopus,
2. Repulse,
3. Royal George,
4. Windsor Castle,
5. Standard, having the Meteor bomb-vessel in tow,
6. Pompée,
7. Thunderer, having the Lucifer bomb-vessel in tow,
8. Active and Endymion frigates,

Sir Sidney Smith's poem upon the occasion, from which the following is an extract, did not adhere to it. The gateway of ancient Troas was in view from the anchorage at the time the *Ajax* took fire; but Troy itself, for which Troas is too often mistaken, lay several miles inland.

"*Ajax*,' alas, devouring flames destroy,
His ashes left before the walls of Troy;
'Canopus' led the van through neighb'ring strands,
'Twixt Sestos and Abydos, throng'd with Turkish bands.
Its dread approach each Turkish heart appalls,
For 'Windsor Castle' at Byzantium's walls.

Dreading 'Repulse,' the Turks dared not assail,
The British 'Standard' turn'd the Crescent pale;
On Cæsar's allies, 'Pompey' vengeance wreaks,
And, rushing in the midst, their line he breaks:
Whole showers of deadly bolts the 'Thunderer' hurl'd,
The anchor goes, again the sails are furl'd.
Whilst Asia trembles with explosions dire,
And 'Active' torch in Europe kindleth fire:
Grim 'Lucifer' his burning sulphur doth prepare,
Whilst fiery 'Meteor' glows to dart in air.
The astonished Turks, who ne'er beheld the like,
Fear 'Royal George' a final blow should strike;
Mercy they beg, 'Endymion' stands between;
The hand of power to mercy still doth lean."

By a quarter before nine, a.m., the whole squadron had passed the outer castles, having refrained from returning a single shot to their most tremendous fire. It was a magnificent sight. The morning was fine and clear, with scarcely a cloud; and as soon as the numerous crimson silk banners upon the Turkish castles were seen from the squadron, the British colours were silently displayed. But every finger itched to return gun for gun. On the larboard, or Europe side, a second battery played its part, boring a few holes, but with very little ill effect upon our wooden walls, when contrasted with the distinct marks they afforded to the enemy, whilst not returning its fire. About half-past nine the Canopus led through the narrow passage between Sestos and Abydos; when the Vice-Admiral, having made the signal to fire upon the enemy in passing, a tremendous return was made from both sides within point blank distance, which astonished the Turks, for it considerably diminished their fire upon the sternmost ships.

The story of Hero and Leander was remembered even amidst as tremendous a fire as ever a British squadron bore a part in. Various were the conjectures as to Hero's Tower, from whence that celebrated priestess of Venus held out the torch to guide Leander to her from the shores of Sestos, till the last fatal stormy night, when his too ardent love was cooled only by a watery grave—her own, by self-destruction.



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The Active chasing a Turkish Frigate

The Captain Pacha's squadron in line of battle under the batteries of Port Pesquies, to the N.E. of the inner castles, gave the advancing ships their broadsides as in succession they emerged from the fiery ordeal of Sestos and Abydos.

The French flag upon the Asiatic side attracted attention, and received a sprinkling of thirty-two pound shot, "because," as the blue-jackets would have it, "that 'ere flag had no business there."

The Vice-Admiral had been informed of the position of the Captain Pacha's squadron, and consigned it to the tender mercies of Sir Sydney Smith's rear-division. The van gave the Turkish ships their broadsides as they passed, and by signal anchored to the northward of Point Pesquies.

Sir Sidney did the thing well and quickly; and so ably seconded was he by officers and men, that nothing was left undone that British sailors and marines could effect for the honour of their king and country; and he was much gratified at receiving from the hands of the Captain of the "Standard" royal marines, the Pacha's splendid silk flag, which that gallant officer had hauled down. It was necessary that the battery upon the hill, commanding the anchorage to the north east of the inner castles, should be silenced and destroyed. The royal marines, under the same gallant officer, were soon landed, advanced in double quick time against the enemy, and, at the point of the bayonet, turned the Turks out of the battery, and spiked the guns; whilst one after the other the Turkish squadron was blown into the air; the ascending smoke of which formed the completest turban, as to shape, ever worn by Ottoman head.

It was a fine sight for the van division, whilst at their dinners, to see a large Turkish frigate standing across the Hellespont, chased by the "Active," blazing away from her bow guns, until the former ran aground on the Europe side, where she was set fire to by the "Active," and blown into the air. At that moment the Prophet, as they styled the chief mufti, was seen on horseback upon the hills on the Europe side, in a white dress, surrounded by several muftis; and as their ships in succession blew up, they raised their hands towards heaven, as if invoking mercy upon the victims of British vengeance.

At a little after five, p.m., the squadron weighed, and made sail for Constantinople ; and on the evening of the next day (the 20th,) anchored near the Prince's islands, about eight miles from that city ; the "Active" frigate was left in the Dardanelles, to complete the destruction of the Point Pesquies battery, and take charge of the captured corvette and gun-boats, all that were saved out of the Captain Pacha's squadron of one ship of the line, four frigates, four corvettes, one brig of war, and three gun-boats ; and the "Endymion" sent as close to Constantinople as she could get, which was not nearer than four miles, with a flag of truce. But disappointment followed disappointment ; every day was begun by the signal "Prepare to weigh anchor," when scarcely wind enough to display the flags prevailed. That was the time when a steamer or two would have effected wonders : for what could the ships do in a dead calm, with a strong current from the northward between their position and Constantinople, and the circuitous eddies of that port, with even the boats of half a dozen such squadrons to tow them ?

Jack's pencil was not idle, although he was himself an "Idler." He had sketched the burning "Ajax," the castles, the fight, the Prophet ; and, whilst at anchor off Constantinople, had made two views of that splendid city, at least from its external appearance from the sea,—the one by day, the other by night, whilst a conflagration of nearly one hundred thousand houses illuminated the magnificent scene. Though an *idler* by name, not such by nature.

The galley-packets, of which every hour produced new editions, were most amusing. On the 21st of February, the appearance of Ysack Bey's splendid boat, on its way to the "Royal George," with a British Union Jack in the bow, in which green silk had been employed instead of blue, gave rise to the report, "that the Porte would come to no terms unless the whole squadron became Mahomedans." It really had such an effect upon the too credulous Parson, as to induce him to ask the surly old Master, "What he would do upon such an occasion, if their relative positions were reversed?" "Reversed, indeed !" said old Hard-a-weather ; "why, turn Turk to be sure, and reverse arterwards !"

CHAPTER XLI.

MORE SERVICE.—A SNIPING PARTY.—THE RE-PASSAGE OF THE
DARDANELLES.—REWARD OF BRITISH BRAVERY.—RETURN TO
MALTA.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH “could a tale unfold” of a very ludicrous nature, to which Ysack Bey’s visit to the ambassador, on board the “Royal George” gave rise, if he would ; and should these pages meet Sir Sidney’s eye, notwithstanding that he has forgotten to see justice done to those who served in the Dardanelles, or even to solicit equal justice with those who shared in the untoward affair of Navarino, as to prize and head-money for ships blown up, and men “sent to their account in a hurry,” he cannot have forgotten the silver case and Ysack Bey’s black velvet and most capacious in-ex-press-i-bles.—“*De quo fabula narratur.*”

Another galley packet circulated a report from the Vice-Admiral’s ship, that at four o’clock on the afternoon of February 24th, the Turkish fleet of *twelve* sail of the line, including two three-deckers and nine frigates, were to be given up to British custody during the war with France ; and the three-deckers being hauled out of the arsenal on the morning of that day, seemed to confirm the current report, which found credulous ones enough to believe it in every ship of the squadron. On the 25th a magnificent line of Asiatic cavalry, at least fifty thousand, passed the squadron as if in review order, keeping close to the margin of the sea, from the Asiatic side to Constantinople, which at that time held an army of two hundred thousand men. The armed populace were masters. Sultan Selim trembled upon his throne before his own subjects ; and the British squadron began to think that it was with themselves “neck or nothing.” What

with calms, and the intrigues of that most active and meritorious servant of his Emperor and country, General Sebastiani, and the contempt and insults showered upon Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Louis, upon his landing at Seraglio point, there was little to hope for or expect from playing the impudent and impotent bully any longer before the Turkish capital. An attempt on the 27th was made to lay hold of a few Turkish prisoners at a fortified convent at the Prota, one of the Prince's islands, at the top of an olive orchard, in order to effect an exchange for some seaman that had been captured in one of the "Standard's" boats; but it was most unsuccessful. Jack was near the commanding officer when he fell; had his own hat thrice shot off during the evening's *sniping*, which, but for the carronades being dismounted upon the first fire, might have been very differently concluded. As it was, as brave a man as ever wore the royal marine uniform, and as brave an officer as ever lived or died, a Lieutenant of the "Royal George," together with five marines and blue-jackets, were killed, and nineteen officers and men were wounded. In the action, Jack and a few others received some severe scratches with granite splinters; but although very annoying in their way, not a single officer would allow himself to be classed as slightly wounded in the surgeon's list of casualties. On March 1st, the Admiral received intelligence that if he did not effect a retreat before the batteries already constructed in the Dardanelles were supplied with the expected artillery, the squadron's return would be very doubtful indeed; and he therefore took advantage of the breeze which sprung up to stand on and off the powder-mills of Constantinople during the day, that if the Turkish fleet, as reported, were disposed to fight, they might not be balked in their wishes. Büt, as it was "no go," the squadron bore up at sunset, and on the evening of the 2d, anchored to the northward, off Point Pesquies, in order to have daylight and fair play for re-passing the castles in the morning.

Some "Magician" or other had recommended the Vice-Admiral to try a deception with the Governors of the castle; in aid of which the Turkish colors were re-hoisted on board the captured cor-



vette and gun-boat. Sir Thomas Louis again led the squadron in the "Canopus," and upon approaching the inner castles, saluted the Prophet, which was returned with shot, that told a tale too plain to be misunderstood; upon which, amidst a fire ten times hotter than at first, the British squadron fought its way back to the bay of Tenedos. The wheel of the "Repulse," and mainmast of the "Windsor Castle" were the chief casualties in point of carpenter's stores; but the total loss of men amounted to forty-two killed, two hundred and thirty-five wounded, and four missing.

So much for a demonstration, *governed by the opinion* of an ambassador! God grant it may be the last under such guidance!

The only reward for so much hard service was the following:—

"ROYAL GEORGE, *without the Dardanelles.*

March 3d, 1807.

[GENERAL ORDER.]

"Although unforeseen and insurmountable obstacles prevented the squadron under my command from effecting at Constan-

tinople the objects which it had in view, I cannot refrain from offering my heartfelt acknowledgments to all who have so nobly contributed their exertions throughout the arduous services in which we have been engaged.

“To Rear Admiral Sir Thomas Louis, who, with the gallantry and cool judgment which mark his character, led the squadron, and to Rear Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, I beg to offer my best thanks ; as well as to the Captains, officers, seamen, and royal marines, for that steady bravery which has been so eminently displayed in forcing and returning through a passage so strongly fortified by nature and by art, and which had till now been deemed impassable.

Signed, T. J. DUCKWORTH, *Vice Admiral.*

“To the Rear-Admirals, Captains, Officers,
Seamen, and Royal Marines.”

And neither has Sir Charles Arbuthnot, nor any Member of Parliament for thirty-two years, endeavoured to obtain any other for the *forcers* of the Dardanelles.

A day or two after this, the Russian fleet joined the squadron, but would not accept the Admiral's proposition to make a combined effort against Constantinople. The “Windsor Castle” was dispatched to Malta with the wounded and Turkey merchants who had taken refuge in the squadron ; and the ambassador, who was hoisted on board in a chair, was such a martyr to gout, that the usual salute was dispensed with. On that ship's arrival at Valetta, she was laid alongside the “sheers,” and, after waiting a considerable time, fitted with a sixty-four's main-mast, the largest that his Majesty's dockyard then could supply !

The mutiny of Friberg's afforded another nine days' wonder, after that afforded by the “Windsor Castle's” shot hole, through which many hundreds of curious people entered, “that they might say they had done such a thing,” had passed away ; and, one after the other, the Dardanelles squadron anchored at Valetta.

CHAPTER XLII.

MUTINY AT VALETTA, COURTS-MARTIAL, AND EXECUTION OF
THE MUTINEERS.

JACK's good fortune saved him from much personal restraint and annoyance, if not from a worse fate. He had been invited to dine at the mess of Friberg's regiment at Fort Ricazoli, and was on his way thither by land, when he observed a Russian flag hoisted, then hauled down, and then a ragged Union Jack, as if torn purposely to pieces, hoisted half-mast high, and suddenly hauled down again. Soon afterwards he observed several of the regiment of Friberg running in breathless haste, pursued by others armed ; but the latter returned to the fort, which, those who had fled informed him, was in a state of absolute revolt : that the officers had but just gone to their mess room, when the mutineers assassinated their adjutant at the door, and as they marched past the body, had struck their rifle swords into it. The garrison was instantly under arms ; the seamen and marines were landed to do duty in the batteries ; three shells were thrown into Valetta by the mutineers, but without exploding or injury to any one ; and the affair concluded by the fort being stormed, and the subsequent surrender of the regiment, with the exception of a few who had taken possession of the magazine, from whence they fired upon all who entered the fort, till, absolutely starved out, they contrived to escape, after laying a slow match to a train which blew up the magazine. Valetta then became the scene of courts-martial, hanging and shooting mutineers, and the country one continued state of excitement, until the peasantry had succeeded in capturing those who had escaped from the magazine of the fort, and had, in their turn, paid with their lives for their disloyalty and treason.

The regiment ceased to exist in the British Army List ; the men were distributed amongst other regiments, or otherwise disposed of ; and there were not wanting apologists for their revolt, upon the grounds of their having been entrapped into the service under false expectations, by an emissary at Constantinople, who had promised them commissions in the name of his Majesty ; and that, being chiefly men of rank, and none under the degree of gentlemen in Albania, they considered themselves justified in their revolt against their oppressors.

Some of the mutineers were sentenced to the more honourable death of soldiers (whilst others died like felons upon the gallows) by being shot to death ; but their legs not being tied, the poor fellows who were not killed by the first fire took to their heels, pinioned as they were, jumped off the ramparts, and were shot as they lay in the ditch. A Maltese boy, who attempted to stop one of them, was shot in the leg ; which "sarved him right," as the Master said ; "he had no business to interfere."

" Harsh seems the ordinance, that life by life
Should be sustain'd : and yet when all must die,
And be like water spilt upon the ground,
Which none can gather up, the speediest fate,
Though violent and terrible, is best."

Montgomery.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MORE ACQUAINTANCES FOR JACK.—DELICATE STUFFING.—A SPANISH HIDALGO'S OPINION OF THE ENGLISH.—NEW FRIENDS WITH OLD FACES.

SUPERSTITION holds a powerful sway over the Maltese, who will not undertake a voyage unless their vessel be guaranteed against danger, by having a piece of the pumice-stone of which St. Paul's cave is composed; and the priests with much gravity assure the visiter, that notwithstanding the many thousands who annually carry away pieces of the cave, it has never *increased in size* since the Apostle himself entered it. St. Paul's statue in the centre bears many thousands of names pencilled upon it, with here and there a scrap of stupid rhyme, or intended rhyme, by way of handing down to posterity the writer's claims to the degree of A S S.

Whilst at Malta, the newspapers from England communicated Sir John Duckworth's despatches addressed to Lord Collingwood, upon the affair of the Dardanelles; in which the ambassador and Lord B——h were described as "amongst the most animated in the combat." If the one had not been an ambassador, and the other a Lord by courtesy, the wonder would have been, as to what they could have found to do in the action! As it was, the old sailors had their quiz ready: "One of them," said they, "had the St. Vitus's dance, which ended in gout, and the other *fiddled* to the dancer!" So much for their animation!

The commencement of the revolution in Spain, the murder of the Marquess Solano, Governor of Cadiz; the battle of Maida, the affair of Alexandria; blockade of the Russian fleet in the Tagus; delivery

ment part of his face, he "blew a blast" which made three ladies at the head of the table start from their seats; and one of them, (a Polish Countess, 'twas said,) to spill a glass of champagne she was just lifting to her beautiful lips, over the delicate dress which chastely covered a bosom—gracious heaven, such a bosom!—that even an anchorite might have been thawed to envy for his pillow!

The Hidalgo, by no means disconcerted, took it easily, finished his soup, of which he was helped *but once*,—of itself sufficient to convince Jack that he had mingled with good company. The *caste* was entirely French: turbot *à la Reine*; *eperlons de mer*, *à la maitre d'hotel*; soles' fritter, *à l'Empereur*; and lots of fish and vegetable dishes: of which latter the chaplain of the "Flora" pointed out not less than nine, including aubergine *à l'Ecrevisse*, of *los Cojones*, or brinjals. The old gentleman did ample justice to all, and calling for a bottle of *Xeres de la Frontera*, (*viejo*!) he was enabled to clear his throat of such superfluous scales (common enough at Spanish tables) as might otherwise have stuck half-way.

The Hidalgo's eyes brightened at the appearance of the *entremets*. He looked around the table as if endeavouring to recognise an acquaintance amongst the numerous guests of the day at the *table d'Hôte*; but he was merely making a reconnaissance, prior to a "*commencement de nouveau*."

The oyster and champignon patties attracted his attention, whilst Jack chose a few slices of plain fried brinjal, much to the Hidalgo's surprise; who, addressing him in a voice which for the first time Jack considered familiar to his ear, at least sufficiently so to be recollected, but where he had heard it he could not imagine, remarked upon his dining *à l'eremite* upon a day quite *maigre* enough for even good catholics. "But," said he, "by the time, Senor, you have been so long in tropical climes as I have, you will choose none but the most piquant food." The Hidalgo challenged Jack in English to drink wine, and the "Flora's" chaplain, whose resemblance to the Hidalgo was remarkable, although very much younger, was invited to join in the friendly ceremony. "I have been a few years," said the Hidalgo, "amongst your countrymen, and I like them much in general, but

you are all too proud,—do not consider that any one in the shape of a foreigner can equal an Englishman. I mean no offence : but in your country a man's respectability is estimated by his dress,—perhaps his watch-chain,—and he who is very rich, is the only faultless being amongst you ; and, consequently, however meritorious a man may be, however qualified by education and experience for any office of trust and importance, if he be but poor, all his virtues sink into the shade ; and whatever his prospects might have been, ere he became poor, the frost of uncharitableness and indifference nips them in their bud, the moment it is known that he is so."

It was a home-thrust which Jack could not parry : a truism that he could not dispute ; and therefore bowing assent, and asking the Capellano to drink wine, and the Hidalgo to join them, he managed to turn the conversation to the original subject which had introduced him to the chaplain in the Plaza San Juan de Dios. The Hidalgo was a botanist. "The *aubergine*, or as we call it, *beringera*, in the language of Sancho Panza," said he, "that you seem so very partial to, is very common both in the East and West Indies. It is a variety of the egg plant. The vulgar name here is *los cojones*, but it does not frighten even the ladies to call them so at table. I have been some years at Jamaica," continued the Hidalgo, "but never met with that vegetable at any English table, and I never dined at a Spanish or Jew's table without it. I am surprised that it is never to be found in your London markets ; for surely where the tomato and capsicum, which require much greater care, are grown to such perfection, the brinjal would thrive. They are of the same family, the tomato, the *solanum sycopersicum*, the brinjal, the *solanum melongena*."

Jack was upon the point of saying that he had been upon the Jamaica station, and asking a few questions about friends at Kingston, when a remark made by a Spanish officer, about four from the Hidalgo on his left, respecting San Domingo, drew the Hidalgo's attention for a few minutes ; when again addressing himself to Jack, who was the only Englishman present, in a manner somewhat excited by the mention of that island, he said, "Ah, Senores Yngleses, your government will have much to answer for to humanity, that instead

of siding with even the French and ourselves, you treated with Dessalines,—not our conqueror, but an infamous assassin, the chief of a band of brigands!" The Capellano also showed a great degree of excitement at the bare mention of San Domingo and Dessalines; and was so overcome with emotion, that striking his hand forcibly against his forehead, as if some dreadful remembrance accompanied the mention of that island, he suddenly left the room.

In about ten minutes the Capellano returned, more composed, just as Doctor Gonzales, whose real name was Cerda, was continuing the original subject: "War between two such civilized nations as England and France, is nothing to be compared to a negro insurrection. You should have united with even the republic of France, on *such* an occasion, and also with ourselves, in humanity's cause, against the ferocious brutes, and thereby at once put a stop to their unparalleled murders and devastations.

"Liberty, the greatest good that man is capable of enjoying, can only be enjoyed when prepared for it by education; and unless he possesses the germ of virtue in his soul, which education only can develop, you but arm him with the torch and poignard, when you talk to him of liberty! Give the slaves the means of understanding the meaning of 'liberty,' by education, and then, if it must be so, (be just, at the same time to those who are their owners by the laws of the country,) grant them manumission; or Jamaica will one day witness similar horrid catastrophes to those which St. Domingo has already experienced.

"Fancy, Sir, more than a hundred thousand savages, accustomed to commit all the barbarities that desolate the countries of Africa, taking advantage of a dark night to rush at once upon the sleeping and unsuspecting planters and their families, like so many hungry and blood-thirsty tigers fastening upon their prey. Such took place at the north end of St. Domingo, in August, 179—, as I have but too much cause to recollect; for it was then,—O gracious God!—it was then my father, my mother, all my brothers, except one, my sisters, my wife, and all my children, fell beneath the poignards of the black assassins!"

Jack immediately recognized the Jamaica recluse, Doctor Gonzales, in the Hidalgo, and the chaplain of the "Flora" his long-lost brother!

But in the midst of the *denouement* and affectionate greeting of the last of the family of Cerda, which had suspended both the Doctor's recognition of Jack as the young midshipman who had visited him in his studio at Jamaica, and the latter's making himself known, he was called out of the room by an aid-de-camp of the Governor, General Morla, and informed that "His Excellency requested every British officer to repair forthwith on board their respective ships," which was no sooner suggested than executed, with very great reluctance, it may be supposed, by many who were to have been of the Marquess of Santa Cruz's splendid evening party, where almost all the beauty of Cadiz was expected to have been collected in honour of the peace with Great Britain.

At that period Cadiz was in a very unsettled state. The French party still mustered strong, and so continued until the battle of Baylen, which the Spanish newspapers attributed to San Antonio, whose image in the principal church had been seen (such was the newspaper statement *as a fact*) "to raise its right arm on the day of the victory, and point towards the direction of Baylen," instead of to the misinformation of the French General Dupont, as to the actual strength of the Spanish army under General Castanos, left the privilege of the *entrée* to the city of Cadiz once again open to visitors from the British squadron.

But Jack was disappointed in his anticipations of renewing his acquaintance with the re-united brothers, and of obtaining a correct account of the origin and progress of the servile war at St. Domingo. Of the result too much is known and inscribed in indelible characters of blood in the records of the French nation. The acquired liberty has been followed by an almost entire stagnation of commerce, the neglect of cultivation, consequent deficiency in the local revenue, and all the bad effects of a despotic and paramount reign of idleness and debauchery.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A MARINE DECAMERON.—THE FIRST LIEUTENANT LEADS OFF.

ALTHOUGH plays continued to be occasionally performed in the squadron, which at that time Vice Admiral Purvis commanded, there was not so much of the theatrical mania existing as during the blockade of the combined fleets of France and Spain, and agreeably to the proposition of the excellent old First Lieutenant, every Saturday night was to be passed in the relation of each other's own histories or adventures, or anecdotes of others, that might tend to instruct or amuse the wardroom mess. Accordingly, after every thing had been made *snug* for the night, and the wardroom supper finished, and the grog, and wine and water for those who preferred it, set forth upon the King's well-polished oak table, the First Lieutenant, who was to begin with his yarn, was called to the President's chair immediately under the rose, from the centre of which the bell-pull bobbed about with every motion of the creaking ship.

FIRST LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

"Well, messmates," said he, "as I have nothing to boast of, and no borough interest, I'll just give ye an anecdote of an old messmate, for as to myself, as you all know, I have for many years past been quite old enough for a Vice Admiral; you may naturally suppose that I did not come into the world with a silver spoon in my mouth, or that if I had, I should not have been forty years a Lieutenant, after having served in nine general engagements, with the French, Dutch, Spaniards, and Turks.

"When I belonged to the Apollo frigate, many many years ago, we had a rum fish for a master on board, who hailed 'all the way from Caithness,' and whose extreme good nature made him a general favourite. As we have only one 'fra' the north amang us,' except myself, he will not mind my description of a countryman, making good the auld saying, 'He's a cannie laddie.'

"Whoever has seen Madeira will admit the approach to it to be magnificent; the contrast between the high and dark rocks that presented an insurmountable barrier to old father Neptune and his sea horses, and the dark blue of his native element, the mountain partly enveloped in a dense fog, gradually dispersing before the rays of the rising sun, and, as it cleared, displaying to view the most luxuriant verdure of the vineyards in all their richness, interspersed with the innumerable white villas which were studded in every direction, as the ship passed Machico and Santa Cruz, form what the Frenchmen call a *coup d'œil*, to which neither my humble description nor the most finished painter can do justice.

"As we rounded Brazen head, Funchale the capital, and the insulated Loo rock and its fortifications lay full before us. Our surgeon and marine officer had both a sort of fishing mania, and the anchor had scarcely touched ground, ere, 'I'll thank you for a boat, Mr. Mollyneux, to go on board the fishing-boats for some fish for dinner,' was addressed to me by the Doctor, and seconded by the marine. 'Certainly,' said I, glad to get rid of them; and I ordered the first cutter to be lowered and manned.

"The fishing seemed to me very like fly-fishing in England, for the Portuguese used rods with fine lines in the same manner; but the bait was a small piece of a bullock's spine, at the extremity of the line, without any hook; and as fast as they threw their lines the bait was taken, the fish flung into the boat, and shaken off just as easily as eels from a string of lob-worms upon worsted yarn at home. These fish are the gar-fish.—What is the proper name, Doctor, amongst your hard words? said the First *Luff*, addressing the surgeon. '*Esox belone* of Linnæus,' replied the latter, 'or *sea needle*.' "Rum sort of a needle, Doctor! However, what, (addressing the Purser,)

do the French call returning to a story, or finding the thread of one's yarn after having lost it? '*Revenons à nos moutons*,' said the Purser. "Are you sure of it (doubtingly) Master Nip? I always thought *mouton* was sheep with the French, and mutton with us when killed for use." 'Perfectly right, both right,' exclaimed all hands, 'so do go on President.'—"Well, as I was a telling ye, these gar-fish are not to be grinned at after a cruize; so we had a whole lot for dinner, but not in the Portuguese way, which I will tell ye, because it's useful to know how to do things in a *national* sort of way; for although the Portuguese cannot roast a piece of beef properly, and the French make *bif sticks* of mutton, I don't see what is to prevent our cooks abroad or ashore from frying gar-fish in Lucca oil, then sousing them in vinegar, with garlic and capsicums, for eating when cold, *à la Jack Portugee*!

"I find I have been yawing confoundedly. I was a going to tell ye of our Master, Alexander, but called Sanders M'Kenzie. Our Captain in the 'Pollo' was a trump; never left the ship without offering seats in his barge to any shore-goers, and of course never went without some idler or other; and sometimes all of them together, Surgeon, Purser, and Marine; for we had no Parsons in frigates in those days; that sort of craft only being required amongst the sinners in three deckers, as we are, Parson; (nodding very significantly to the Chaplain.)

"Sanders was always shy of the skipper. If spoken to, and his hat was off, stuck perhaps upon the booms while he took an observation, he would lay hold of the hair on the peak of his forehead and dip a bow; and if his hat were on, touch it every half second; but he was a saucy dog when once ashore. Well, Sanders went below as soon as the barge had shoved off, when the launch was hoisted out to go for water. He then sent up 'his compliments (to me) to beg leave to put his bag of foul linen into the launch, and would take his boy to carry it to the washerwoman's.' He subsequently altered his mind, and would send a chest with all his linen to be washed. Now, as no one on board had ever recollected seeing Sanders sport much clean linen, it was with astonishment I observed such a magazine of soiled

linen as a chest as big as the quarter-deck arm-chest, and marked 'Mr. M'Kenzie's washing,' about to leave the ship. The sudden appearance upon deck of its proprietor, rigged out in his No. 1. coat, scraper, and side-arms, soon solved the mystery. 'Never had no washing since I left Madeira last June's a twelve-month in the old 'Rattlesnake,' said he; and I thought that a very good reason for having more than all his messmates together, for we had only been twelve days from Portsmouth. I was, I believed, at that time, with the sole exception of old club-haired STAMP, First of the 'Terrible,' who never set foot out of the ship for seven years, except to square the yards, and see her sides painted or bends blackened, the best ship keeper in the service; but I fully determined to see how Sanders would enjoy himself ashore.

"The launch being reported ready, and side manned, I thought I heard in the interval of time between the marine sentry carrying arms and the boatswain's mate's whistle, a sort of growling accompanied by a hasty — from the Master, at the lubbers, who had laid his chest upon its beam ends, under the thwarts, as if it was 'nothing of no value whatsoever.' As the officer of the launch subsequently told me, the moment they reached the landing place, Sanders ordered half a dozen hands to shoulder the chest, and follow him to Antonina's, his old washerwoman's; but in the event of parting company, to rendezvous at the wine-shop on the right hand, the nearest to the landing-place; Sanders intending at the time to cross a little over towards a fisherman's cottage on the left hand, where he had formerly cultivated an attachment for a little black-eyed brunetta, called Leonora, the prettiest and falsest girl in all Funchale.

"There was not, however, any danger from temporarily parting company; and upon the master rejoining his party at the wine-shop, he most liberally gave them a *pereta* a piece, to splice the main-brace; and then the fellows shouldered the chest, by way of making the most of it, and preceded by old Blow-hard, they trotted off to Antonina's, about a mile from Funchale.

"I landed about an hour and a half after the Master, and having paid my respects to the Consul-General, I strolled leisurely through

the town, and from thence into the country, to the right, as a soldier would say, of the city; running my chance of meeting some one or other of our fellows to pilot me to the Master's grand rendezvous. But in that respect I failed, and was on the point of giving up the chase, when I came stem on upon our three Idlers, on their return to the city. We had all been invited to dine at the Consul's to meet our skipper and some Captains of East Indiamen and their 'female investments,' and had, as we strolled along, arranged for wiping off the dust before dinner, at Gordon's, the wine merchant's, who was our wine purveyor; when, as we passed a house on the left of the road, which was approached by a large square or court-yard, in which a multitude of persons was collected, we heard, to our astonishment, a well-known voice, thundering out, '*muito bom*' (very good) '*bom preto*,' (a good black,) '*barrato*' (cheap) and '*três patchas*,' (for three dollars,) and we were naturally all *a-tauto* to see what the deuce had drawn such strains from old Hard-a-weather.

"The natives of Madeira have an extraordinary—What d' ye call it, Purser, in French? something like pendant!" '*Penchant*,' said the Purser. "Aye, thank ye, that's the word. I shall learn French before I am taken prisoner after all!—for the dismals. All wear black, or what has been black, which is very nearly one and the same thing with a certain class of them, provided it be *barrato*. These people are above the vulgar notions of too many of our countrymen, (English and Irish I mean, without offence to present company,) that nothing can be good that is cheap, and therefore to be good must be dear. The Madeira Portuguese like cheap bargains whenever they can get them; and as Sanders was the only gun-room officer who had previously visited Madeira, at which time he was mate of a merchant ship, from which he had been pressed into the old Jupiter, sixty-four, he was the only one acquainted with, or under any circumstances likely to profit by, the advantages which that knowledge presented.

"There are some pretty women at Madeira; but the generality are short, swarthy, snub-nosed concerns that would scarcely pass muster after a long cruise; of the latter caste the court-yard was full; and the exhalations of salt fish and garlic that tainted the atmosphere



made it a matter of great doubt whether we could venture there, and keep the refreshments we had taken at the Consul's under hatches. But 'nothing risk, nothing win,' and having 'screwed our courage to the sticking point,' we entered the court-yard, and cut our way with our elbows *a-kimbo* to the house ; but were on the point of retreating before the anti-odoriferous compound of all that is vile in the 'decomposition of vegetable matter,' as the Doctor calls it, when Sanders, catching a glimpse of us, sung out, 'Why, hold your noses, can't you, if you are so — nice : ' and adopting his advice, we boldly entered a sort of laundry, where, in lieu of an auctioneer's pulpit and hammer, this naval auctioneer had taken post in the middle of his huge sea-chest, which resting upon six chairs at the sides, and one at each end, backs of course, 'outwards faced,' as the Jollies call it, gave him a commanding view of his congregation, and in his right hand he held the 'knock-down' key. Behold, then, in your imaginations, this original (and if our worthy Purser can give us French for it, as we must all

learn French in time, he may do so as a wind-up to my story) standing as described; the backs of the chairs, and lid and sides of his chest, covered with black coats, waistcoats, and trowsers, (or *inexpressibles*, as the ladies call 'em,) of all shapes, colours and sizes, from change of dye or wear and tear; and every wooden pin, peg, and nail the walls contained, occupied by cocked hats, of every hue and shape, from the cast-off opera hat to the beadle's, but without the latter's lace.

"Determined to 'make hay whilst the sun shone,' Sanders, in order to show off his wares, had rigged himself in a full suit of court mourning, *bag* and all complete, *over* his uniform; and by way of a finish, he had shipped a tremendous large three-cornered scraper, belonging once, as he said, to Lord Nelson's honoured father, the Vicar of Burnham Thorpe. Unfortunately it got wind that he was an English Padre, and '*heretico*,' '*inferno*,' &c., escaped from almost every Portuguese mouth; which general exclamation was only quieted by the Master's assurances that Padre Nelson was a '*bom catalico*.'

"Sanders having been interrupted in his new avocation by our presence, and our olfactory nerves having suffered very severely from the penance our curiosity had involved, we gladly sought the fresh air, and the road to the Consulate, after wishing him, in our most formal way, 'a happy and speedy deliverance from his stock of second, third, and fourth-hand dismals.'

"This he turned to such good account, that independently of a considerable sum of money in hard dollars, he sent off a pipe of excellent wine, and his chest well-stored with onions, and fruit, and nuts of the best kind the island produced, which, upon being hoisted on board, was conspicuous for a new address, in chalked letters of gigantic size, 'Mr. McKenzie's clean linen!' to the great amusement of all hands on board, from the cabin to the cable-tier."—The Purser added, by way of appendix, "*C'est un original qui ne se désoriginalisera jamais!*"

CHAPTER XLV.

CAPTAIN OF ROYAL MARINES' STORY.

THE First Lieutenant's story having been as much approved of as if it had been encored a dozen times, the President called upon the Captain of the Royal Marines for his story ; who, after fruitlessly requesting the Chaplain and Surgeon to precede him in auto-biography or anecdote, thus related his tale of by-gone times :—

“About four years since, I belonged to the ‘*Belliqueux*,’ upon the East India station, and like most of my corps was very fond of the shore, when in harbour ; but situated as the squadron was at that time, I did not like asking leave of absence from the ship beyond the usual twenty-four hours. Sir Edward Pellew, whom I accidentally met at the Caliteny, or Collector’s residence, at Trincomalee, asked me in conversation if I had ever visited Colombo, and offered me a month’s leave of absence, if I wished it, and my skipper had no objection. The latter I could promise ; and I accordingly, after paying Captain Byng the usual compliment, accepted the Admiral’s offer who gave me a letter to the Governor, and to the Hon. Tom Twisselton, the Colonial Chaplain, which ensured me the best quarters, and every hospitality, for which Ceylon is justly notorious. I had been there three weeks, in the full enjoyment of every possible luxury, and amongst other good things the eccentricities of a privileged character, Samuel Daniels, Esq., now Ranger of the Woods and Forests, when, as I had no hopes of the ‘*Belliqueux*’ coming round to Colombo or Galle, I took leave of my hospitable friends, and left in my palan-

quin by the northern route, in order to rejoin the flag at Trincomalee, which had been shifted to the 'Bellicieux.'

"Taking it easily, not to tire my palanquin boys, I halted at Negombo, about twenty-four miles from Colombo (having stopped about half-way at a rest house, at a place called Jaelle, during the night) to have some snipe and curlew shooting, which abound on the sands, and in the neighbourhood of that delightful place; and on the second day I started for Chilaw, which is altogether about fifty-three miles from Colombo, where I had scarcely arrived when the Taffal-bearer, as they there call the carrier of the mails, brought me a letter marked outside 'Taffel,' bearing a seal as large as a Spanish dollar, and containing a challenge from a noble viscount's secretary, for certain accusatory expressions respecting him, attributed to me, of so very serious a nature, that if true, and he had been under the pendant, would have subjected him to the severest penalty, and most deservedly so, of the Articles of War. As I fully recollected giving, or rather joining in, a general expression of reprehension, reflecting upon more than one party, I had no alternative but to write for an extension of leave, and to return as fast as my bipeds could carry me to the scene of action. Upon arriving at Colombo, to my great astonishment, I received another letter from the challenger, appointing 'for reasons over which he had no control, that day fortnight for the meeting, at gun-fire, at the Whist Bungalow on the Mutwal road.' As I had no greater friend at Colombo, in point of intimacy, than Sam, as Mr. Daniels was invariably called, I immediately repaired to his Bungalow, and after a confidential communication with him on the subject, he agreed to be my friend on the occasion.

"The fortnight soon passed in the charming neighbourhood and delightful society of hospitable Colombo, when a third letter made its appearance, to this effect: 'that the time that had been allowed to transpire by the necessity of accompanying his Noble Lord into the country had in a great degree cooled his anger, and that he would be satisfied with an apology as publicly made as the insult had been publicly given.'

"As nothing remained for me to do but to meet the challenger,

my friend and I were up an hour before gun-fire, and had sat down to a cup of coffee, when he began to expatiate on the folly of duelling. 'That for his part he considered it beneath the dignity of any man in his right senses to give or accept *parade* invitations; for that nothing was so bad as the morning air upon an empty stomach, and that of two evils he preferred *pillulæ catharticæ* to *pillulæ plumbi*. Further, that he had always made it a point to declare in public, that nothing under heaven should induce Sam Daniels so far to forget himself as to give or accept a challenge; for that nothing on this side the grave could compensate the society of Colombo, in the event of his being shot, for the *general loss* the community would thereby sustain:' and the countenance of this excellent fellow, who really was as brave as a lion, could not have been excelled by Liston's most ridiculously solemn face as Mawworm, whilst thus panegyricizing himself.

"We entered the buggy, which Sam had ordered in ample time, and were half-way through the main street of the Pellah, when Sam pulled up, and merely saying 'he had a word or two for the last friend a man required in this world,' stepped into a house on the right hand, and in less than five minutes he re-appeared with a couple of black fellows, one of whom carried a long black-painted shell or coffin, and the other a spade and pickaxe, who marched on before us, whilst Sam, placing a lump of chalk in a corner of the buggy, resumed the ribbands.

"'Well, Sam, what have ye been about?' said I. 'Merely preparing for the worst,' said he; 'because if you kill him, as most probably you will, we must earth him up, and bolt out of the jurisdiction, and at Negombo or nearer, we may be in plenty of time to get off to the coast.' 'Don't trouble yourself, my good fellow, I am not going to waste ammunition upon a quill-driver; I can tell by his letters that he will save me the trouble of even loading a pistol.'

"However, the time for a *denouement* approached. We had reached the Whist Bungalow, and taken our seats, with our legs extended in true Qui-hi style upon the table, when Sam, assuming the pathetic, asked me, 'if I could forgive the trick he had played

me?' 'Anything from you, Sam, except doubting my readiness to meet an enemy.' Upon his solemn assurance that he had never doubted its fullest presence in my composition, and my hand having been given to him in confirmation of my pledge, he confessed that the letters had been addressed to him, and not to me; that he had observed my reluctance at quitting Colombo, and thinking I should be glad to avail myself of any excuse to return to it, had placed the challenge under another envelope, and directed it to me!—The tables were changed: Sam assumed all the appearance of fear, and acted his part so well, that if it had not been for his taking the chalk in his hand, and walking over to the place where the black fellows were employed digging a grave, and marking upon the lid

'HENRY ——— ESQ.,
Died December 20, 180—,'

I really should have been myself deceived. However, having once promised to be his friend, I determined to treat him as if he really had impressed me with an idea that his terror was as great as he endeavoured to represent it; and I accordingly advised him in the best way that a man could be advised, who showed himself in such a *confounded funk*, in these terms: 'My worthy friend, Sam, duelling is a lottery: firing at a target one thing, and firing at a man, who may have covered you with his pistol at the very same moment, another; for the target holds out no pistol that may have as good a chance as the one opposed to it. If Mr. ——— be in as great a stew as, *inter nos*, Sam, you seem to be in, and his pistol be over-loaded, the ball may be sent fifty yards over your head; or, in the hurry of raising his pistol, it may go off, and shoot one or two of his right toes off:—it's all a mere chance—a bagatelle—in fine, nothing when once used to it!'

"The Colombo gun fired; and in less than five minutes the challenger and his second drove up; and having accosted the grave-diggers, and remarked the ready coffin, the former exclaimed, 'Gracious heaven! what can this mean? Murder? Is murder their object? Let us return! I came to withdraw my challenge, not to be

butchered.' Then addressing Sam's Appo, or butler, (who, suspecting something wrong, had followed the buggy, and afterwards concealed himself behind the tree, against which the coffin lid had been placed erect,) demanded 'the meaning of the inscription;' who replied, 'I tink Mr. Sam go for kill you, Master ——; and cos he go Governor's party, he not like make bobbery, so put you in de box, and cober up proper, and after de party done dinna, send tell Fiscal.'

"The challenger and his second became mute with horror. However, upon the spur of the moment, I thought it best to speak to the challenger's friend, who appeared extremely downcast and thoughtful; and, leaving Sam in the Bungalow, I did so. The first thing he said to me, upon recovering his speech, was, 'I thought, Sir, that Mr. Sam had always declared in public, that he never would accept a challenge, and upon that account a willing apology was hoped for.' 'O, that is it,' exclaimed I; 'then, Sir, much time might have been spared by at first demanding it; but as you evidently are not accustomed to these matters, you, perhaps, are not aware that you have made yourself liable to meet me, which you had better do at once, for no apology will Mr. Sam condescend to make!' 'I, Sir! I meet you! I am, Sir, a man of peace! I am a visiter here, but I am, in fact, a Baptist Missionary of Villore!'"

CHAPTER XLVI.

SECOND LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

VOILLIES of applause followed the Captain's excellent anecdote ; and the Second Lieutenant was, therefore, called, after the mess had "freshened hawse," to afford his share of the general amusement of the evening.

"I too have been at Ceylon ; and I too know Sam Daniels well and intimately ; and I may also say, I too have been one of his—shall I coin a word?—*jokistical* victims. . . . I strongly suspect I know something of the Villore Missionary, but I may be out in my reckoning ; however, as I am in for a yarn, here goes !

"I left Ceylon in 18—, a short time prior to which I joined a wild-duck shooting party at Balgodde, after which we were to have dined with the Collector of Caltura,—a most humourous and facetious old fellow, who had formerly been purser of an East Indiaman, and was styled by Governor Maitland 'The Illustrious John.'

"Our party included aid-de-camps, the Captain of the Ceylon Light Dragoons, civilians, and the Lord knows who beside, for I cannot well recollect, and we had excellent sport ; from which, however, I once or twice wished myself at some distance, I may say back again in blue water ; for the cursed leeches bled me without mercy, and I was stuck over with them just as thickly as the Captain of the fore-top now is with small-pox pustules.

"We,—I say we, like the organ-blower to the organist,—killed a great deal of game, of which my share was a paddy bird that had

been previously winged, but which I finished with a full load from both barrels, and left nothing but feathers, here, there, and everywhere, to serve as proof of my prowess in the *small-arm* way. I believe, but I am not certain, I killed a kingfisher upon a stump of a tree, by the side of the river, but do not know whether or not it was included in the proportion bagged by the native sportsmen who accompanied our party, which supplied them with powder and shot. The chetahs showed no fight whatever, and were killed by the native sportsmen; but one of the animals who was shot in a tree sprang over my head, just giving me a passing fillip with his tail which I thought excessively kind, to a stranger in the woods of Ceylon! It however, flattened my hat, and made my starboard ear sing again.

"After a day unequalled for good sport, fine weather, and the usual accompaniments of the occasion, lots of good brandy and water and Hodgson's pale ale, the party met at the cutchery to dinner; for the Appo's announcement of which we were anxiously waiting in the 'sea virandah,' when in walked the facetious host, who, as I have already mentioned, had been in the East India Company's naval service, exclaiming, 'Heave to with the dinner, Appo! and put another half dozen of claret into the cooler. There's a parson at the ferry, my good friends,' said he, addressing his guests, 'and Parsons are thirsty souls!'

"Expecting the Hon. Tom T——n, the senior Colonial Chaplain, the Appo (butler) was ordered 'to have the soup hot enough to tickle the Padre's* tongue.'† 'For I have no doubt,' said the Collector, 'but this Divine will prove to be the Colonial Chaplain.' But the illustrious John was out in his calculations, for a stranger to the whole party made his appearance—a slight, well-made, gentlemanly man, bearing a letter of introduction, *à la* Chesterfield, in his countenance, who diffidently gave his name as plain Mr. F——.

"The conversation during dinner was chiefly on the subject of the various sauces that had been recently imported. But it was gene-

* *Padre*,—a general name among the Cingalese for all Divines of all sects.

† It was the Hon. Tom's custom to give a rupee to the cook whenever the soup was hot enough to scald his tongue.

rally allowed, that for fish or game, Hervey's was superior to any other; upon which the facetious Captain of the Governor's body-guard, who was seated on the stranger's left, quoted the following, which he gave as an *impromptu* of his friend George Canning :—

' Two Herveys had a mutual wish,
To' excel in different stations,
One was famed for sauce for fish,
The other for—Meditations.

Each had his pungent power applied
To aid the dead and dying,
This relishes a sole when fried,
That keeps a soul from frying !'

“ ‘Well, now,’ said the jocund host, ‘Was not that fellow Hervey a Methodist preacher?’ A smile gradually diffused itself over the stranger’s countenance, who merely replied, that ‘Hervey was an honour to humanity, whatever might have been his religious bias.’ But our illustrious John was not to be interrupted in giving his opinion of Methodists, for whom he certainly entertained a most illiberal, although in those high church days by no means an uncommon one, of all who dissented from its forms and discipline: and he was by no means disposed to make an exception in favour of the Wesleyans, who were expected soon to establish a mission at Colombo, to preach Christianity to the long-headed clever fellows, yclep’d the heathen. ‘Nothing could ever induce him to consider the Methodists but as so many hard-up tinkers and cobblers, who, instead of being governed by any holy spirit but the spirit of arrack, were actuated to expatriate themselves by the conviction that preaching and good living were more profitable and more pleasant than daily labour six days out of seven.’

“ Although naturally anxious to turn the course of the conversation, the stranger showed no sort of disposition to quit the company. It was evident to him, that no personal allusions were intended for him, and that he was considered an orthodox clergyman of the Established Church; for he had overheard the illustrious John say, in an under-

tone, to the friend on his right hand, 'This fellow is something like a Parson. I shall patronise him, I know, unless he falls off upon further acquaintance! Hem!'

"The dinner over, the divine was desired to say grace, which ceremony had been accidentally omitted before dinner; and so pleased was our host with its brevity, or, as he said, its '*multum in parvo*,' that in thanking the stranger, he added, 'Now that's just the way I like grace; no cant nor humbug in it. Amen!'

"The wine circulated freely; the Parson, as the stranger was now considered, enjoyed his with moderation and great good humour. Religion was no topic for a dinner-party; and he was ever the last to introduce it at any time, when likely to be lightly entered upon, or to encourage it, as affording grounds for the delivery of opinions opposed to the religion he was employed to propagate; and there were one or two in that party who openly professed atheism, and ridiculed the whole system of Christianity.

"The botanist of the island having joined the party in the course of the evening, the conversation turned to the Linnæan classification; and the botanist, taking from the vase of flowers which stood before him a specimen of the *gloriosa superba*, was asked by one of the party its class and order; to which having replied '*hexandria monogynia*,' 'what's the English of that, Parson?' said the beginning-to-be-elevated host, at the same time suiting the action to the word by enforcing attention, (slapping the divine heartily on the shoulder, over the intermediate chair,)—no joke from the hard fist of a sailor!—the derivation was given with great good humour: and, by degrees, the reverend gentleman was called on for information by one or other for Hebrew words in Scripture, Arabic in the Koran, which were in common use by the moormen in Ceylon, and, indeed, of many derivations from the Greek, in all which he was perfect. But scarcely could the gravest of mortals have refrained from joining in the general burst of laughter which followed one word that the botanist had employed in describing a beautiful fern which he had met with in his morning's researches in the neighbourhood,—that word *cryptogamia*.

"By this time the illustrious John, who stuck to the old Port whilst

others drank Claret, began to display its effects by his boisterous merriment, the word '*cryptogamia*' tickled his fancy. 'I shall never forget that word, although I never learnt *Latin*,' said he, 'if I do all the rest; it puts me so much in mind of my old friend Chrip—Chrip—Chrip—Chrips of Cirencester, Member of Parliament to boot; we got gloriously drunk together, after leaving Lord Bathurst's dinner party, but not quite so glorious as,' hiccuped the good old fellow, 'we shall all be ere we part to-night.'

"This was sufficient intimation of the extent to which the hospitality of the cutchery was to be carried for the day. The Divine (for whom a bed had been prepared the moment he entered the house, according to custom) pleaded fatigue, the necessity of departing at day-break, and prayed hard for permission to retire. Many objections were at first started by the merry host, to which his ideas of hospitality alone prompted him; but, taking the stranger by the hand, which had been readily extended, but which he would gladly, when too late, have withdrawn, for he felt as if it had been grasped by an alligator, whilst the salt spray trickled down his cheeks, and pain made an advantageous display of his teeth in his fruitless attempts to withdraw it,—'Parson,' said the three-cloths-in-the-wind host, 'you are the best fellow of your kidney I have ever met with, always excepting jolly old Cordiner and Tom Twiselton. How the dissenting fellows would 'scud under bare poles' before you! the deuce a bit of Latin or Greek could you screw out of them, whether drunk or sober, for all the Port in Colombo; and as to knowing anything about (hiccupping) chrip,—chrip,—chrip, I forget the rest, why they would as soon be able to 'square the circle' as tell the English of it.'

"The Divine whose hand had been released by quietly bearing, instead of forcibly attempting to retire it from the sailor's grasp, repeatedly bowed to the illustrious John during his oration, and 'in wishing all a very good night, he begged leave, very respectfully, to express his hope, that upon acquaintance with, and experience of the Wesleyan Methodists, of which upon the anticipated establishment of a mission in the colony it would afford frequent opportunities, better

opinions would follow as a matter of course ; for he had candidly to acknowledge, and with all due humility, that although he himself was merely a visiter to the island, he was one of the dissenting fellows alluded to by their excellent and hospitable host, whose surprise may be imagined ; but, if it were possible, additional attention was paid to the guest for his candid acknowledgements."

As every justice is done on board a man of war to those who endeavour to "draw a nail from the coffin," instead of adding one, by the indulgence of care, the second Lieutenant's story received the applause due to the intention of the relater, and as he had a claim upon some other messmate, he called upon the Doctor, as the Surgeon is generally called, (but occasionally butcher in the cock-pit,) for his auto-biography or story.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

"You, all know, messmates, that I am an old Indian, as indeed the majority of the mess is ; but as my worthy friend on my left had mentioned his having been a *jokistical* victim of Sam Daniels, I had anticipated a relation in which the celebrated Sam would have borne his usually conspicuous share ; but to my chagrin and disappointment, not a word, nor even a trick, of Sam Daniels has escaped him. I will, therefore, give you a second-hand story, which I heard myself related by the facetious Master Attendant, of —, who never committed but one folly in his life, and that was his marrying a *Chee Chee*, the daughter of an old Madras Major by his Tamiee Katchie.

"It was about the middle of May when an Indiaman anchored in the roads from England. Sam Daniels and a numerous party immediately ordered their palanquin and buggies to the jetty, and anxiously awaited the Master Attendant's return from the ship, with the usual report of arrivals. A peep at the list soon convinced Sam that a brace of county of Downe (or as they were then called, Lord Castle-reagh's chickens,) writers for the civil service would afford ample scope for displaying the wit of an old stager, and the credulity of the *griffins*.

"Having made known his intention to the assembled group of military and civil servants, they were induced to leave the field entirely to Sam; and whilst some few hastened to the cock-loft, yclep'd the Master Attendant's office, on seeing a boat full of passengers approaching the shore, the rest got into their palanquins, and hastened off to the public offices on the esplanade, from the front windows of which Sam had assured them they would see his Irish friends in all their glory, provided, as he naturally expected, they came on shore in the boat to which their attention had been for some time directed—which they did. Every conveyance had already left the jetty, except about half a dozen palanquins ready for hire. Sam inquired for two gentlemen of the name of S—— and F——, who, exceedingly glad to find themselves known such a long way off from 'ould Ireland,' expressed their delight by their exclamations, 'Jasus, I am Mr. S——;' and 'Sure I am Mr. F——, at your service!' 'His Excellency's compliments, and has sent for you, and your luggage, and begs your company at the King's house.'

"'Well, that's strange,' said one, 'before he has seen our letters of introduction!' 'Mighty strange!' said the other, and, taking Sam (who wore the usual Indian dress, a white jacket) for a porter, they at once asked him 'what the boxes with long poles were for?' To which Sam replied 'the inside for their portmanteaus and desks, and the outside for themselves to lie down or recline upon.' Not a moment was to be lost, for heavy clouds overhead threatened a deluge of rain, and Sam, greatly to the amusement of the bearers, who expected from their long experience of Sam's oddities, that some joke was in

contemplation, assisted the griffins to the top of their palanquins, into the body of which they had taken care to stow their portmanteaus, directed the coolies to move on quietly to the King's House; in an instant the riders changed their positions from that of reclining to lying flat on their backs, and each taking off his hat, and holding it so as to shade the face from the sun, was in that position trotted off from the jetty and over the esplanade to the King's house, the Malabar bearers chaunting their usual song, the chorus of which means. 'Brother, brother, shake him well; shake the great fat pig!' When about the middle of the esplanade, and in full view of the assembled party in the Paymaster-general's and Vice-treasurer's offices, the two griffins were overtaken by a tremendous shower of rain, and drenched to the skin in less than a minute, whilst a sudden peal of thunder, equal to the discharge of a thousand pieces of ordnance, and vivid lightning, forced them to relinquish their places on the top, and for the first time to consider that some trick had been played, and that the inside had been the place for themselves, and the outside, or any other in such tremendous weather, for their baggage. Vowing vengeance against the Governor's servant, they made many enquiries for the 'infernal villain,' but unsuccessfully. The Governor, 'King Tom,' made them as welcome as if he had really invited them; but the mutual surprize of the griffins may be conceived, when they observed Sam take his place immediately opposite the Governor, *au juste milieu des conviés*.

"A rum country this, where a general sits down with his own servant, who appears to be just as much at home as the pig in the cottage of ould Mrs. Regan in Rathcormac, but faith I'll fillip my wine in his face, sure enough!' This induced the officer on the right hand to explain Mr. Sam's privilege, and to advise the griffins 'to grin and bear it with good humour;' which, as the wine began to circulate, they agreed to do; but emphatically declared, that 'to the day of judgment they should never fail to remember their colonial baptism, and how to use a palanquin.' It soon was explained that Sam had got them a good dinner upon his own free use of the Governor's name, which so pleased them, that they exclaimed, loud

enough for King Tom's ear, 'Jasus, then, as he has hoaxed the Governor, we surely can allow him to hoax us;' and, suiting the action to the word, 'Here's your health, and bad luck to ye, Mr. Sam!'

The Surgeon considering it to be his call next, and as it was to be the last for the evening, he begged his friend the Chaplain to relate some anecdote or other for the "good of the mess." The Parson regretted much that he had nothing in the shape of auto-biography or anecdote likely to interest the mess; but that rather than appear singular upon such an occasion, he would relate a *singular* but authentic story of an occurrence, or rather phenomenon, that he had met with whilst Chaplain of the "Old Gladiator," off Madagascar.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

"ONE night, between two and three bells of the middle watch, when off the island of Madagascar, in latitude 26° south, and about 73° of east longitude, the Captain was called upon deck, and the midshipman of the watch sent down to all the officers to tell them the 'sea was white as snow, and well worthy of observation.'

"The idlers all turned out, with the exception of myself, for I, bearing in mind the many tricks the middies had played me, declared to the midshipman of the watch, who called me to go on deck, 'that I had no curiosity to gratify, and would only turn out when the drummer beat to quarters.' At length I heard the lieutenant, who had kept the first watch, call the sentry at the gun-room door for a light; and ascertaining from him, that although a white sea was in his (the Lieutenant's) opinion just as natural as a red one, the



ship might be going over some unknown shoal with, perhaps, a coral surface, and worth looking at. I began to think it was something more than the *mare album* of a restless reefer, and thereupon turned out, and went upon deck. I really was astounded at the scene before me,—the horizon appeared like an immense black circle enclosing a spacious plain covered with snow. The ship scarcely went through the water at the rate of a knot an hour. The Indiamen under our convoy, within the circle bounded by the horizon, appeared perfectly black ;—most of them had hove to. Soundings had been tried with the deep-sea-lead from the first change observed in the colour of the water,—but to no purpose ; buckets of water drawn at different depths, and the surface skimmed from the jolly-boat, which had been lowered, for the sake of getting it from an inch to three inches deep, proved of little avail as to a solution of the phenomenon. A thousand conjectures were hazarded, all which were equally unsatisfactory : the phosphorescent sparks elicited by stirring salt water quickly with the hand, at night, in warm latitudes, and nothing more, resulted from

the motion of the hand in the water drawn for the purposes of observation : and upon examination, in the morning, it was altogether free from any sort of animalculi, as far as the naked eye could discern.

"Whilst the officers were standing within the hammock nettings of the lee gangway, looking over the side, and giving their different opinions upon the extraordinary scene before them, a shoal of porpoises suddenly sprung out of the sea, within fifty yards of the ship, and came stem on towards her ;—they were as black as Old Nick himself is painted, and added considerably to the terrific character of the phenomenon, and many of the sailors were absolutely as stupid as if petrified by fear.

"The next morning, as soon as signals could be made out, general telegraph was hoisted, and after that a signal for 'all captains;' but upon a general consultation in the captain's cabin, not one could elucidate the extraordinary phenomenon, for not even the oldest captain had ever before witnessed anything like the sea as white as snow. How true, indeed, is it recorded, 'They that go down to the sea in ships ; and do business in great waters ; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.'"

The whole mess applauded with "Bravo, bravissimo Parson, that is true, indeed ! but no more Scripture on Saturday night." "*Si tibi placet domine,*" was added by the Doctor, to the great amusement of all hands, but of those most particularly who no Latin knew !

The Parson being called upon to nominate the President as the teller of the first story at their next Saturday night's merry meeting, called upon the third Lieutenant ; and accordingly on the following Saturday, nothing having in the interim occurred to disturb the harmony of the mess, or alter the station of the ship, the third Lieutenant took the chair under the wardroom rose.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THIRD LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

"I HAVE, 'tis true, rounded both Capes, and am fully licensed to tell a tough one ; but I waive that privilege, and will give you a second Madeira story, although you must not expect to have such good reasons for splitting your sides as our last week's worthy president our 'noble First,' afforded you by his picture of the naval auctioneer,—Sandy Mackenzie. I merely give it by way of advice to those among us who may hereafter visit Madeira, to be on their guard against the too fascinating game of '*monte*' with the black-eyed damsels of the Madeiras. Upon our arrival at Madeira in the 'old Calliope,' in 18—, our first call was, of course, upon His Majesty's Consul, who was also a wine-merchant ; and we had to wade our way from the street through a lane of wine pipes, and pipes of wine, ready for exportation, 'the best' of which is sure to be destined for the latitude of London Bridge, and longitude from the meridian of St. Paul's. The second best to the West Indies and America, the best of the surplus to the East Indies, where it may ripen to something palatable, but ever acid, or turn to superior vinegar.

"The Consul was not immediately visible, but hospitable as all Madeira merchants are. He was a sufferer from gout, and when the Captain introduced us as his officers, he was sitting propped up by the aid of pillows, in a gaudily painted garden-chair ; but never were such grins displayed upon the distorted countenance of any human being, under the tortures of gout, as upon the almost livid physiognomy of Mr. Consul Veitch.

"Irish priests are every where to be met with throughout the

Spanish and Portuguese dominions, and they generally are as kind, as they show themselves useful to strangers.

"Having been introduced to the reverend father Macarthy by an English resident, to whom we had applied for some guide or other to show us the country about Funchale, the worthy padre readily volunteered his services to accompany us. The second and third Lieutenants who were of the party proposed sedans or palanquins, and the supernumerary Lieutenant (a passenger) proposed riding; but the former had an insuperable objection to that mode of travelling, for he successfully argued in favor of walking for the first day or two, as almost all the ponies had been engaged by the midshipmen of the ships in port, and would then certainly be more quietly disposed, after having been exercised by such known rough riders. Agreed to *nem. con.*

"Whilst talking upon this subject, a procession of the Host appeared at the end of the street, and as it passed we doffed our cocked hats. 'I would much rather have seen you kneel,' said father Macarthy; 'for although you have shown as much respect as English officers are expected to pay, you would be held in much higher estimation by the ladies here, if you cared less for the knees of your trowsers.'

"This effusion induced a nod of acquiescence from us as strangers, greatly to the father's satisfaction; who having proposed a visit to his most intimate friend at a village about three miles from Funchale, we proceeded upon, to me, one of the most pleasant, but to my messmates, most expensive trips they had ever ventured upon.

"On our way to the villa father Macarthy amused us with the old story of the 'Bristol Lovers,' and discovery of that island of 'woods and wastes,' and afterwards resumed his recommendations as to kneeling to the Host, or, as he called it, 'the Almighty.'

"What signifies soiling your trowsers by knuckling down in the mud or dust to the Host, should its procession be again met; for the more religious your knees appear to have been, the prettier the partner you will have at the ensuing evening ball; and you will be, to all intents and purposes, a '*bom catalico*' during the remainder of your stay in the country. And what signifies it, heretics as ye may be, and very probably are, whether you kneel down or not? if, as you say,





Father Macarthy & 3rd Lieut.^e in the Arbour.

the mind free from superstition and idolatry, is not governed by the motions of the body ; and in all such matters it is better to make friends than foes, for in doing so, whatever the effect upon the inexpressibles may be from mud or dust, no principle is sacrificed, but much attention and hospitality ensured, from those whose religious observances in public have been treated by you with becoming respect.'—Well done father Macarty, or Macarthy, for it matters not which !

“ The father introduced his English friends to the proprietor of the villa, an elderly gentleman dressed in black, with an order of knighthood suspended from a button-hole of the left lappel of his coat, by a red ribbon ; the insignia, or, as the French call it, ‘ *decoration*,’ had the appearance of a locket set with brilliants, having a red dagger enamelled upon a white ground. The Conde (such was his title, although living under an assumed and more humble designation,) received his visitors with the urbanity of a gentleman of the old school, and presented them to his Countess and daughters, than whom the Graces themselves could not have been more enchanting. Donas, Florentina, Rosina, and Leonora de S—— were in that easy dishabille which displayed their figures to the greatest advantage : ‘ when unadorned, adorned the most.’ Cards were at hand : and play, that darling recreation, or rather passion, of the Portuguese, was proposed, while refreshments were being prepared ; for the Padre had ‘ bargained,’ as he called it, for an early dinner at the villa. I had no money to lose, nor inclination to play, and therefore, whilst my messmates accepted the pressing invitations of the ladies, I took the opportunity of enjoying my darling recreation, as you all know it to be, when I am at my cottage ashore, in the adjoining gardens and vineyard. I had full permission to collect any seeds I pleased, and was soon in full employment, with the priest assisting on the one hand, and the gardener on the other. Father Macarthy was a most excellent botanist, and readily described the productions of the island ; and having obtained as many seeds as I required for my friends at home, father Macarthy and I seated ourselves in a beautiful arbour formed of myrtle, shaded by banana trees and vines, where the gardener supplied us with choice fruit ; but the father, observing my anxiety

to learn something more about the island than he could collect from Brooke's 'Gazetteer,' began with the 'happy place' the Bishop had got. Commencing, with a deep drawn sigh, father Macarthy—but his own words are best—'Charming life has the said bishop, as well as the Deán and Chapter, and very well paid too! His Eminence is much better off than the Governor—bad luck to him! and is paid in kind, and of the very best kind too, to the tune of one hundred and twelve pipes of wine, unadulterated, *raal* good stuff, for which he may be glad to be a bishop all his life; and by way of keeping it in good company, nine hundred and seventy bushels of wheat, just or near about four thousand pounds sterling, cash. Och, what a lucky dog!—I beg his Eminence's pardon—bishop! '*lapsus linguæ, mi fili, non error mentis!*' which Latin the worthy priest thought an ample apology for a misnomer.

"The father's *brogue* escaped him more during his little of information regarding the Bishop, than either before or after the visit to the villa; and perhaps he chose that moment for enjoying a little bit of the brogue and fruit together, where there was only one to hear it. The Madeira Portuguese is a complete patois, and very like that *melange* called Hindoo Portuguese.

"Although the cabbage of Madeira ranks first from its size, the onion ranks as chief for exportation, and is most in request, as well as for home use; for it attains a large size, and is so extremely mild, that it would scarcely draw tears from a widow at her second husband's funeral, try it on how she might. Pumpkins, melons, gourds, of endless variety, and sweet potatoes, cucumbers, and other vegetables common to our English gardens, are abundant; and the capsicum and bringale (*solanum melongena*) are equal to any the world produces.—But to return to the ladies.

"From the garden we re-entered the *salle à manger*, where the family pack of cards with which I had left the young ladies about to teach '*monte*' to their enamoras, for such they had become at first sight, had given place to a very fine cold turn-out; and although the table service did not show much elegance, or the cutlery much polish, or the plate much lustre, the good things before them, and appetites

increased by the effect of the fruit they had partaken of, gave a zest to enjoyment, which the cool and delicious Malmsey, and Tinto direct from 'Porto, unadulterated by the brandy qualification for the English market, not a little contributed to increase, and induced the wish that they had not promised to dine at Mr. Consul Veitch's.

" 'Extraordinarily fine wine that, senor Condi,' remarked the excellent second Lieutenant, helping himself to another small tumbler of Tinto, or rather Porto, (there were no wine glasses,) by way of confirming his opinion, and father Macarthy thereupon put in his oar: 'In troth,' said he, 'that wine belonged to the Conde's grate, grate, grate grandfather, a Bishop of Coimbra, and whoever heard of a Bishop that patronised bad wine? By my shoul, though but a parish priest, as I may say, although I am confessor to the Conde's family, and pretty innocent little creatures they are, I would neither touch nor keep, and it is not likely I would drink bad wine.'

"I observed my messmates laying seige to the juice of the grape more ardently than to the ladies; the latter of whom were all smiles, and the mother and the Conde appeared to equally share in some exquisite pleasure, whilst the mirth of the former appeared more assumed than real.

"At first my messmates had fallen in love; subsequently, they suspected they had experienced foul play, but all had been fair enough, for not a dollar had been produced by the family; and upon leaving the villa, having taken a polite leave, and thanked the Conde for his hospitality, as if nothing had taken place to annoy them, the grand confession came out, by an invocation of all the devils in — against *monte*; for, in addition to the loss of all their doubloons, guineas, and dollars, they had been taught the game to the tune of their quarterly bills, of about twenty-two pounds six shillings and eight pence each, for which they had given orders upon the Consul, with whom they had previously left them to be discounted; and so fully did the southerly wind pervade their pockets, that if it had not been for the few dollars I had in my purse, they would not have had enough to pay for a shore-boat to the ship.

"It afterwards appeared that the confessor who had lagged behind

upon 'spiritual business' was entrusted with the orders upon the Consul, had been accommodated with the Conde's best mule, and had gone by another route; for just as we were entering the Consul's counting-house, we met our Irish cicerone, cash in hand, coming out, who most cordially saluted us with, 'Pace be with you, my children; I came on express, to tell you the ladies hope you will dine at the villa to-morrow. Adieu, *amigos!*'"

Roars of applause followed, and there were many of the mess who could have told from experience that they too had learnt and paid dearly for learning the game of *monte*.

Agreeably to the established right and rule of the mess the President had his call, and it fell upon the Purser, who, having acknowledged his readiness to obey it by a regular-built Purser's bow, commenced his tale of the Cape, &c.

CHAPTER L.

THE PURSER'S STORY.

"ALTHOUGH I have never been so lucky in the course of my perigrinations as to visit either Madeira or the East Indies, I am an old member of the South African Club, at the Cape, and will endeavour to save myself from the penalty of a glass of salt water. The recollection of the anecdote I am about to relate, and the laughing fit which it occasioned, can never, if I live as long as the Spaniards compliment a friend, '*mille anos y mas*,' (a thousand years and more,) be erased from my memory.

"I will not mention the year when the occurrence took place, because I do not wish it to be supposed that I have selected a brave and gallant officer, of any particular regiment, as the butt of a

ridiculous story; but there are many now living who remember it well; and, egotism apart, I think you will all do justice to my reasons for omitting the chronology of the period. The gallant and unsophisticated Major of——entered the reading room of the African Club at the Cape one morning in a very great hurry, and, addressing himself to Mr. Truter, the Chief Justice, asked him if it were true that India rubber grew on a tree. ‘India rubber or caoutchouc,’ replied Mr. Truter, ‘is undoubtedly the produce of a tree,—there is a tree that produces it in the Company’s gardens.’ ‘Bless my soul, wonders will never cease,’ said the Major; and hastily leaving the room, he trotted up the Heer Groat, asking every officer whom he met, if he had seen the India rubber tree, or, as he pronounced it, the ‘Hinjah rubber tree.’ All had seen it, and wondered that the Major had not, as much as at his avowed doubt of its existence.

“The family bandy, a sort of square cart upon two wheels, with blue curtains, which the Major had brought all the way from Groff Remut, was immediately placed in requisition. The girls, as he called his four pretty daughters, were soon all *a tauto* to accompany him; and, arrayed in all the colours of a bed of tulips, they proceeded as fast as the charger, at one time of day, and the family horse at another, could draw them.

“‘Seeing is believing, my dears,’ said the gallant Major to his daughters; but would ye believe it, that ‘India rubber grows on a tree?’ ‘Grow on a tree, Papa’ exclaimed the two eldest; ‘I am sure,’ said Margaret, ‘it does not, for I have often heard “Ma” say, it was the —— skin, I mean, (after a pause) of an elephant dried in the sun.’ Letitia joined in her sister’s opinion; the two younger girls had no opinion to give, but wished to see such a fine tree.

“The family party arrived at the superintendent’s house just as his early dinner was being served: but the Major’s impatience would not admit of his taking any refreshment until he had seen and shown his girls the, to them, eighth wonder of the world.

“‘Is there indeed,’ said he, to the astonished but good-humoured Scotch superintendent, ‘such a tree?’ ‘Indeed there is, Major, and a very fine specimen it is of the *ignatia elastica*.’ O, that’s French,

“Is it, for India rubber?” rejoined the anxious Major. “Latin, Latin, Major,” was the only answer the superintendent could make, for it became necessary to apply a handkerchief to his mouth to avoid laughing outright in his visitor’s face, so greatly were his risible faculties excited. “Aye, aye, Latin! so it is,” rejoined the Major.

“Making no apology for taking the botanist from his dinner, which had just been placed upon the table, but taking him by the arm in a way peculiar to the gallant Major, and particularly annoying in one of the hottest days of a Cape summer to the party so honoured; ‘Come,’ said he, ‘my dear Mr. — do show us the India rubber tree, if there really be such a tree in the world.’ ‘Why should you doubt it, Major? Many trees yield dyes of various colours, others yield water as pure as from a fountain, and why not a tree or trees yield India rubber, or elastic gum?’ A few minutes’ walk brought the party to the spot where stood, in all its native elegance, the grand object of their uncommon curiosity.

“‘Bootiful, bootiful, indeed!’ exclaimed the delighted parent of this delighted family, whilst anxiously lifting leaf after leaf, and peeping between the branches. The girls busy in admiration of the ‘scarlet sheaths’ of the young leaves and ‘long strings,’ as they called the pendent fibres, of the *ignatia elastica*, whilst they also peeped under the foliage in every direction, as if in search of something more. Fancy then, if you can, messmates, the smile of ridicule which overspread the lengthened visage of the tall, high-cheeked, raw-boned Caledonian, when the Major, looking intently in his face, exclaimed, in a tone of anxiety which betrayed a dread of disappointment, ‘But where, where do the bottles grow?’

“Peter Pindar says,—

‘Why should it not be true?—the greatest men
May ask a foolish question now and then.’

But Fontenelle hits it more to my fancy,—‘*Qui veut peindre pour l’immortalité doit peindre des sots.*’” “Small change for that,” exclaimed many of the delighted auditors, whilst the whole mess joined in one tremendous burst of the most uproarious merriment, immedi-

ately replenished their glasses, and drank, "Our noble Purser and his story, and Saturday nights at sea."

The Purser, as soon as the general calm had succeeded the dancing of decanters and glasses upon the well-oiled oak table, called on his opposite friend the Fourth Lieutenant.

CHAPTER LI.

THE FOURTH LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

"OUR noble second gave us an admirable Ceylon story, but I fancy we were at first in expectation of another anecdote of Sam Daniels when he began it. I was Mid. in the —, which took Sam and his brother William to India from the Cape; and I afterwards spent many a happy day in his company at Colombo, where he did just as he liked, and always laid 'King Tom,' as the Governor the Hon. Thomas Maitland was called, under heavy contributions whenever he wanted cash, until he actually did his Excellency out of the appointment of 'Ranger of the Woods and Forests,' which situation he still holds. In fact, the appointment was never thought of until Sam himself suggested it. You have heard of the land-wind in India, and I may as well tip you a stave of its extraordinary effects.

"Now then, messmates, 'in for a penny, in for a pound,'—Sam seems to have amused a little already—let me try ye on the other tack—stop me if I tire ye.

"For a long period antecedently to Sam's appointment by King Tom to the Rangership, a bet with him was not considered, if won, to imply immediate payment, although certain at some future period. But the instant that he became a colonial servant, Sam devoted a very

fair portion of his salary to wipe off old scores (and his debt to his excellent patron was the first to be attended to), and took especial care to announce that, however tenacious he might be of his privileges in other respects, he would punctually pay all bets that he might lose from and after the date of his civil appointment.

"Sam's declarations and actions being in accordance, his credit with the 'select' rose from its position below zero, and had reached 'summer heat' by the betting thermometer of Mount Lavinia, before he had been two months in possession of the Rangership.

"The Governor's levee was soon about to take place, and a splendid dinner and ball to follow in honour of the King's birth-day. Sam determined to amuse His Excellency on the occasion, and having in recollection the Governor's parting words 'Don't come in character,' (which meant in want of cash,) he pretended to misunderstand him 'Do come in character,' and he made his arrangements accordingly.

"Having painted his palanquin top and sides as the interior of a jungle, in which a large banyan-tree was conspicuous; under which elephants, leopards, bears, sloths, tiger-cats, pythons, and copras de capello, appeared as representatives of the woods and fastnesses of Ceylon, Sam thought it incomplete without a corresponding appearance on the part of its bearers.

"Twelve of the stoutest Cingalese bearers were then selected, whose loins were covered with the hind parts of leopards' skins, the tail coiled round the body; the faces of the leopards were employed as masks, whilst the bearers' necks and part of their backs were covered with the corresponding parts of leopards' skins, their legs and feet were daubed with spots of vermilion, and their arms striped *à la zebra*, with red, yellow, white, and green paint. In fact, nothing could be imagined like them on the earth, or in the waters 'under the earth,' by the most prolific invention except his own.

"King Tom's attention was soon attracted by a most unusual noise, to the front windows of the King's house, whilst awaiting in the venetian verandah the general assembly of his Majesty's loyal subjects in adjoining rooms. The usual exclamation 'That dom'd fellow Sam,' escaped his Excellency; 'and,' added he, 'all his forest devils together,'

preceded a laugh that almost split his royal sides. 'Sam' was ordered forthwith into the presence, and was received with, 'Mister Sam, you are worse than ever; what mean ye by kicking up all this dust in a garrison town?—I thought I had got rid of ye altogether, but ye stick as close as —; but no matter, what mean ye, I say, Mr. Sam, by such a display at the levee?

"Sam bowed his best; assured his Excellency that all had been done in obedience to his own orders at parting, (when the Governor had made him Ranger of the Woods and Forests,) for that he had ordered him to come the next time in character, and that he thought no better day could have been selected to prove his readiness to obey his Excellency's commands.'

"Well, Sam, but you quite misunderstand me, ye devil, ye. However this is a much better character than ye have come in for a long time past; I know you hate levees, heard you say so; so off with ye, and come to dinner at the Mount; but no bed for ye, quite full without ye Sam.' Sam bowed out in his best mode from King Tom's presence, and posted to the Europe shop, opened for the first time on that day for the sale of an investment belonging to the Captain and Purser of an Indiaman then lying in the roads of Colombo; where in the morning he had seen a pair of boots which had been purchased by the garrison store-keeper of Galli; these he determined, if possible, to possess, and make useful to his purposes, for unfortunately there was but that one pair of right-and-left boots in the case from 'Hoby,' and he must get them by hook or by crook. The store-keeper had, luckily for Sam's project, been suddenly called out of town, and, if I recollect rightly, it was to meet his brother who lay extremely ill at Caltina, about twenty-six miles from Colombo.

"The moment Sam had ascertained the fact, he thought it at least twenty to one in his favour that the owner of the boots would not be back in time for King Tom's dinner, and trusting to his own resources for obtaining possession of the boots, he immediately went to all those in whose debt he was booked for bets lost, as they left the levee; and as it was generally known that the Governor had ordered that Sam was never again to have a bed, sofa, or even a mat, at the

Mount, he found no difficulty in getting them to take double or quits that he did get a bed there, and by King Tom's own orders : such was his bet, and it was eagerly accepted by all the knowing ones, as they thought themselves.

"Sam called at the storekeeper's house, and found his appo preparing his clothes to take with him to the Mount, for in that country, whenever we dine out our own servants attend us ; and Sam having seen him pack up the new boots in the portmanteau, told him that his master and himself (Sam) would, as usual, dress in the same room for dinner ; and by way of making assurance doubly sure, Sam gave the appo a small dressing-case from his palanquin, to take at the same time with his master's things, and put in the room with them.

"Now every body who has visited India knows what the land-wind means ; so powerful indeed it is, as to break lamps, tumblers, and wine glasses, and even cause the veneering to start from European furniture. It passes over such an immense extent of sandy desert, exposed to a burning sun before it reaches the coasts of Coromandel, and the northern provinces of Ceylon, that it may well be called the Indian Sirocco ;—of the Sicilian one we have all had ample experience.

"Griffins or Johnny Newcomes are most likely to be affected by a stroke of the land-wind ; which may in some measure be attributed to the sudden change from European clothing to the light cotton jacket and trowsers of the Indian costume ; and the temporary but dangerous enjoyment of sitting in a current of air, whilst in a state of profuse perspiration, unmindful of the quarter from whence the wind may blow ;—that from the land is the most dangerous. A stroke of the land-wind is locally called a fit of the 'Barbers,' which is a *barbarous* word, whose definition is equally as bad as its derivation is difficult. During the time it lasts, the patient is as helpless as a child ; for not a limb seems to retain its functions. But a truce to digression : the dinner hour approached. King Tom and his guests, which included all the civil and military officers, clergy, and principal merchants, awaiting the delightful sound of the butler's 'Dinner on table,' in the verandah adjoining the '*salle à manger*,' when his Ex-

cellency remarked the absence of the Ranger of the Woods and Forests, —‘the first time I ever knew Sam absent on such an occasion!’

“But Sam was busily occupied on a more important matter; for just as his servant had told him that dinner was ‘mos ready,’ he observed the aid-de-camps he had been in search of passing the corridor, from the room where he was busily trying on a new pair of boots, and calling to him, ‘I say H., I’m not to be done out of a bed to night, and I shall trust to your influence with you-know-who, for a shake down!’ ‘By heavens, Sam, that you will never again get where King Tom is, after your crowing like a cock and disturbing all hands at one in the morning the last time you were at the Mount. The General has positively ordered that you shall neither have a bed nor a couch, nor even a mat where he is.’

“‘I’m not a griffin to be done in that way! Sam not to have a bed where King Tom is! That may do for the sawnies, not for the Ranger of the Woods and Forests! I’ll bet you a month’s salary—on honor—no joke—pay if I lose—that I’ll have a bed here, and by King Tom’s own orders, before the dinner is over.—Done and done.—*C’en est assez!*’ The bet wore such an appearance of intent to pay, that it was immediately assented to. A shake of the hand clenched the bet, and *mum* on the subject of the bets was agreed to by both.

“The Engineer Captain hastened to the dinner table, exulting within himself that he should now retaliate for bets lost and paid to Sam, with compound interest. But his enjoyment of such hopes was of brief duration.

“The turtle soup had gone its round: the cold punch—as cold as saltpetre could make it—was being circulated, when a scream as if a dozen vestals had been surprised by as many satyrs, aroused King Tom and company, who, running pell-mell into the corridor, beheld the immortal Sam, stretched on the pavement

‘Flat as the flattest of the flounder race,’

in the greatest apparent pain and agony—the tears coursing down his cheeks in rapid succession—speechless for the moment, but pointing to his feet as the seat of pain—and well he might, for they were

turned or twisted in an extraordinary manner—the right to the left, and *vice versa*. At length, recovering the powers of speech, but still in the greatest possible pain, Sam exclaimed ‘Oh, the land-wind! the land-wind! Oh! oh! and a thousand other ohs! and oaths to boot!’—‘For God’s sake!’ ‘For the love of God!’ following the contrary appeal.

“‘Poor dear Sam, my poor Sam, have patience! all you can wish shall be done; put him upon my own bed, my good fellows, and as gently as possible,’ said King Tom, in the utmost sympathizing anxiety; and, turning to Doctor Stutzer, who was feeling Sam’s pulse, ‘Do for him, Doctor, as for myself. He is a sterling good fellow; but first,’ said the kind-hearted Governor, ‘cut off his dom’d boots!’”

“Increased screams of agony from the suffering Sam followed his Excellency’s recommendation to cut his boots off, and prevented that immediate operation to which, however, Sam quiescently submitted as soon as he had been laid upon the Governor’s bed. Then, indeed, the storekeeper’s new right-and-left boots, the first and only pair that had at that time reached the island of Ceylon, were cut from the patient’s legs; but, to the doctor’s great surprise, no mark of injury, nor the slightest swelling or inflammation, was visible on either foot. Nevertheless both feet were immovably fixed, and nothing but stimulant frictions could avail. The Governor’s portable medicine case was instantly in requisition, and cajiput oil and hartshorn, camphor and turpentine, soap and opium, applied in turn, with slight success.

“Sam, still in great pain, begged hard for wine, and had it; and the doctor, leaving Sam’s servant to rub in the liniment, returned to the dinner-table,—his patient equally glad to get rid of him.

“‘Now then, boy, not a word of this—you know me well enough, and what I like—muster me some dinner, a bottle of Tokay, and a pint of champagne, and be quick. *Wegeta, wegeta, Simon!*’

“In a few minutes Sam’s requisitions were supplied by his trusty servant; the dinner and champagne were soon disposed of, and the Tokay carefully placed under the pillows, the doctor being momentarily expected.—Sam had not long to wait.

"On the doctor's second visit he found his patient very restless; his pulse several beats higher, and every symptom of approaching fever; but the feet had recovered their elasticity in a very considerable degree, although the least touch appeared dreadful to the sufferer, whose exclamations were as loud as the pain seemed intense.

"Having ordered an opiate, the doctor returned to the presence, and made his report to the Governor, who expressed himself in the most feeling terms: 'Poor Sam! I did not know that I liked the dom'd fellow half so well! Poor Sam, and a bumper, gentlemen! May Sam, I mean the Ranger of the Woods and Forests, soon be himself again, and here's health and long life to him! three times three!' to all which the most ample justice was unanimously done.

"The doctor had scarcely left the room a minute before Sam disposed of the opiate, without, as he called it, 'making an apothecary's shop of his inside;' and wishing himself amongst the jovial set, who had just begun to see the

'Bottles and glasses dance upon the board.'

in lieu of laudanum, Sam gulped Tokay.

"But the indulgence of his natural partiality for society, and the festivities of the table must for once give way to prudence, and the object of his 'shamming Abraham,' as he called it; and although he had a long night before him, the morning would dawn with the satisfaction of having again done H——.

"At length the sound of the Colombo morning gun, borne with welcome to his ears, aroused him; and having soon despatched his toilette, he presented himself at H——'s bed-room door, to claim a check for eight hundred rix-dollars, fairly and indisputably won. It was given, after having fully identified Sam to be really Sam. At first the loser would insist upon it that it could not be Sam who had had such a dreadful seizure from the effect of the land-wind. '*Ne fabula mendax*, Sam?' 'The devil a bit—it is I myself—the Governor's own Sam!' Cruikshank alone could have done justice to the disappointment depicted on H——'s countenance, for it baffled

description. Sam had again done him!—had had a bed in the house, and, moreover, the Governor's, King Tom's, own bed!

"At six o'clock King Tom, who had not fallen back upon the next best bed, but had contented himself with a couch in his dressing-room, and had consequently passed a very restless night, from the annoyance of musquitoes, repaired to Sam's bed-room, to inquire 'how the poor fellow did,' and hoping to find that he had passed a tranquil night. But the bird had flown. There was, however, a letter on the table addressed to

'His Excellency the Governor.'

[PRIVATE.]

'MY DEAR GENERAL,

'Thanks to your best of hearts and to your kind sympathy for your own Sam. I am better by several thousands of rupees than I was last night; have honourably got rid of all my debts of honour; but what I am most pleased at is, that H—— is a greater sufferer, by eight hundred rupees, than I am from the land-wind, thanks to your Excellency for your excellent bed! The Tokay was splendid; œil de perdrix incomparable! and for the right-and-left boots, I will send Gibson an order upon M'Loughlin. I am now off to my duties in the jungle, to do justice to your Excellency's patronage and discernment; and I trust I may be permitted to say, May God bless you!

'Ever, my dear General,

'Your grateful and "your own" affectionate,
SAM DANIELS.'

"King Tom read the letter as soon as his first surprise was over, and re-perused it several times, but said nothing till breakfast was announced. He then passed it to Captain H——, who had kept the effect of the land-wind upon himself to himself. King Tom, taking a pinch of Macaba from his capacious mull, at length, eyeing the doctor askance, asked for his patient. The doctor had omitted his visit until after breakfast: he rose from table, went to Sam's room, and returned with a face of unusual length—a general laugh

succeeded, when King Tom declared that 'the dom'd fellow Sam had out-sam'd even himself, but having done and humbugged the doctor he had only one more to do or humbug, and that one, the Devil.'"

This story seemed to have out-witted every one of the foregoing, if the noisy applause that followed its relation be considered a fair criterion for forming such a judgment or opinion; it was the wind-up of the second "saturday night at sea" since the commencement of the new plan of passing that generally most pleasant of all evenings at sea; and the fourth Lieutenant having agreeably to his privilege nominated the old Master as President for the following Saturday night, all hands bade each other good night and repaired to their cabins "to sleep, perchance to dream."

CHAPTER LII.

THE MASTER'S STORY.

THE Master, as President, having taken the chair, began his West Indian yarn:—

"Well, as it comes to my turn, as my messmate yonder chooses to call it, because he chose me for President, and to call upon me to tell a yarn or drink a tumbler of salt water, (and the truth is, if it had been 8 A.M. instead of 10 P.M. I would much prefer the draught,) I suppose I must do my best.

"I was once in the West Indies, where there was a great *he*-fellow of a German, a Hanoverian I believe, who was called B——, or de B—— by way of Frenchifying his name; this fellow made his way up the ladder of the Governor's patronage by being a regular built lick-spit; I knew the chap the moment I made out his hull, when he

was one day steering down Spanish Town with a brace of silver swabs on his shoulders, alongside Lord Belconas, who was Governor of Jamaica at the time; and our marine officer, who was in company, all at once sung out 'As I live, there goes that fellow—— who took a convoy at the Cape from Lynch of the 83d. Lynch was a hearty good fellow, rather fond of the petticoats; but there's no harm in that, neither here nor there, nor any where that I know of.'

"De —— had a smattering of Italian, and used to speak it when there was nobody there to understand it; but what he boasted of was being able to please every body. What is it, (addressing himself to the only Italian linguist in the mess, the junior marine officer,) in the 'talian lingo? 'I dare say you mean "*L'arte di piacere a tutti*,"' said his young messmate. 'Right—right; that's the very jaw-breaker I had forgotten, my jolly fellow.'

"Well, this swaggering chap had stuck himself in the Military Secretary's office, who, (as he told us, hated the toady heartily,) and was always boasting of his services in the Prussian army; and, among other crackers, that he had fought several duels, and always winged his man! I wonder he hadn't killed 'em outright, and eaten them afterwards, for he looked like one of the double-headed rascals upon the coast of California. 'Tis true, I have never seen, but I have often heard of the cannibals, and their tricks upon travellers.

"Well, as I was a telling of ye, messmates, this chap, or rather this shy-cock, with all his boasting, as most shy-cocks do, returned to Jamaica, just as the place of Inspector General of the Militia fell vacant, and he humbugged the Governor to give him the appointment, although he was but a sub upon the staff; and that gave great offence to all the brave fellows there who really had seen some hard service, even so far back as the Maram war, but they had not the gift of the *gab*, or toad-eating, as Mynheer had, and all went to leeward of this blusterer.

"Jamaica is, as we all know, a long way from the Cape, and it was altogether unknown then what had happened at the Cape, some years previously, and during Lord ——'s administration of the government,—that this Militia Inspector, at that time an ensign,

having been detected in carrying tales to head quarters, or elsewhere, to the prejudice of an officer named L——, was severely caned by that gentleman.

“Instead of ‘calling him out,’ a court-martial was resorted to, and on the charges having been proved, Lieut. L—— was sentenced to lose so many months’ rank and pay; but a very short time had elapsed before the arrival of a London Gazette, in which the Lieutenant’s promotion to a company appeared; when, greatly to the satisfaction of his brother officers, the Commander of the forces, in general orders expressed the ‘pleasure he had in directing Captain L—— to resume his duties in the regiment.’

“Something very like ‘being sent to Coventry’ was observed towards the prosecutor by the army, and the whole of the members of the South African club. Jamaica offered a new field to this aspiring genius. His failings at the Cape were totally unknown until our arrival, and then by mere accident, and as a natural result to the bush-ranger’s boasting.

“Calling one morning on the Military Secretary and Captain P——, the bush-ranger, who had been running on in a strain of rhodomontade about his services in the Prussian army, and the duels he had fought, was giving an account of his pistol experience, when P——, *sotto voce*, expressed a wish that ‘he could stop the fellow’s tongue,’ which the marine officer, in a similar low tone, said, ‘he could do in five seconds.’ He had, as I have already said, recognised a quondam passing acquaintance in the bush-ranger, as well as I had, and could not be deceived,—the very fellow who had pocketed a caning at the Cape from Lieutenant L——, of the — regiment.

“‘I would bet you a hundred hard dollars, P——,’ said the bush-ranger, ‘that I could hit the ace of spades from the end of this room against the opposite walls with my saw-handles,’—pausing for a reply. ‘Pray, Sir,’ enquired our marine officer, ‘could you hit the end of a cane, or a * *Lynch*-pin at that distance?’ The military swab was astounded at the instantaneous silence which such a home-thrust question had occasioned; but De B—— lost not his self-possession;

* The officer’s name

for, pretending to be called by some one from the opposite verandah, he, exclaiming 'I'll be with you in an instant,' suddenly took his leave, without a 'good morning' to either the Military Secretary or his friend the marine officer. The former, being a facetious and witty fellow, could not lose the opportunity for some remark: 'By Jove,' said he, 'De B—— is off like a shot out of one of his own pistols!'"

This story made the wardroom table resound with the emphatic thumps of approbation it received. No one had expected such a well-told tale from the cockney Master, who, in his turn, called upon the first Lieutenant of the Marines, who knew De B——both at Jamaica and Grenada, when he (the marine officer) belonged to the "Warrior" seventy-four upon that station. Refusal had but one alternative—the glass of salt water ready filled and placed in the middle of the table—and glad to get off by a short yarn, the jolly fellow readily obeyed the master's call in the following words.

CHAPTER L.

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT OF MARINES' STORY.

"OF the same *gallant* Captain, which rank he subsequently purchased, a very humorous anecdote is on record. He was walking the streets of Chatham, a few days prior to returning from leave of absence to Jamaica, when he met a brother officer and his wife, whom he accompanied to their house to dinner. De B——, much pleased with his brother officer's choice, lost no time, after the lady had retired from the dining-room, to express himself to that effect, adding, 'Would to God you could help me to such another for a wife:' his good natured host, Lieutenant E——, replied, 'I'll try what I can do;'

and a note was despatched to Miss S——, the daughter of a Master in the Navy, to come and drink tea with Mrs. E——; this was on the Tuesday, and Captain De B—— had to embark on the Friday. So well, however, were matters managed by this military lover, that he married Miss —— on the Thursday, and on the following day they were under weigh.

“On arrival at Port Royal, Spanish Town, Captain De B—— not liking the idea of presenting Mrs. De B—— to Lady B——, the Governor's wife, as the daughter of a Master in the Navy, introduced her as the daughter of Captain J——, Royal Navy; and as the name was as common as ‘Jones,’ all went on very well for some time.

“At length Mrs. De B—— presented a fine girl to her Hanoverian spouse, and the Governor's wife was requested to stand as godmamma; and, after her ladyship, the infant was named Sophia. The next was a boy; the Governor was solicited, and became sponsor for the youngster, who was accordingly called Robert.

“By the time the next child came into this ‘vale of tears,’ the Colonial Government had changed hands, and his Excellency the new Governor was requested to honour Captain and Mrs. De B—— by standing godfather, and the third born was, after his Excellency, called Edward. In less than two years the administration was confided to another Governor of the same name: but, how unfortunate! the fourth born was a boy, and one was already called Edward. Had it been a girl, Harriet had been determined on, after Lady——. A fifth was also a boy, and by this time General C—— had succeeded, *pro tempore*, to the government, and, following the example of his predecessors, he also stood godfather to De B——'s child and James was the Christian name bestowed upon the boy. Within twelve months another son was born, and the former Lieutenant Governor became Governor and Commander in Chief. Stand again he must, to get rid of De B——'s importunities, who begged his Excellency would name the boy, and place himself on his staff. The latter was politely declined *sur le champ*; the former was decided in a very off-hand manner, by his Excellency turning on his heels, and saying ‘D——n it, Sir, call him Governor at once!’”

This tale having had its due share of applause, the gallant officer called on his opposite messmate, the fifth Lieutenant, to comply with the established custom of the mess; which he readily did in the following words:—

CHAPTER LIII.

THE FIFTH LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

"I DO not know that I can amuse my hearers better than by once again drawing their attention to our general friend, Sam Daniels; not by relating an anecdote of him (because I know it to be my messmate's, our noble sixth Luff's, intention to give us one), but by retailing one of the Master-attendant's wholesale store, that I heard him relate of Governor Maitland, *alias* King Tom, and the Baroness ———! never mind her name; of pseudo titles, she had a German one, where they are as cheap as 'gentlemen by act o' parliament' in England, but hardly so respectable; and even that was assumed,—in the Fort Adjutant's bungalow, at Point de Galle. As nearly as possible you shall have it verbatim.

"Well, gentlemen, King Tom was by no means indifferent to the attractions, and, as he used to call them, the 'understandings of the weemen,' as he pronounced it; but his maxim was 'the weemen are all very well within their own dominions, but let them never presume to interfere beyond the boundaries of the musquito curtain, or, as we used to say at the High School of "Auld Reekie," "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," and that's enough to convince ye King Tom, as ye call him, has not forgotten his Latin grammar.'

"A German adventurer came to this island with his wife,—a daughter of a Dutch governor of some colony or other that had been

surrendered to us. She from early life had been notorious for *liaisons amoureuses*, and that propensity induced her to make love to a private soldier in a French regiment whom she forthwith dubbed 'Baron' married him, and by equal right called herself Baroness. The Governor allowed the title; and although we all know here what a German Baron is, and that they are cheaper even at home in Germany than a good Christmas turkey, the title was not worth disputing here. The Baroness, then, came, saw, conquered. She is still a pretty creature,—her cheeks of the most beautiful natural white and red that eye ever beheld. She danced like Terpsichore, and as to singing, no mermaid could outsing her. King Tom took a wonderful fancy to the bewitching Baroness, and having received positive assurances that he might, without danger to her or himself 'spell opportunity' as soon as the Baron should be provided for, Sam was appealed to for advice how to manage it. 'Why sack him off to —,' said Sam; and if your Excellency make him a Provincial Judge, he can go on and get the house in order by the time the Baroness can join him; and by that time your Excellency will have to inspect the garrison of Galle, and can take her down with you.'

"Sam's advice was deemed excellent. The Baron was forthwith gazetted Provincial Judge of —; and as the Baroness was partial to the study of natural history, for the prosecution of which there is no finer field than this country affords, the district of — was just the place for her. That manœuvre of King Tom's outdid Dundas hollow, or King David when he took a liking to Bathsheba, as some book has it (here the Master attendant was at fault; he scratched his scone; had quite forgotten the name of the book); at length he thought it was the 'Bible' or 'New Testament' or 'Whole Duty of Man,' one or other of them.

"The Baron called to return thanks for his very unexpected appointment, was recommended by the Governor to proceed as soon as convenient to his district, so as to ascertain what repairs his intended residence might require for the comfort and accommodation of the Baroness, who might be assured of every possible attention on his (the Governor's) part during her stay at Colombo. The Baron's

salary was fixed at eight hundred rupees a month—no bad thing to begin with.

"It then occurred to King Tom that a bungalow might as well be built for his occasional visits to Galle, where the government house was not only too hot, but too full of mosquitoes for a comfortable residence. It might do for the Baroness occasionally, (here the relater most knowingly cocked his right eye, significant of more than he would say,) and by and by, for some staff officer or Master Attendant,—of course at the public expense. The Engineer department might stick it amongst the unfixed contingencies. Whereupon this site was chosen—from whence every house might be overlooked, but from none, as you may perceive, could the bungalow's retirement be obtruded upon by the prying eye of the curious or impertinent; and it was a cool and delightful situation, just fit for the prosecution of the Baroness's studies in natural history.

"Now where King Tom's word was, and still is, law, it is not to be wondered at, that, like Aladdin's palace, the bungalow was no sooner ordered than built; and every wall could tell strange tales if it could but speak.

"The moment the bungalow was reported ready, a day was fixed for inspecting the garrison. The Baroness accompanied King Tom to this place, and just as they arrived dinner was served, at which Tom Twisleton (Who was Tom Twisleton? the officers asked, apologizing for the interruption: "Just the Parson we like here," said the Master Attendant; "who likes a good dinner, and a good bottle of wine; makes verses; once acted plays, and is up to every thing!") first said Grace. Then when King Tom asked him what he thought of the Baroness, he answered in poetry, or something like it, as if acting a play. I recollect the words very well:—

'There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body!'

The Baroness, though a little Dutch-built about the stern, had a clean run forwards—no paint nor false colors, and managed her

artillery very well: from the waist upwards she was nature in her best array.

"After dinner the Baroness's favorite study became the topic of conversation, whilst the A.D.C. Captain, whom King Tom calls 'Polyphemus,' from his sleeping after dinner with one eye open, made preparations in the verandah for short whist, the favourite amusement of King Tom and his satellites, as the intimate friends of the Colonial Jove were called at head quarters.

"I had shot a very fine specimen of the great crane of Ceylon in the morning, a bird the native Cingalese call '*maha kokah*,' or great paddy bird, which the Baroness undertook to describe.

"The *maha kokah*, said the bewitching woman,—I beg pardon, Baroness,—is the sacred heron, (*ardea sacra* of How,) a splendid figure of a bird. The female particularly plump, with neck and breast high and projecting. It has one peculiarity: the female is full of love to all its male favorites, but faithless almost immediately after incubation to its original mate.'

"The Baroness paused: looked at King Tom who, as delighted as the Prince was when he took Mademoiselle Smidth off Mr. Grimstead's hands, at Brighton, exclaimed, 'By the Lord, Baroness, that is excellent!' 'But,' continued the Baroness, 'it is an extraordinary fact that notwithstanding the abundance of those superb birds in the island, not one has been seen for some years at Colombo, although there is no want of fresh water lakes or fishes there.'

"'I can solve the mystery, Baroness, if there be any on that score,' said King Tom.

'Wedlock at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant;
A very showy bird—a fine cock pheasant;
By time it changeth to a different fowl;
Sometimes a cuckoo,—oftener a horn owl.'

Peter Pindar.

'Nature never errs, and as a proof of her instinct, has given one of the best "cause whys" for Colombo not now being the resort of the splendid bird you have just described.' At this moment the Baron was announced, and, looking first at the Baroness, who was

completely 'taken all aback,' King Tom whispered the 'A.D.C., 'What the devil brought him here?' For appearance's sake, the Baroness left the room; dinner was ordered for the Baron in the back verandah, and upon the pretty Baroness's return to the presence, at which time we were all laughing very heartily, King Tom, by way of turning the joke from himself, continued his solution of the enigma.

"'Nature works in silence; and when she restricted the *maha kokahs* from the neighbourhood of Colombo, she knew how amply it was already supplied with the notorious tribe of *maha cocus*!' and as King Tom was absolute in every thing else, he surely had a right to command a license in languages. Why then should he not conjoin the Cingalese adjective *maha*, and the French substantive *cocu*?"

"But you should have been there to have witnessed the magical effects of a Governor's wit: it would have shown you what demi-gods they are in colonies. From any person less than King Tom, even the story of the *maha kokah* would have passed without scarcely any notice; but coming from the Governor, and at his own table, it was not much to be wondered at that the hospitable board resounded with the emphatic thumps of approbation it received from the ecclesiastical, naval, military, civil, and other guests; whilst *bona vista*, and the other hills by which this fort is, as you may perceive, commanded, reverberated with bravoos and bravissimoes that floated on the sea-breeze from the bungalow. The party unanimously determined (including the chief *maha cocu* himself) that King Tom's was a genuine good story, and nature's reason an indisputable one."

The conclusion of the Master Attendant's long yarn was followed by a pressing invitation on shore to as many of the officers as could leave the ship; but as she was not going to remain in harbour, and had merely run in to await the Admiral's orders from Colombo, as directed by the Captain of the —, upon taking charge of the convoy, she would continue at single anchor, and no officer could then, as it still obtains with us, leave the ship except on duty.

"As my next brother Luff has also a budget full of Sam's jokistical tricks, if you have no objection, I will call upon him to wind up this evening's discourse."

Agreed, amidst thunders of applause, *nem. con.*; and then the sixth Lieutenant began his yarn.

CHAPTER LV.

SIXTH LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

"THE Paymaster-general of Ceylon has been for many years known by the local soubriquet of 'Sandy,' which we all know is the Scotch diminutive of Alexander. He is a gaunt, high-cheeked, red-haired Caledonian, and in his own person bore the living proof that '*Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*' (Hear! hear!)"

"In his household Sandy's economy was such as to eclipse that of the most parsimonious of his Dutch neighbours; nevertheless, he kept what he very prudently called a 'Portuguese dictionary,' in the shape of a middle-aged woman, as parsimonious as himself; for by doing so, he knows that no European ladies would ever propose a party at his domicile, which is their custom with those bachelors who had more apparent respect for the opinion of the world.

General M——, *alias* King Tom, on an occasion of Sam's application to him for an advance of cash, expressed his surprise that he did not apply to the Paymaster-general; which Sam turned off, by saying, 'That he would never allow any one that privilege but his Excellency himself.' 'The fact is, Sam,' said the good Governor, 'until ye can go between the green and the brown bark of the cinnamon tree, ye never will be able to worm any siller out o' Sandy.' 'What will your Excellency bet that I do not get a loan or an

advance of three thousand rupees out of Sandy within the next three weeks?" "Why three thousand rupees, and pay if I lose."—"Done," "done," on both sides.—"But your Excellency must give me the old grey that's feeding there in the compound." "He's a retired veteran, Sam; but behave kindly to him, and the grey is yours."

"Sam immediately despatched the Governor's butler to the keeper of the old grey, who, by orders, was to transfer his services to Mr. Sam's establishment, to feed him and take him to Colombo.

"Black salt and bullock's heads, boiled with coast grain, were soon the means of fattening up the old grey for the ulterior plans of the eccentric Sam.

"Sandy relished a joke at any one's expense but his own, and he was as prone as any old lady of the tabby caste to sallies of delight at the expense of other's frailties. All were considered by Sandy as fair game, and good objects of raillery, who were less provident than himself; and he looked on Sam as an idiot and a fool, from the mere circumstance of his liberal disposition, subjecting him to Sandy's old-fashioned, and rather vulgar remark, that with Sam it was 'easily come easily go.'

"Sam would occasionally jest with his friend the Paymaster-general, by complaining of a violent pain in the chest. 'Call it emptiness of the chest, Sam,' would be the reply; and Sandy would laugh immoderately at his own wit. Certain, however, it was, that if Sam's purse contained a thousand rupees on the Monday, there would not be 'a shot in the locker,' as he called it, on the Saturday. Nevertheless, the poor had ever a friend in Sam, and so had the widow and the orphan.

"One morning, having called at the pay-office, as if accidentally, on his way to the jetty, Sam asked the Paymaster-general to lend him a thousand rupees; but the Caledonian would not bleed. However, disposed to serve Sam in any other manner; and in order to show that he was so, he thus continued; 'a thought has occurred to me, my dear fellow,' said Sandy, 'and you may make the best of it. The Governor, as you know, Sam, never refuses you anything you can ask him. Now d'ye know I have taken it into my head, that

the old grey, I mean Robin, that King Tom has, as the sailors call it, laid up in ordinary, is a particularly quiet animal, and as fit for my purpose as a five-hundred-rupee horse. I think I could do very well with him, as I go leisurely to the Fort in the morning, and leisurely back in the afternoon; which is all the work Robin would have to do; and three miles a day, you know, Sam, is not much work for a horse that is well-fed, or shall be, as I promise you. I don't wish you to give the grey to me, Sam, but we can understand each other, Sam! I see you understand me, so think well of it.' Sam bade the Paymaster-general 'good morning my dear fellow;—but the devil take your liberality,' said he to himself; 'I'll try and serve you out, depend on it!' and he departed, soliloquising as he went, —'I'll make you hand out some of your ungodly earnings yet, old buck!' "

"Sam enjoyed the thought of amusing King Tom at Sandy's expense, for he was quite sure, or as Sam termed it, 'cock sure,' of finding a hearty welcome, as he, for once, did not go as a check-hunter; for, contrary to his usual custom, he had not wanted cash for nearly a month; and, during the whole of that period, he had not been once at the Governor's.

"To all he passed on the road, Sam would say, 'I'm going to Mount Lavina at last, for fear King Tom should miss me so much, as to order me to be 'tom tom'd.' Anything for a lark!

"King Tom was seated in the eastern verandah at the Mount, enjoying his hookah's fragrant chillum after tiffin, when Sam's well-known palanquin made its appearance, in the distance, near the entrance-lodge. 'Here comes Master Sam, and be dom'd to him! but here he only comes, when he has a southerly wind in his pocket.' The aid-de-camp begged to remind his Excellency, 'that whenever Sam came on *such* an errand, he invariably came on horseback, or in a ton-jon, and in a very great hurry.' 'Very right,' remarked his Excellency, 'my good Sam knows what he is about very well; but probably he hasn't tiffed. His budget is, no doubt, full of some dom'd tricks or other, or he has something to drive off my blue-devils. Order tiffin for him and we shall know what brings him

here in the heat of the day. No good depend on it,' with a hearty laugh, at the many reminiscences of Sam's tricks which darted across King Tom's brain, as his palanquin approached nearer and nearer to the bungalow.

" 'Well, Master Sam,' exclaimed his Excellency, as Sam alighted from his palanquin, 'what the devil brings ye here man, in the heat of the sun?' Sam then related how that on the way between Colombo and the Mount he had met the Paymaster-general, who had expressed himself to be highly pleased with the purchase at an auction of a second-hand buggy and harness, and could not resist telling Sam of his good fortune. 'Why, Sandy,' said I, 'It is worth ten times what you gave for it, and I am allowed to be a very good judge. All you want is a *quiet*, good horse.' 'That's the very thing,' replied he, 'that's the very thing I was desirous of talking with ye about, Sam. King Tom's grey might do very well, Sam, for my purpose.—You understand me.' '*Ergo*, Sam,' rejoined his Excellency, 'you intend to rig him out with auld Robin.' Sam, glad to give the Governor an opportunity of enjoying a joke at Sandy's expense, acknowledged that his Excellency's opinion, was *the thing itself*, and repeating the gift of the grey, King Tom told Sam 'that black salt and bullock's heads would soon fatten Robin,' and, said his Excellency; he'll be assistance *to ye yet Sam!*'

Sam often called on his friend Sandy during the three weeks that the grey was under the black salt regimen, and managed matters so well, that Sandy was not aware that 'friend Sam' succeeded in getting the grey on his first application to the Governor.

After enumerating all Robin's good qualities, and that quietness was the chief; a quality, that Sandy had particularly impressed the necessity of, in fact a *sine qua non* with him, Sam was requested, if the grey really possessed such good qualities, to send him any day he pleased 'by nine or a little after nine in the morning for trial; was sorry he could not invite Sam to breakfast; for all his servants had gone on leave for a month, to some weddings in the interior of the district, leaving only the housekeeper at home.'

"This news was music to Sam's ears, having fixed the next day for



trying the paces of the General's grey, Sam drew out a cheque as follows :—

‘Colombo, Jan. 18

‘Pay bearer three thousand rupees ———

‘The Conicopy of the Paymaster-general,

‘Fort ———’

and about a quarter past nine o'clock the next morning Sam despatched his horsekeeper with the grey to Sandy's compound, following shortly after on a little fleet pony which a friend had lent him.

“Alighting from his pony, Sam directed the horsekeeper to keep a good look-out for him, and to keep close to the outer gate, as he should require the pony in less than twenty minutes; knowing full well that the public offices did not open till ten o'clock, and that it would be only loss of time to present a cheque earlier.

"Sandy was, as Sir Richard Strachan expressed himself when he fell in with Dumanior's squadron, delighted at the appearance of the grey, and begged Sam to mount, and put him through his paces; which Sam readily did, mounting and dismounting a dozen times, to show how quiet the grey was.

"Sandy admitted that the grey would do mighty well, provided they could agree about the price. Sam considered such an animal above all price; that as they were old friends, and having himself paid nothing for the grey, he would readily give him to Sandy if he would merely lend him the small sum he had chequed for: then drawing the cheque from his pocket he showed it to the astounded Sandy—'Three thousand rupees! two hundred pounds, Sam; d'ye think I'm a pagoda-tree, that ye can pull, and pull, and pull again?' 'But, my good Sandy, recollect, if I have pulled, as you call it, no fruit has ever yet dropped to my share; sign it, my good fellow, and the grey is yours.' 'It's verra easy, Sam, to say sign, but I can tell ye it's not so easy to pay.' 'The latter I can vouch for, as to myself,' replied Sam; 'but you, Sandy, keep the goose that lays the golden eggs.'

"Sam had determined to succeed, and succeed he must: walking into the verandah, whilst Sandy was surveying the grey's points, he supplied himself with pen and ink, and returned to the charge—with the very earnest entreaty, 'Sign, my dear fellow; A. C. will be sufficient.'

"'No, Sam, I'm not to be caught; easy got, easy go, is not my motto.' At length Sam got tired of soliciting, and agreed to name his price after Sandy should have mounted and tried the grey himself. To mount was a very easy matter, and would cost nothing. Sandy placed his foot in the stirrup, and had but scarcely seated himself in the saddle, when, all at once, the very nature of the grey seemed changed—no longer the quiet animal, that a child might ride, but a very devil, a kicker, plunger,—every vice that horse was liable to seemed to have got hold of him.

"Sam had overdone the job. He had placed cotton saturated with vitriol and cayenne pepper and ginger in the hollow of a

amboos rod, and touching the grey under the tail, the animal plunged into the midst of the cocoa-nut tope, and, coming in contact with a cocoa-nut tree, Sandy was thrown to the ground and his left arm broken. Sam instantly ran to his friend's assistance; but so intent was he on his purpose that he could not help exclaiming, Thank God, Sandy, it is not your right arm! In unutterable anguish Sam despatched the only Lascareen in attendance to the Fort (about a mile off) for medical aid, and assisted his friend Sandy to a seat on the grass, with his back against a cocoa-nut tree. This done, after a few minutes' pause, Sam renewed his request. Sandy would not have the 'dom'd animal' in a present, and could not lend the money—calling out to Sam to help him on his legs, for that he was in excruciating pain. Sam then threw himself into a theatrical attitude, and called out 'Sign!' Sandy, however, steadfastly refused, till Sam called his attention to the increasing swelling of the broken arm, and talked of locked-jaw, and other ills to be dreaded in that hot climate; and declared if Sandy would sign the cheque, he would instantly ride to the 2d Ceylon lines for the Surgeon.

"Sandy's pain did not drive calculation from his head—to die of locked-jaw was dreadful indeed. Considering, therefore, that if he did sign, and that Sam, as promised, rode off to the 2d Ceylon lines for the Surgeon (which road was in an opposite direction to that in which his servant had been sent), the servant would be back in time to return to the Fort to stop payment of the cheque, before that Sam could possibly get there, he agreed to sign it, as matter of especial favour to Sam. Sam placed his hat before Sandy, laid the cheque on it, held the pen and ink—when, with a sigh which seemed to come from his very soul, as no doubt it did, 'Alexander C——' was signed, and Sam's object attained! Having fulfilled his agreement by assisting Sandy to the house, and having placed him on a couch, Sam proceeded to the compound* gate, where the horsekeeper, strictly attentive to his instructions, held out the ready stirrup to his facetious master——; but Sam had scarcely mounted his pony than he observed the Surgeon of the 2d Ceylon regiment

* A lawn is called a "compound" in India.

within hail, to whom having communicated poor Sandy's deplorable accident, Sam rode off to realize the cheque, whilst the medical gentleman went to proffer his best aid to the suffering Sandy.

"Sam soon collared the coin, as he, according to the local fashion of the day, called receiving money, and hastened to claim his winnings on the occasion (from His Excellency three thousand rupees, and minor sums from other friends), having fairly won every bet. Having been paid in cash by some, and with I. O. U.'s by others, Sam went back to inquire for his dear friend Sandy, and having returned him the three thousand rupees, which made Sandy's eyes brighten up, and induced him to exclaim, 'You are a very honourable fellow, Sam, but as you have won so much, I hope you'll not forget the Doctor;' Sandy forgave Sam for the trick he had played him, and faithfully promised never to refuse him a trifle again. Sam presented his excellent friend the Paymaster-general with a silver salver, value one hundred guineas, on which was engraven the very catastrophe, in Sam's own exquisite and humorous style; not even the horse, the original cause of all his good luck, was forgotten, but laid up in ordinary, with a handsome allowance for life; and even the appo was well rewarded for his temporary loss of wind by a present of a hundred rupees; the Doctor too had a gift of a splendid hookah from Sam, which was one of the good Governor's numerous presents to this most amusing Ranger of the Woods and Forests."

Of all the stories that had been related this received the most of the general applause; and the third Saturday night at sea since their commencement closed in mutual good humour. All wishing each other good night, retired to that rest for which all were ready and prepared to enjoy, as "the watches" to some, and "all right in" to others, permitted them, after that the sixth Lieutenant had nominated the senior second Lieutenant of the Royal Jollies as President for the next Saturday night at sea.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE SENIOR SECOND LIEUTENANT OF ROYAL MARINES' STORY.

THE fourth Saturday night brought with it much anticipated enjoyment: fine night—ship steady—fleet sailing in line-of-battle a-head—and the glass of salt water dispensed with, for none were disposed to baulk their messmates of the means of pleasing and of being pleased.

The senior second Lieutenant of the Royal Marines, having placed himself in the President's chair, *sub rosa*, thus began, after having proposed the toast "to many a pleasant meeting, *hic et ubique*,"—to which all the mess did justice.

"I'll give you," said the President, "another Ceylon story; and, as I witnessed the affair myself, I will keep as close to the wind as I can in relating it.

"During my occasional rambles on shore at Ceylon, I visited Caltura, where I became acquainted with the identical collector of whom our worthy second Lieutenant has already given you a good idea, and, I trust, a good opinion, under the *soubriquet* of the 'Illustrious John.'

"The next morning after my arrival at the cutchery of Caltura, my hospitable and facetious host, the Collector and Magistrate, apologized for leaving me for a few hours 'in order to attend to his magisterial duties in court;' but instead of preferring a lounge on one of the numerous ebony calamander couches, with which the cutchery abounded, as many idlers would have done after the substantial breakfast he had made, I begged leave to accompany the worthy Magistrate to the court, designated, as apart from the cutchery, the 'sitting Magistrate's office.'

"This building stood on the side of the high road, and to the right of the cutchery, and was about twenty feet square, having a small verandah, the walls of which were about three feet high, of mud and cane plastered and *chunam'd*, or whitewashed. All above the walls of the verandah was open to the height of the beams, which rested on numerous uprights, formed of areka trees,* '*au naturel*' (with the bark on) and the roof was thatched with cajans.† At the upper table, which faced the high road, stood a raised chair for the Magistrate, and at another table, in front of the Magistrate's, sat the Secretary and Clerk of the court.

"On the Magistrate's entrance every one rose, and the interpreter Mohandiram, laying his right hand across his breast, made a graceful inclination of his head to the bench. I was accommodated with a chair on the bench. The crier of the court gave the usual signal for commanding silence, and his worship demanded, in the voice of a Stentor, for it mattered not to him that his court was but twenty feet square, the name of the prosecutor; I had better use his worship's own words, whilst pointing to the two parties: 'Is the porpus-bellied fellow there, or that areka-built son of a sea-cook, the complainant?' Upon being informed, the Magistrate ordered him to be taken to the cutchery, and to be given a good tuck-out; 'and then,' said this eccentric judge, 'bring him up in judgment,' which was an extraordinary exertion of the elocutory powers of the Caltura Solomon. In the mean time other cases were called and expedited in a most summary manner; and upon the re-appearance of the first parties, his worship demanded the charge against the defendant, whose personal appearance at this moment seemed to attract the eyes of all in court. The poor fellow was apparently happy, and in great good humour with himself and all the world, after the novelty to him, of an ample meal, and at being owner of a clean cloth shirt the Magistrate's servant had given him to bind over his loins, prior to his second appearance before his worship.

* *Areka catchu*. L.

† *Cajan* or *cadjan* is a branch of a cocoa-nut tree, split in halves, and the leaves interwoven or plaited.

"The charge having been read aloud and interpreted, namely, 'for stealing from the pole-irons of the Palankin of the Maha Moodlior Don Simon de Alvaris Jayatillite—Siriwardent—Rajafahio—Illargaton, a measure of boiled rice in a piece of areka leaf.' — 'To save himself from starvation,' exclaimed his worship; then, addressing himself to the peons of the court 'Take him away—there is no occasion to try him—he is a *rascal* I see by his *countenance*! The sentence of the court is that he, the defendant, Godegammegay Simon, do sweep the cutchery verandahs for six calendar months, getting his grub for the same! Hem! Hem! Not a word in his favour Mohandiram!'

"The sentence was not recorded. It was, however, to the great satisfaction of the culprit, enforced, and a poor starving wanderer supplied with food and raiment and shelter from the pitiless rains which at that season of the year (June) deluged the surrounding country.

"But no pen can describe the self-complacency with which his worship surveyed his astonished hearers. He seemed as if he had pleased the world with his judgment, and that that judgment had eclipsed even that of the royal Solomon. (His worship, as you already know, had been in the East India naval service). His court contained Malabars, Moormen, Chinese, Parsees, Arabs, Dutch, Portuguese, and a host of Cingalese, within and without its mud-built walls; and no sooner had the interpreter, Mohandiram, composed his risible muscles, sufficiently to remove the handkerchief which he had, from respect to the court, kept pressed against his mouth, and to make known the court's decree, than the '*Barch allah!*'* of the Arab kept pace with the '*Ay-yah!!*'† of the Chinese, the '*Yoka!*'‡ of the Cingalese, the '*Der Teufel!*'§ of the Dutch, and the '*O Deus quem a die lembra!*'§ of the Hindoo-Portuguese. All were astonished, but none were mute!!

* '*Barch Allah*'—God be praised!

† '*Ay-yah*'—Chinese exclamation of surprise, like the Italian '*Cozzo!*'

‡ '*Yoka*'—Devil!

§ '*Der Teufel*'—the Devil!

§ '*O Deus quem a die lembra!*'—Oh God! who would have thought it?

"The exertion had been too great for the illustrious Magistrate, who having taken a more than usual quantum of *eau de vie* in his tea at breakfast, alas, it was habitual, had fallen asleep before the secretary had had time to call another cause for hearing! Hem!

"The prisoner conducted himself during the six months' ordeal so well, and appeared so grateful for his worship's goodness, that he acquired the favour of his eccentric judge, and at the expiration of his sentence he was made a peon of the court with an allowance of twelve rix dollars *per mensem*.

"It was generally believed that the 'illustrious John' was possessed of a considerable sum of money in the old Dutch Credit Brieven, the integrity of which the British Government had guaranteed at the period of the capitulation of Colombo by the Dutch in 1796, and it was also believed that a large sea-chest which the Magistrate took especial care of contained the treasure. Whenever business or recreation the *summum bonum* of which was (to his worship) brandy paurence and a rubber at whist, called him a few miles from home, Godegammegay appo, as the peon was now called, would be strictly ordered not to lose sight of the chest during the day, and at night to lay his mat and sleep thereon. These orders were punctually obeyed for nearly two years, when a higher power summoned very suddenly the eccentric Magistrate to the last tribunal of mortality. He died intestate, and consequently the official and officious administrator took charge of the estate.

"In colonies, as in small towns at home, there is no lack of curious and inquisitive characters, who attend more to the affairs of their neighbours than their own, and such an extraordinary opportunity for indulging their curiosity might not again occur—numerous indeed were the spectators of the opening of the defunct Magistrate's '*sea-chest*.' The Registrar of the supreme court stooped to try which key of the enormous bunch that had been found in a secret drawer of a wardrobe suited the lock, whilst, with open mouths, stood leaning over his shoulders, the inquisitive expectants of something very extraordinary in the shape of gold and silver and paper treasure, when,—what a falling off was there!—A sailor's blue jacket and trowsers, red

waistcoat, canvass shoes, glazed canvass hat, Shetland cap, and a japann'd 'bacco box' with the 'beggar's benison' in gilt letters on the lid and 'old England for ever' on the reverse, completed the sum total of the anticipated riches. *Quiescat in pace!*"

This story operated with magical effect upon the pleased, determined-to-be-pleased audience, and elicited the most cheering expressions of the general satisfaction and exclamations of "call! call!" "Let us have another Ceylon story if that be possible, for they are excellent." However, as the seventh Lieutenant, who was called upon for his yarn, had no Ceylon, or Madeira, or West India stories, he begged to be cut off with a short Gibraltar anecdote, and as he displayed a ready disposition to "lend a hand" to the general amusement of the mess, he thus broke ground.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE SEVENTH LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

"I WAS at Gibraltar in the '*San Juan de R——*,' the guardship, when the —— regiment arrived, and a few days after the landing of the gallant regiment whose Lieutenant-Colonel was so blest as to have obtained his rank by merit from the ranks, the garrison Chaplain's lady, called the honourable Mrs. ——, came to pay a morning's visit to the recently-arrived Colonel's wife. Mrs. Colonel B —— had been occupied from eight o'clock till the moment of her visiter's arrival, about two, in airing and wiping Spanish dollars. The tables and window sills were covered with Spanish dollars, which, to the great grief of Mrs. Colonel B ——, had become quite black and green, it may be supposed the effect of the bilge-water during the

voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to England, and from thence to the Rock. Mrs. T —— had never seen so many Spanish dollars together! ‘Aye! aye! I dare say not; your *good man* and my Jacob be two very different characters! One flings away what the other keeps, as they say of the rich man’s pocket handkerchief and the poor man’s fingers. Poor little dears, they were as bright as a well-scoured musket-barrel two months ago. Jacob and I saved ’em all when we kept the canteen; but do Mrs. T —— or what your name is (suiting the action to the word, and holding up a couple of verdi-greased dollars to the honourable lady’s nose) do smell how the little darlings stink!’”

“Capital! excellent! well done! you must fetch up lee-way for this short one by a longer one next.” Agreed! agreed!

“I call on the junior marine officer:”—but the *extreme modesty* of the colter induced him to beg to be the last, as his proper place, he being the youngest and consequently “Boots” of the mess; and the eighth Lieutenant was requested to contribute his share of amusement ‘*pro bono publico*.’

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE EIGHTH LIEUTENANT’S STORY.

“I MUST give you a yarn about an old friend of mine once (as he called himself) *Post Captain* at Bombay or, as they are now called and have ever been by the government there, master attendant. This extraordinary and very clever old gentleman, whose pride of ancestry, although at one period limited to the reign of Charles the first, was subsequently extended to a very ancient period, long before Romulus

or his Romans were known, coeval perhaps with the Chinese history of the creation; in fact he would have it to have been in the second century, that his ancestors first used the venerated *surname* of his family.

"But to talk of merely modern occurrences.—This excellent officer was particularly attached to a coloured effigy of Sir Nicholas Chrisp, (*tempore* Charles I.) who built the castle of Cormartyn on the western coast of Africa, to whom, he would have it, that King Charles had granted a coat of arms of 10,000 horse shoes. On an occasion of the Governor dining with him, our master attendant had the drawing fresh coloured to show off Sir Nicholas's scarlet inexpressibles, and the horse shoe *os frontis*, à la Shakspeare, which also was a prominent characteristic of the C —— family, to his Excellency.

"One of the assembled party, wishing to quiz the eccentric and genealogical host, asked him if he was not descended from King Chrysippers; 'To be sure I am,' was the reply, 'and if I were now at the Isle of Wight, I could show you the very silver dish from off which the jackass ate the figs so greedily that it caused my ever-to-be-lamented ancestor Chrysippers, King of Phrygia, to laugh so much that he died in consequence of it.' What is the very modern British Peerage after this, or even the oldest Hungarian one?"

This anecdote received its due share of attention; but there was a long consultation of the mess, if another ought not to be given by way of making up for its brevity. The Lieutenant, however, got off with *eclat* by pleading "brevity is the soul of wit," but at the same time expressed his regret that he had not any *materiel* in his budget of which he could manage to spin a longer, although it was possible he might, a tougher yarn; and concluded by calling on the "Boots" of the mess, the youngest Marine officer, for his story.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE JUNIOR MARINE OFFICER'S STORY.

"ALTHOUGH it is never very pleasant to plead fool, or to admit that one has been worked to windward of by a petticoat, it is some, and to me very great consolation, to know that I suffered equally with older and more experienced messmates in the art of love.

"About three years before I joined this ship I was at Madeira, in the 'Circe,' which had just been launched, and, as usual, as many of the garrison mess as could leave the ship took up our quarters at Mr. Gordon's, our wine merchant, who was as notorious for hospitality as famous for his wines.

"There were several very pretty English ladies there, but they kept aloof from Portuguese society; and after we had met the former at the assembly of the 'anti-melancholic society,' we began to feel desirous of an introduction to some of the latter.

"A Portuguese officer of the guard, who had been some years in the French service, showed us a great deal of attention, and accompanied us to the convent of '*Bom Jesus*,' which is established upon the most liberal principles,—the inmates being at liberty to leave the convent, and marry, if they, subsequently to their entering the order, feel a disposition to re-enter 'the world of vanity and pleasure.' Upon presenting ourselves at the grate, a splendid figure of a woman, or rather of an angel, appeared, who was known to the Portuguese officer, and consequently we were introduced by him to the sister Seraphina. I cannot presume to say what the feelings of my messmates were, when Seraphina first appeared at the grate, but when she subsequently returned with the lady Abbess's permission for us to

visit the chapel and refectory, I can even now recollect my own; for never did cherubim or seraphim in any of the many magnificent paintings we have seen in Sicily, Malta, and Spain, appear more exquisitely beautiful than Seraphina.

"We continued to remain nearly four hours in the convent; and during that time, as it subsequently proved but too true, drank deep draughts of the tender passion. (Here the Master interrupted the relator with 'Come, come, jolly, none of your high gibberish,—tip us something a little more ship-shaped,—Bristol-fashion if ye like,' to the great amusement of all hands, who seized that opportunity to *freshen hawse*.) We had all flattered ourselves of having got into the lady's favour, and I had hoped, from certain looks with which she significantly favoured me, whilst my messmates and the Portuguese officer were admiring the splendid paintings, magnificently carved crucifix, and beautiful artificial flowers that decorated the grand altar, for I could find eyes for Seraphina only, that I already stood A. 1. in her favour. In this belief I was subsequently confirmed by her squeezing my fingers very delicately for a first acquaintance, but rather affectionately a second time at parting. She was English, and a native of Warwickshire. She told me it was a great pleasure to know that the sisters of '*Bom Jesus*' might marry and leave the convent whenever they felt disposed so to do. So far good, thought I. It is unnecessary to repeat my answer to my very beautiful informant, who whispered me, 'I wish to see you particularly at ten o'clock to-morrow morning; you shall never repent your visit here; come alone, and be punctual, and enquire of the porteress for the sister Seraphina, but my proper name is Emily ——!'

"As we had invited the Portuguese officer and a party of our British merchants and their friends to dinner on board, and had to leave our cards at the Portuguese Governor's and Bishop's, we disposed of a few Spanish dollars at the turning box, for which we received dried sweetmeats and artificial bouquets in return, and took leave *pro tem.* of the amiable sisters of '*Bom Jesus*.'

"I was punctual to a moment in my appointment with sister Seraphina, and some how or other felt altogether indisposed to leave

her so soon as she wished. We had two hours' conversation; but I could not perceive the drift of her making the appointment, unless to enumerate the various articles of jewellery she most admired, which I considered altogether inconsistent with her abode in the convent of *Bom Jesus*. It was impossible to avoid feeling a *penchant* for her society, for she was exquisitely beautiful and witty: she had a great deal of the flirt in her manners, which was another novelty in the inmate of a convent. She appeared very restless and impatient to take leave at 12 o'clock, and good manners would not admit of my prolonging my stay, although I did not fail to remark to her, that 'the appointment to meet her at ten precisely was her own.' Pressing upon her acceptance a splendid Lisbon chain of pure gold, which had cost me a month's pay, I kissed her hand and departed, but not until she had repeated her invitation for the same hour the next day.

"About a quarter of a mile from the convent I met our second Lieutenant, walking unusually fast for so hot a day, in a meridian sun, without an umbrella, and he appeared much confused at meeting me, and at fault for an excuse to get rid of me; but that was soon managed by my telling him I was on my way to the Consul's, whither I knew he would not accompany me, as he had faithfully promised to return on board before three o'clock, to allow the third Lieutenant to keep an appointment ashore, the first Lieutenant's sudden illness requiring one or the other on board. Just at parting he showed me a splendid Maltese cross, which he had purchased for a sister—but there was something unusually ironical in his expression, for he accompanied it by a look that seemed to mean more than he meant to say. As he asked no questions, I was silent upon the subject of my morning's visit; he equally so of his intended one.

"Having spent a very pleasant morning I returned to Mr. Gordon, from the Consul's (where I was pressed to stay until the convoy sailed), but without making any sort of declaration to Seraphina, considering it dishonourable to make advances which could only be grounded in deception and end in exposure, and thinking more, even in the midst of their delightful society, of one far distant—than even

of my temporarily-admired Seraphina—whom, as I had plainly discovered to be a jilt, I fully determined as such to treat her; I retraced my steps to Funchale, where I arrived just in time to see before me, but without being seen by him, our excellent third Luff, posting on, in breathless haste, towards *Bom Jesus*.

“We met at dinner at the Consul’s, at six o’clock; but not a word transpired either of my having seen him, nor of his visit to the convent. Nevertheless, whatever might have taken place, he had lost his appetite, was restless, sighed immoderately, and drank like a fish—but not water.

“I observed, however, for the first time, the absence of a splendid brilliant ring, that he had purchased with his first prize-money, which on full-dress occasions, or on shore, confined the ties of his black neckcloth in true ship-shaped style, where many an honest Jack tar sports the joint of a shark’s back-bone by way of ornament.

“Day after day I visited Seraphina at the same hour, and we were much together in the parlour, the refectory, and the chapel, without any one else, except now and then that an occasional peep would be made into either by different sisters; for there was neither difficulty nor suspicion attending her reception of English visitors, she being the only Englishwoman there, but she invariably entreated her friends not to let it be known in English society that she was an Englishwoman, and in a convent—a circumstance that seemed strange, ‘passing strange,’ to me. I determined not to mention the frigate and convoy’s intended departure the next day after that on which I paid my last visit. I had not broached the subject of love or matrimony, but she gave me repeated hints that young as I was compared to herself, for she acknowledged that she was eight-and-twenty, both would be an acceptable proposition. I pleaded non-age—that was nothing; ‘You are a Catholic (that I knew, but not a Roman one as she meant), and our own confessor, who, by the by, was also called father Macarthy, can do all that is needful.’ I did not wish to say, as many others had no doubt done before me, ‘Were you ever in the army, Seraphina?’—but

snatching 'a kiss for the last time, I took leave with an unusually long adieu!—for I wished her well, and 'better luck next ——.'

"In the evening the frigate gave a splendid ball, which for some days previously we had much feared the illness of the first Lieutenant would have prevented. The quarter-deck commodore were run forwards upon the gangways, the royal standard was extended from gangway to gangway just abaft the mainmast, the Portuguese ensign facing it over the topsail. The awning was ornamented by lines from which lamps and flowers, with abundance of myrtle, were suspended; and for curtains to the awning various flags and ensigns were stretched from the break of the quarter-deck to the topsail, having at intervals branches of orange and lemon trees supporting fighting lanterns, liberally supplied by our liberal purser with wax light.

"At seven o'clock every boat, except the jolly-boat, was despatched, together with the boats of several Indiamen, for the expected company, to the jetty and beach; and in about an hour all were on board, including a Portuguese conde and his daughters, who were the only Portuguese ladies that could be induced to venture their precious lives on so 'dangerous an expedition,' as their confessors declared it to be; and it is not unlikely were the very ladies who taught *monte* to our worthy first Lieutenant's messmates.

"As the Consul was unable to join us, some powder, much screaming, more smoke, and great noise were saved, and the ball soon opened to the tune of the 'Triumph.' All appeared delighted, and danced with spirit and cheerfulness. At one o'clock we partook of a splendid cold supper, served in the Captain's cabin, including every delicacy that the island could supply. Singing commenced at two, dancing recommenced at three, and at five, A.M., after a cup of excellent coffee, every officer that could be spared from the usual duty of the ship accompanied our fair guests to the shore, deeply regretting, spite of fatigue, that day had begun so early, and that the setting sun would leave us many leagues distant from that delightful island and its hospitable society; but my surprise may be well imagined when, upon entering my cabin, I found a letter upon my sofa, from

Seraphina, expressive of her determination not to live without me, and that, having ascertained our destination, she would follow in a ship belonging to the convoy.

"I was in a pretty mess; and that too after all my precaution, and the refusal of a bracelet of her hair, which she was desirous of placing upon my left wrist, but which I resolutely, and it required resolution, declined.

"Our second and third Lieutenants became extraordinarily pensive, and seemed to have lost all their former flow of spirits with our departure from Madeira; deep-drawn sighs escaped them, when least they imagined; so that they gave rise to much laughter and occasional jokes upon 'hearts like cullenders,' &c., or, as the master said, 'like the top of a watering-pot.' They heeded nothing, and occasionally made mistakes in their watch upon deck, although, as we were in the 'trades,' they were of little importance.

"Our second Lieutenant had the forenoon watch upon deck, when the third passed his writing-desk upon the gun-room table; the skylight was off, and whilst the former leisurely paced up and down the deck, occasionally looking down into the gun-room, a letter upon the third Lieutenant's desk, which he was apparently employed in answering, attracted his eye—"That handwriting (said he) is Seraphina's!"—"To be sure it is," answered the third Lieutenant, and away he went on deck. Mutual explanations took place, letters were compared, and each bore on his left wrist a similar bracelet of her hair to that she had offered me. The link of love was suddenly snapped by each, and ended in a mutual laugh at the syren's art, who had so contrived as to receive the trio of us at separate periods, and to make us all believe the same story. It became of course the subject of after-dinner conversation. 'The jilt is in the convoy (said I) if this be true,' showing her letter to myself; and it was determined, upon the first day of having a calm, or but little wind, to board every ship and ascertain the fact.

"We were bound to Rio Janeiro, and in about ten days an opportunity offered. Sure enough she was found on board the 'Hector,' one of our convoy, in which ship the angelic Seraphina had taken

a passage; and when discovered by our third Lieutenant, he found her fast asleep upon the sofa in the Captain's cabin; to whose kind care, and shortly after to whose arms, she had voluntarily consigned herself, having thought no more of naval or marine Lieutenants. Upon landing at Rio, she resided at the Captain of the 'Hector's' lodgings, as his mistress, and, to our great surprise, we subsequently discovered that she was the long lost, but most abandoned daughter of the catholic Earl of —— !”

Here lots of approbatory exclamations followed, and the usual toast was given. The sixteen members of the wardroom mess having each told his tale, it was agreed that for the following Saturday night the first Lieutenant should resume the President's chair, and the same routine be followed that had already given such unqualified amusement and satisfaction; but the next Saturday night introduced a scene of very different nature; the ship was taken suddenly about, the wardroom windows were stove in by a tremendous sea, and the rudder was unshipped, and the damage that followed was found so great, upon a survey the following day, that she was ordered to Portsmouth to be repaired, and on arrival there, her men were transferred to the 'Ocean,' and the good old ship was paid off.

CHAPTER LX.

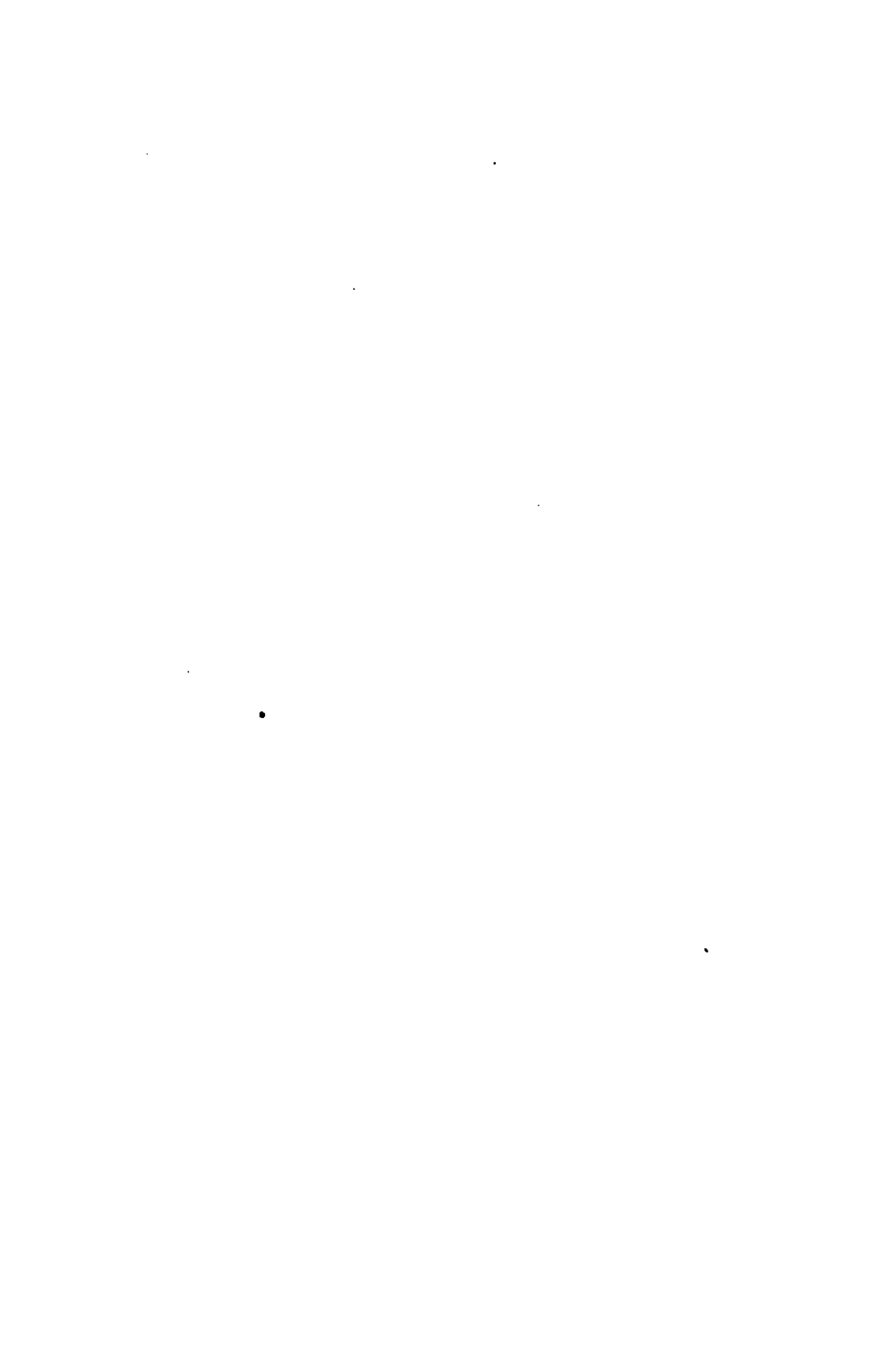
ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH.—RECITAL OF EVENTS.

JACK had scarcely been forty-eight hours ashore when he met, as he walked down High-street, a brother officer and an old school-fellow at the Caleb Quotem Domine's when boys together. Determined to enjoy a private conversation which they could not at the mess, they ordered horses for Southampton, and having comfortably seated themselves in a snug parlour at the hotel, they mutually questioned each other about the school and school-fellows. It was not to be suffered that Lucy and the sibyl should have been forgotten; and advertg to the gipsy's prediction of poor Lucy's fate, at the time they were at the academy of the Caleb Quotem of the parish, Jack was surprised to learn that in two particular instances it had been verified. In the first, her original lover had deserted her from the moment he left her father's school; had since married a naval officer's daughter; had left a good practice in considerable disgrace; taken a degree in the *North*; been supported by his wife's exertions in making fire-screens, card-racks, &c.; been introduced to a nobleman, through the medium of his mistress, the notorious —, and at her request had been knighted; useful in a variety of ways, and humbly subservient to the great, he had every chance of becoming physician to a Prince, through the agency of his patron the Marquis —: that Lucy's second lover had not "avoided wool," upon which the gipsy had declared his fate depended; for that although a very rich man and after he had *cut* with poor Lucy, he married for the sake of *more money*;—that at a large dinner party, his daughter, who, after her mother's death, presided, asked her father "From whom he bought the haunch of mutton at that time on the table, for

all that had lately come to the house had been shamefully mangled in the cutting up." The question was not answered, and, as if determined to know, the daughter repeated it, and her father peevishly answered "From So and so," naming the butcher. The whole party joined in the daughter's remarks; and as one of the guests dealt with the same butcher, against whom he had never before heard a complaint, he resolved to ask him how his friend's meat was so very different in the butchering, to that he himself was supplied with.

On his way homewards, the gentleman passing near the butcher's, called, and was informed that Mr. —— never dealt with him. He enquired at the next, received the same answer, and so on throughout the town. Suspicions were excited; from which Mr. ——'s immense fortune did not exempt him. Depositions were made; several warrants obtained; and the skins of several sheep, bearing the initials of those who had been his guests, were discovered in his cellar. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Every possible interest was employed to save his life, but failed; and, however extraordinary it may be, the fact is well known, that the day before his execution, he declared, that "to prevent people saying they would not stand in ——'s shoes, he would be hanged in boots," and new boots were actually ordered for the occasion, in which he was executed!

THE END.



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